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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1921

THE SECRET DOOR

BY SIR PAUL DUKES

LATE at night I stood outside the Tauride Palace in Petrograd, which had become the centre of the revolution. No one was admitted through the great gates without a pass. I sought a place about midway between the gates, and, when no one was looking, scrambled up, dropped over the railings, and ran through the bushes straight to the main porch. Here I soon met folk I knew — comrades of student days, revolutionists. What a spectacle within the palace, lately so still and dignified! Tired soldiers lay sleeping in heaps in every hall and corridor. The vaulted lobby, whence the Duma members had flitted silently, was packed almost to the roof with all manner of truck, baggage, arms, and ammunition. All night long, and the next, I labored with the revolutionists to turn the Tauride Palace into a revolutionary arsenal.

Thus began the revolution. And after? Everyone knows now how the hopes of freedom were blighted. Truly had Russia's foe, Germany, who dispatched the 'proletarian' dictator Lenin and his satellites to Russia, discovered the Achilles' heel of the Russian revolution. Everyone now knows how the flowers of the revolution withered under the blast of the class war, and how Russia was replunged into starvation and serfdom. I will not dwell

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on these things. My story relates to the time when they were already cruel realities.

I

My reminiscences of the first year of Bolshevik administration are jumbled into a kaleidoscopic panorama of impressions gained while journeying from city to city, sometimes crouched in the corner of crowded box-cars, sometimes traveling in comfort, sometimes riding on the steps, and sometimes on the roofs or buffers. I was nominally in the service of the British Foreign Office; but the Anglo-Russian Commission (of which I was a member) having quit Russia, I attached myself to the American Y.M.C.A., doing relief work. A year after the revolution I found myself in the Eastern city of Samara, training a detachment of Boy Scouts. As the snows of winter melted, and the spring sunshine shed joy and cheerfulness around, I held my parades, and together with my American colleagues organized outings and sports.

Then one day, when in Moscow, I was handed an unexpected telegram — 'urgent' — from the British Foreign Office. 'You are wanted at once in London,' it ran. I set out for Archangel without delay. Thence by steamer and destroyer and tug to the Norwegian

frontier; and so, round the North Cape to Bergen, with, finally, a zig-zag course across the North Sea, dodging submarines, to Scotland.

At Aberdeen the Control Officer had received orders to pass me through by the first train to London. At King's Cross a car was waiting; and knowing neither my destination nor the cause of my recall, I was driven to a building in a side street in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square. 'This way,' said the chauffeur, leaving the car. The chauffeur had a face like a mask. We entered the building, and the elevator whisked us to the top floor, above which additional superstructures had been built for war emergency offices.

I had always associated rabbit-warrens with subterranean abodes; but here in this building I discovered a maze of rabbit-burrow-like passages, corridors, nooks, and alcoves, piled higgledy-piggledy on the roof. Leaving the elevator, my guide led me up one flight of steps so narrow that a corpulent man would have stuck tight, then down a similar flight on the other side, under wooden archways so low that we had to stoop, round unexpected corners, and again up a flight of steps which brought us out on the roof. Crossing a short iron bridge, we entered another maze, until, just as I was beginning to feel dizzy, I was shown into a tiny room about ten feet square, where sat an officer in the uniform of a British colonel. The impassive chauffeur announced me and withdrew.

'Good-afternoon, Mr. Dukes,' said the colonel, rising and greeting me with a warm hand-shake. 'I am glad to see you. You doubtless wonder that no explanation has been given you as to why you should return to England. Well, I have to inform you, confidentially, that it has been proposed to offer you a somewhat responsible post in the Secret Intelligence Service.'

I gasped. 'But,' I stammered, 'I have never — May I ask what it implies?'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'We have reason to believe that Russia will not long continue to be open to foreigners. We wish someone to remain there, to keep us informed of the march of events.'

'But,' I put in, 'my present work? It is important, and if I drop it —'

'We foresaw that objection,' replied the colonel, 'and I must tell you that under war regulations we have the right to requisition your services if need be. You have been attached to the Foreign Office. This office also works in conjunction with the Foreign Office, which has been consulted on this question. Of course,' he added, biting, 'if the risk or danger alarms you —'

I forgot what I said, but he did not continue.

'Very well,' he proceeded, 'consider the matter and return at four-thirty tomorrow. If you have no valid reasons for not accepting this post, we will consider you as in our service and I will tell you further details.'

He rang a bell. A young lady appeared and escorted me out, threading her way with what seemed to me marvelous dexterity through the maze of passages.

Burning with curiosity, and fascinated already by the mystery of this elevated labyrinth, I ventured a query to my young female guide. 'What sort of establishment is this?' I said.

I detected a twinkle in her eye. She shrugged her shoulders and, without replying, pressed the button for the elevator. 'Good-afternoon,' was all she said as I passed in.

Next day I found the colonel in a fair-sized apartment, with easy chairs, and walls hidden by bookcases. He seemed to take it for granted that I had nothing to say.

'I will tell you briefly what we desire,' he said. 'Then you may make any

comments you wish, and I will take you up to interview — a — the Chief. Briefly, we want you to return to Soviet Russia and to send reports on the situation there. We wish to be accurately informed as to the attitude of every section of the community, the degree of support enjoyed by the Bolshevik government, the development and modification of its policy, what possibility there may be for an alteration of régime or for a counter-revolution, and what part Germany is playing. As to the means whereby you gain access to the country, under what cover you will live there, and how you will send out reports, we shall leave it to you, being best informed as to conditions, to make suggestions.'

He expounded his views on Russia, asking for my corroboration or correction, and also mentioned the names of a few English people I might come into contact with there. 'I will see if — a — the Chief is ready,' he said, finally, rising. 'I will be back in a moment.'

The apartment appeared to be an office, but there were no papers on the desk. I rose and stared at the books on the bookshelves. My attention was arrested by an edition of Thackeray's works in a decorative binding of what looked like green morocco. I used at one time to dabble in bookbinding, and am always interested in an artistically bound book. I took down *Henry Esmond* from the shelf. To my bewilderment the cover did not open, until, passing my finger accidentally along what I thought was the edge of the pages, the front cover suddenly flew open of itself, disclosing a box. In my astonishment I almost dropped the volume, and a sheet of paper slipped out and fell to the floor. I picked it up hastily and glanced at it. It was headed *Kriegsministerium, Berlin*, had the German Imperial arms imprinted on it, and was covered with minute handwriting

in German. I had barely slipped it back into the box and replaced the volume on the shelf, when the colonel returned.

'A — the — a — Chief is not in,' he said, 'but you may see him to-morrow. You are interested in books?' he added, seeing me looking at the shelves. 'I collect them. That is an interesting old volume on Cardinal Richelieu, if you care to look at it. I picked it up in Charing Cross Road for a shilling.'

The volume mentioned was immediately above *Henry Esmond*. I took it down warily, expecting something uncommon to occur; but it was only a musty old volume in French, with torn leaves and soiled pages. I pretended to be interested.

'There is not much else there worth looking at, I think,' said the colonel casually. 'Well, good-bye. Come in to-morrow.'

I returned again next day, after thinking overnight how I should get back to Russia — and deciding on nothing. My mind seemed to be a complete blank on the subject in hand, and I was entirely absorbed in the mysteries of the roof-labyrinth.

Again I was shown into the colonel's sitting-room. My eyes fell instinctively on the bookshelf. The colonel was in a genial mood. 'I see you like my collection,' he said. 'That, by the way, is a fine edition of Thackeray.' I felt my heart leap. 'It is the most luxurious binding I have ever yet found. Would you not like to look at it?'

I looked at the colonel very hard, but his face was a mask. My immediate conclusion was that he wished to initiate me into the secrets of the Department. I rose quickly and took down *Henry Esmond*, which was in exactly the same place as it had been the day before. To my utter confusion it opened quite naturally, and I found in my hands nothing more than an *edition de luxe*, printed on India paper and pro-

fusely illustrated! I stared, bewildered, at the shelf. There was no other *Henry Esmond*. Immediately over the vacant space stood the life of Cardinal Richelieu as it had stood yesterday. I replaced the volume, and, trying not to look disconcerted, turned to the colonel. His expression was quite impassive, even bored.

'It is a beautiful edition,' he repeated as if wearily. 'Now, if you are ready, we will go and see — a — the Chief.'

Feeling very foolish, I stuttered assent and followed. As we proceeded through the maze of stairways and unexpected passages, which seemed to me like a miniature House of Usher, I caught glimpses of tree-tops, of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames, the Tower Bridge, and Westminster. From the suddenness with which the angle of view changed, I concluded that in reality we were simply gyrating in one very limited space; and when suddenly we entered a spacious study, — the sanctum of ' — a — the Chief,' — I had an irresistible feeling that we had moved only a few yards, and that this study was immediately above the colonel's office.

It was a low, dark chamber at the extreme top of the building. The colonel knocked, entered, and stood at attention. Nervous and confused, I followed, painfully conscious that at that moment I could not have expressed a sane opinion on any subject under the sun. From the threshold the room seemed bathed in semi-obscurity. The writing-desk was so placed, with the window behind it, that on entering everything appeared only in silhouette. It was some seconds before I could clearly distinguish things. A row of half a dozen extending telephones stood at the left of a big desk littered with papers. On a side table were numerous maps and designs, with models of aeroplanes, submarines, and mechanical devices, while

a row of bottles of various colors and a distilling outfit with a rack of test-tubes bore witness to chemical experiments and operations. These evidences of scientific investigation served only to intensify an already overpowering atmosphere of strangeness and mystery.

But it was not these things that engaged my attention as I stood nervously waiting. It was not the bottles or the machinery that attracted my gaze. My eyes fixed themselves on the figure at the writing-table. In the capacious swing desk-chair, his shoulders hunched, with his head supported on one hand, busily writing, there sat in his shirt-sleeves —

Alas, no! Pardon me, reader, I was forgetting! There are still things I may not divulge. There are things that must still remain shrouded in secrecy. And one of them is — who was the figure in the swing desk-chair in the darkened room at the top of the roof-labyrinth near Trafalgar Square on this August day in 1918. I may not describe him, or mention even one of his twenty-odd names. Suffice it to say that, awe-inspired as I was at this first encounter, I soon learned to regard 'the Chief' with feelings of the deepest personal regard and admiration. He was a British officer and an English gentleman of the finest stamp, absolutely fearless and gifted with unlimited resources of subtle ingenuity, and I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been brought within the circle of his acquaintanceship.

In silhouette I saw myself motioned to a chair. The Chief wrote for a moment, then suddenly turned, with the unexpected remark, 'So I understand you want to go back to Soviet Russia, do you?' — as if it had been my own suggestion.

The conversation was brief and precise. The words Archangel, Stockholm, Riga, Helsingfors, recurred frequently,

and the names were mentioned of English people in those places and in Petrograd. It was finally decided that I alone should determine how and by what route I should regain access to Russia and how I should dispatch reports.

'Don't go and get killed,' said the Chief in conclusion, smiling. 'You will put him through the ciphers,' he added to the colonel, 'and take him to the laboratory to learn the inks and all that.'

We left the Chief and arrived by a single flight of steps at the door of the colonel's room. The colonel laughed. 'You will find your way about in course of time,' he said; 'let us go to the laboratory at once.'

And here I draw a veil over the roof-labyrinth. Three weeks later I set out for Russia, into the unknown.

II

I resolved to make my first attempt at entry from the north, and traveled up to Archangel on a troopship of American soldiers, most of whom hailed from Detroit. But I found the difficulties at Archangel to be much greater than I had anticipated. It was 600 miles to Petrograd, and most of this distance would have to be done on foot through unknown moorland and forest. The roads were closely watched, and before my plans were ready, autumn storms broke and made the moors and marshes impassable. But at Archangel, realizing that to return to Russia as an Englishman was impossible, I let my beard grow and assumed an appearance entirely Russian.

Failing in Archangel, I traveled down to Helsingfors, to try my luck from the direction of Finland. Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a busy little city bristling with life and intrigue. At the time of which I am writing it was a sort of dumping-ground for every variety of conceivable and inconceivable rumor,

slander, and scandal, repudiated elsewhere, but swallowed by the gullible scandal-mongers — especially German and *ancien-régime* Russian — who found in this city a haven of rest. Helsingfors was one of the unhealthiest spots in Europe. Whenever mischance brought me there, I lay low, avoided society, and made it a rule to tell everybody the direct contrary of my real intentions, even in trivial matters.

In Helsingfors I was introduced, at the British consulate, to an agent of the American Secret Service who had recently escaped from Russia. This gentleman gave me a letter to a Russian officer in Viborg, by name Melnikoff. The little town of Viborg, being the nearest place of importance to the Russian frontier, was a hornet's nest of Russian refugees, counter-revolutionary conspirators, German agents, and Bolshevik spies — worse, if anything, than Helsingfors.

Disguised now as a middle-class commercial traveler, I journeyed on to Viborg, took a room at the same hotel at which I had been told that Melnikoff stayed, looked him up, and presented my note of introduction. I found Melnikoff to be a Russian naval officer of the finest stamp, and intuitively conceived an immediate liking for him. His real name, I discovered, was not Melnikoff, but in those parts many people had a variety of names to suit different occasions. My meeting with him was providential, for it appeared that he had worked with Captain Crombie, late British Naval Attaché at Petrograd. In September, 1918, Captain Crombie was murdered by the Bolsheviks at the British Embassy, and it was the threads of his shattered organization that I hoped to pick up upon arrival in Petrograd.

Melnikoff was slim, dark, short, and muscular, with stubbly hair and blue eyes. He was deeply religious, and was

imbued with an intense hatred of the Bolsheviks — not without reason, since both his father and his mother had been brutally shot by them, and he himself had escaped only by a miracle. 'The searchers came at night,' so he told the story to me. 'I had some papers referring to the insurrection at Yaroslavl, which my mother kept for me. The searchers demanded access to my mother's room. My father barred the way, saying she was dressing. A sailor tried to push past, and my father angrily struck him aside. Suddenly a shot rang out, and my father fell dead on the threshold of my mother's bedroom. I was in the kitchen when the Reds came, and through the kitchen door I fired and killed two of them. A volley of shots was directed at me. I was wounded in the hand, and only just escaped by the back stairway. Two weeks later my mother was executed on account of the discovery of my papers.'

Melnikoff had but one sole object left in life — to avenge his parents' blood. This was all he lived for. So far as Russia was concerned, he was frankly a monarchist; so I avoided talking politics with him. But we were friends from the moment we met, and I had the peculiar feeling that somewhere, long, long ago, we had met before, although I knew this was not so.

Melnikoff was overjoyed to learn of my desire to return to Soviet Russia. He undertook not only to make the arrangements with the Finnish frontier patrols for me to be put across the frontier at night, secretly, but also to precede me to Petrograd and make arrangements there for me to find shelter. Melnikoff gave me two addresses in Petrograd where I might find him — one of a hospital where he had formerly lived, and the other of a small café that still existed in a private flat unknown to the Bolshevik authorities.

Perhaps it was a pardonable sin in

Melnikoff that he was a toper. We spent three days together in Viborg making plans for Petrograd, while Melnikoff drank up all my whiskey except a small medicine-bottle full, which I hid away. When he had satisfied himself that my stock was really exhausted, he announced himself ready to start. It was a Friday, and we arranged that I should follow two days later, on Sunday night, the twenty-fourth of November. Melnikoff wrote out a password on a slip of paper. 'Give that to the Finnish patrols,' he said, 'at the third house, the wooden one with the white porch, on the left of the frontier bridge.'

At six o'clock he went into his room, returning in a few minutes so transformed that I hardly recognized him. He wore a sort of seaman's cap that came right down over his eyes. He had dirtied his face, and this, added to the three-days-old hirsute stubble on his chin, gave him a truly demoniacal appearance. He wore a shabby coat and trousers of a dark color, and a muffler was tied closely round his neck. He looked a perfect *apache* as he stowed away a big Colt revolver inside his trousers.

'Good-bye,' he said simply, extending his hand; then stopped and added, 'let us observe the good old Russian custom and sit down for a minute together.'

According to a beautiful custom that used to be observed in Russia in the olden days, friends sit down at the moment of parting, and maintain complete silence for a few instants, while each wishes the others a safe journey and prosperity. Melnikoff and I sat down opposite each other. With what fervor I wished him success on the dangerous journey he was undertaking for me!

We rose. 'Good-bye,' said Melnikoff again. He turned, crossed himself, and passed out of the room. On the thresh-

old he looked back. 'Sunday evening,' he added, 'without fail.'

I saw Melnikoff only once more after that, for a brief moment in Petrograd, under dramatic circumstances. But that comes later in my story.

III

I rose early next day, but there was not much for me to do. As it was Saturday, the Jewish booths in the usually busy little market-place were shut, and only the Finnish ones were open. Most articles of the costume I had decided on were already procured; but I made one or two slight additions on this day, and on Sunday morning, when the Jewish booths opened. My outfit consisted of a Russian shirt, black-leather breeches, black knee-boots, a shabby tunic, and an old leather cap with a fur brim and a little tassel on top, of the style worn by the Finns in the district north of Petrograd. With my shaggy black beard, which by now was quite profuse, and long unkempt hair dangling over my ears, I was a sight, indeed, and in England or America should doubtless have been regarded as a thoroughly undesirable alien.

On Sunday an officer friend of Melnikoff's came to make sure that I was ready. I knew him by the Christian name and patronymic of Ivan Sergeievitch. He was a pleasant fellow, kind and considerate. Like many other refugees from Russia, he had no financial resources, and was trying to make a living for himself, his wife, and his children by smuggling Finnish money and butter into Petrograd, where both were sold at a high premium. Thus he was on good terms with the Finnish patrols, who also practised this trade and whose friendship he cultivated.

'Have you any passport yet, Pavel Pavlovitch?' Ivan Sergeievitch asked me.

'No,' I replied; 'Melnikoff said the patrols would furnish me with one.'

'Yes, that is best,' he said; 'they have the Bolshevik stamps. But we also collect the passports of all refugees from Petrograd, for they often come in handy. And if anything happens, remember you are a "speculator".'

All are stigmatized by the Bolsheviks as speculators who indulge in the private sale or purchase of foodstuffs or clothing. They suffer severely, but it is better to be a speculator than a spy.

When darkness fell, Ivan Sergeievitch accompanied me to the station and part of the way in the train, though we sat separately, so that it should not be seen that I was traveling with one who was known to be a Russian officer.

'And remember, Pavel Pavlovitch,' said Ivan Sergeievitch, 'to go to my flat whenever you are in need. There is an old housekeeper there, who will admit you if you say I sent you. But do not let the house porter see you, — he is a Bolshevik, — and be careful the house committee do not know, for they will ask who is visiting the house.'

I was grateful for this offer, which turned out to be very valuable.

We boarded the train at Viborg and sat at opposite ends of the compartment, pretending not to know each other. When Ivan Sergeievitch got out at his destination, he cast one glance at me, but we made no sign of recognition. I sat huddled up gloomily in my corner, obsessed with the inevitable feeling that everybody was watching me. The very walls and seats seemed possessed of eyes. That man over there, did he not look at me — twice? And that woman, spying constantly (I thought) out of the corner of her eye! They would let me get as far as the frontier; then they would send word over to the Reds that I was coming. I shivered, and was ready to curse myself for my fool adventure. But there was no turning

back! '*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*,' wrote Virgil. (I used to write that on my Latin books at school — I hated Latin.) 'Perhaps some day it will amuse you to remember these things.' Cold comfort, though, in a scrape, and with your neck in a noose. Yet these escapades are amusing — afterward.

At last the train stopped at Rajajoki, the last station on the Finnish side of the frontier. It was a pitch-dark night, with no moon. It was still half a mile to the frontier. I made my way along the rails in the direction of Russia, and down to the wooden bridge over the little frontier river Sestro. Great hostility still existed between Finland and Soviet Russia. Skirmishes frequently occurred, and the frontier was guarded jealously by both sides. I looked curiously across at the gloomy buildings and the dull twinkling lights on the other bank. That was my Promised Land over there, but it was flowing, not with milk and honey, but with blood. The Finnish sentry stood at his post at the bar of the frontier bridge; and twenty paces away, on the other side, was the Red sentry. I left the bridge on my right, and turned to look for the house of the Finnish patrols to whom I had been directed.

Finding the little wooden villa with the white porch, I knocked timidly. The door opened, and I handed in the slip of paper on which Melnikoff had written the password. The Finn who opened the door examined the paper by the light of a greasy oil lamp, then held the lamp to my face, peered closely at me, and finally signaled to me to enter.

'Come in,' he said. 'We were expecting you. How are you feeling?'

I did not tell him how I was really feeling, but replied cheerily that I was feeling splendid.

'That's right,' he said. 'You are lucky in having a dark night for it. A week ago one of our fellows was shot as

we put him over the river. His body fell into the water and we have not yet fished it out.'

This, I suppose, was the Finnish way of cheering me up.

'Has anyone been over since?' I queried, affecting a tone of indifference.

'Only Melnikoff.'

'Safely?'

The Finn shrugged his shoulders.

'We put him across all right — *a dalshe ne znayu* [what happened to him after that, I don't know].'

The Finn was a lean, cadaverous-looking fellow. He led me into a tiny eating-room, where three more Finns sat round a smoky oil lamp. The window was closely curtained and the room was intolerably stuffy. The table was covered with a filthy cloth, on which a few broken lumps of black bread, some fish, and a samovar were placed. All four men were shabbily dressed and very rough in appearance. They spoke Russian well, but conversed in Finnish among themselves. One of them said something to the cadaverous man and appeared to be remonstrating with him for telling me of the accident that had happened to their colleague a week before. The cadaverous Finn answered him with some heat.

'Melnikoff is a chuckle-headed scatterbrain,' persisted the cadaverous man, who appeared to be the leader of the party. 'We told him not to be such a fool as to go into Petrograd again. The Redskins are searching for him everywhere in Petrograd, and every detail of his appearance is known. But he *would* go. I suppose he loves to have his neck in a noose. With you, I suppose, it is different. Melnikoff says you are somebody important — but that's none of our business. But the Redskins don't like the English. If I were you, I would n't go for anything. But it's your affair, of course.'

We sat down to the loaves and fishes.

The samovar was boiling, and while we swilled copious supplies of weak tea out of dirty glasses, the Finns retailed the latest news from Petrograd. The cost of bread, they said, had risen to about eight hundred or a thousand times its former price. People hacked dead horses to pieces in the streets. All the warm clothing had been taken and given to the Red Army. The *Tchrezvichaika* (the Extraordinary Commission) was arresting and shooting workmen as well as the educated people. Zinovieff threatened to exterminate all the bourgeoisie if any further attempt were made to molest the Soviet government. When the Jewish Commissar Uritzky was murdered, Zinoviev shot over five hundred of the bourgeoisie at a stroke, — nobles, professors, officers, journalists, teachers, men and women, — and a list was published of another five hundred who would be shot at the next attempt on a commissar's life.

I listened patiently, regarding the bulk of these stories as the product of Finnish imagination. 'You will be held up frequently to be examined,' the cadaverous man warned me; 'and do not carry parcels — they will be taken from you in the street.'

After supper, we sat down to discuss the plans of crossing. The cadaverous Finn took a pencil and paper and drew a rough sketch of the frontier.

'We will put you over in a boat at the same place as Melnikoff,' he said. 'Here is the river, with woods on either bank. Here, about a mile up, is an open meadow on the Russian side. It is now eleven o'clock. About three we will go out quietly and follow the road that skirts the river on this side, till we get opposite the meadow. That is where you will cross.'

'Why at the open spot?' I queried, surprised. 'Shall I not be seen there most easily of all? Why not put me across into the woods?'

'Because the woods are patrolled, and the outposts change their place every night. We cannot follow their movements. Several people have tried to cross into the woods. A few succeeded, but most were either caught or had to fight their way back. But this meadow is a most unlikely place for anyone to cross, so the Redskins don't watch it. Besides, being open, we can see if there is anyone on the other side. We will put you across just here,' he said, indicating a narrow place in the stream at the middle of the meadow. 'At these narrows the water runs faster, making a noise, so we are less likely to be heard. When you get over, run up the slope slightly to the left. There is a path that leads up to the road. Be careful of this cottage, though,' he added, making a cross on the paper at the extreme northern end of the meadow. 'The Red patrol lives in that cottage, but at three o'clock they will probably be asleep.'

There remained only the preparation of 'documents of identification,' which should serve as passport in Soviet Russia. Melnikoff had told me I might safely leave this matter to the Finns, who kept themselves well informed of the kind of papers it was best to carry, to allay the suspicions of Red Guards and Bolshevik police officials. We rose and passed into another of the three tiny rooms that the villa contained. It was a sort of office, with paper, ink, pens, and a typewriter on the table.

'What name do you want to have?' asked the cadaverous man.

'Oh, any,' I replied. 'Better, perhaps, let it have a slightly non-Russian smack. My accent —'

The cadaverous man thought for a moment. 'Afirensko, Joseph Ilitch,' he suggested; 'that smacks of Ukrainia.'

I agreed. One of the men sat down to the typewriter and, carefully choosing a certain sort of paper, began to write.

The cadaverous man went to a small cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a boxful of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes, with black handles.

'Soviet seals,' he said, laughing at my amazement. 'We keep ourselves up to date, you see. Some of them were stolen, some we made ourselves, and this one —' he pressed it on a sheet of paper, leaving the imprint 'Commissar of the Frontier Station Bielo'ostrof' — 'we bought from over the river for a bottle of vodka.' Bielo'ostrof was the Russian frontier village just across the stream.

I had had ample experience earlier in the year of the magical effect upon the rudimentary intelligence of Bolshevik authorities of official 'documents,' with prominent seals or stamps. Multitudinous stamped papers of any description were a great asset in traveling, but a big colored seal was a talisman that leveled all obstacles. The wording of the document, even the language in which it was written, was of secondary importance. A friend of mine once traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill. This 'document of identification' had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage-stamps attached, and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British Embassy!

This, however, was in the early days of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks gradually removed illiterates from service, and in the course of time restrictions became very severe. But seals were as essential as ever.

When the Finn had finished writing, he pulled the paper out of the typewriter and handed it to me for perusal. In the top left-hand corner it had this heading: —

Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies.

Then followed the text: —

CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Joseph Ilitch Afrenko is in the service of the Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies, in the capacity of office clerk, as the accompanying signatures and seal attest.

'In the service of the Extraordinary Commission?' I gasped, taken aback by the amazing audacity of the thing.

'Why not?' said the cadaverous man coolly; 'what could be safer?'

I burst into laughter as I realized the grim humor of pretending to belong to the institution that employed all the paid hirelings of the Tsar's secret police to suppress the last vestiges of the liberty of the revolution!

'Now for the signatures and seal,' said the Finn. 'Tihonov and Friedmann used to sign these papers, though it doesn't matter much; it's only the seal that counts.'

From some Soviet papers on the table he selected one with two signatures from which to copy. Choosing a suitable pen, he scrawled beneath the text of my passport, in an almost illegible slanting hand, 'Tihonov.' This was the signature of a proxy of the Extraordinary Commission. The paper must also be signed by a secretary, or his proxy. 'Sign for your own secretary,' said the Finn, laughing and pushing the paper to me. 'Write upright this time, like this. Here is the original. Friedmann is the name.'

Glancing at the original, I made an irregular scrawl, resembling in some way the signature of the Bolshevik official.

'Have you a photograph?' asked the cadaverous man.

I gave him a photograph I had had taken at Viborg. Cutting it down small,

he stuck it at the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was a red one, with the same inscription inside the periphery that was printed at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevik star, with a mallet and a plough in the centre.

'That is your certificate of service,' said the Finn; 'we will give you a second one of personal identification.'

Another paper was quickly printed off with the words, 'The holder of this is the Soviet employee Joseph Ilitch Afrenko, aged 36 years.' This paper was unnecessary in itself, but two 'documents' were always better than one.

It was now after midnight, and the leader of the Finnish patrol ordered us to lie down for a short rest. He threw himself on a couch in the eating-room. There were only two beds for the remaining four of us, and I lay down on one of them with one of the Finns. I tried to sleep, but could n't. I thought of all sorts of things — of Russia in the past, of the life of adventure I had elected to lead for the present, of the morrow, of friends still in Petrograd who must not know of my return — if I got there. I was nervous, but the dejection that had overcome me in the train was gone. I saw the essential humor of my situation. The whole adventure was really one big exclamation mark. *Forsan et haec olim —*

IV

The two hours of repose seemed interminable. I was afraid of three o'clock, and yet I wanted it to come quicker, to get it over. At last a shuffling noise approached from the neighboring room, and the cadaverous Finn prodded each of us with the butt end of his rifle. 'Wake up,' he whispered; 'we'll leave in a quarter of an hour. No

noise. The people in the next cottage must n't hear us.'

We were ready in a few minutes. My entire baggage was a small parcel that went into my pocket, containing a pair of socks, one or two handkerchiefs, and some dry biscuit. In my other pocket I had the medicine bottle of whiskey I had hidden from Melnikoff, and some bread.

One of the four Finns remained behind. The other three were to accompany me to the river. It was a raw and frosty November night, and pitch-dark. Nature was still as death. We issued silently from the house, the cadaverous man leading. One of the men followed behind, and all carried their rifles ready for use.

We walked stealthily along the road the Finn had pointed out to me on paper overnight, bending low where no trees sheltered us from the Russian bank. A few yards below, on the right, I heard the trickling of the river. We soon arrived at a ramshackle villa, standing on the river-bank, surrounded by trees and thickets. Here we stood stock-still for a moment, to listen for any unexpected sounds. The silence was absolute. But for the trickling of the river, there was not a rustle.

We descended to the water under cover of the tumble-down villa and the bushes. The stream was about twenty paces wide at this point. Along both banks there was an edging of ice. I looked across at the opposite side. It was open meadow, but the trees loomed darkly a hundred paces away on either hand and in the background. On the left I could just see the cottage of the Red patrol, against which the Finns had warned me.

The cadaverous man took up his station at a slight break in the thickets. A moment later he returned and announced that all was well. 'Remember,' he enjoined me once again, in an under-

tone, 'run slightly to the left, but — keep an eye on that cottage.'

He made a sign to the other two, and from the bushes they dragged out a boat. Working noiselessly, they attached a long rope to the stern and laid a pole in it. Then they slid it down the bank into the water.

'Get into the boat,' whispered the leader, 'and push yourself across with the pole. And good luck!'

I shook hands with my companions, pulled at my little bottle of whiskey, and got into the boat. I started pushing, but with the rope trailing behind, it was no easy task to punt the little bark straight across the running stream. I was sure I should be heard, and had in midstream the sort of feeling I should imagine a man has as he walks his last walk to the gallows. At length I was at the farther side, but it was quite impossible to hold the boat steady while I landed. In jumping ashore, I crashed through the thin layer of ice. I scrambled out and up the bank, and the boat was hastily pulled back to Finland behind me.

'Run hard!' I heard a low call from over the water behind me. D—— it, the noise of my splash had reached the Red patrol! I was already running hard when I saw a light emerge from the cottage on the left. I forgot the injunctions as to direction, and simply bolted away from that lantern. Halfway across the sloping meadow I dropped and lay still. The light moved rapidly along the river bank. There was shouting, and then suddenly two shots; but there was no reply from the Finnish side. Then the light began to move slowly back toward the cottage of the Red patrol, and finally all was silent again.

I lay motionless for some time, then rose and proceeded cautiously. Having missed the right direction, I found that I had to negotiate another small stream

that ran obliquely down the slope of the meadow. Being already wet, I did not suffer by wading through it. Then I reached some garden fences, over which I climbed, and found myself in the road.

Convincing myself that the road was deserted, I crossed it and came out on to the moors, where I found a half-built house. Here I sat down to await the dawn — blessing the man who invented whiskey, for I was very cold. It began to snow, and, half-frozen, I got up to walk about and study the locality as well as I could in the dark. At the cross-roads near the station I discovered some soldiers sitting round a bivouac fire, so I retreated quickly to my half-built house and waited till it was light. Then I approached the station, with other passengers. At the gate a soldier was examining passports. I was not a little nervous when showing mine for the first time; but the examination was a very cursory one. The soldier seemed only to be assuring himself that the paper had a proper seal. He passed me through and I went to the ticket-office and demanded a ticket.

'One first class to Petrograd,' I said boldly.

'There is no first class by this train, only second and third.'

'No first? Then give me a second.' I had asked the Finns what class I ought to travel, expecting them to say third. But they replied, first, of course, for it would be strange to see an employee of the Extraordinary Commission traveling other than first class. Third class was for workers and peasants.

The journey to Petrograd was about twenty-five miles, and, stopping at every station, the train took nearly two hours. As we approached the city, the coaches filled up, until people were standing in the aisles and on the platforms. There was a crush in the Finland station at which we arrived. The

examination of papers was again merely cursory. I pushed out with the throng, and looking around me on the dirty rubbish-strewn station, I felt a curious mixture of relief and apprehension.

My life, I suddenly realized, *had* had an aim — it was to stand here on the threshold of the city that was my home, homeless, helpless, and friendless, one

of the common crowd. That was it — *one of the common crowd*. I wanted, not the theories of theorists, or the doctrines of doctrinaires, but to see what the greatest social experiment the world has ever seen did for the common crowd. And, strangely buoyant, I stepped lightly out of the station into the familiar streets.

EDUCATION FOR AUTHORITY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

THE people were astonished, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as those who had gone to college (unauthorized translation). They were astonished that every reference to their sacred books was to contradict them; that over against their hitherto unquestioned authority he should set himself in authority; that these obvious things he said should be so true, so astonishingly new and true: homely, familiar things, not out of books, but out of life and nature.

Except for a faint echo of Isaiah and the Psalmist, and some half dozen references to Old Testament law (which he cited to refute), all the matter in the Sermon on the Mount is from common life and the out-of-doors: the house on the rock; the good tree and the evil fruit; the false prophet; the straight gate; the son who asks a fish; the pearls before the swine; the lilies of the field — familiar matter, and commonplace, but suddenly new with meaning, and startling with authority.

Isaiah had dealt earlier with these things; and one rises from that prophet wondering what more can be said, how better said. Yet Isaiah never spake like the man of this Sermon. This man had the books of Isaiah, but he went behind the books with his observations, as substance goes behind shadow, appealing from the books direct to life and nature.

Life and nature are still the source of originality, the sole seat of authority. Books make a full man. It is life and nature that give him authority. But life and nature are little reckoned with in formal education; small credit is given them in the classroom; yet authority, — authorship, — poet and prophet, are the glory of education. Or is it the end of education to produce the scribe?

Neither scribe nor author is the end of our *school* education; but that average intelligence upon which democracy rests. Not scribe but citizen, not author but voter, is the business of the school, the true end of its course of study. The schools are the public's, con-

cerned with the public, with the education of living together. There are several educations, however: one, in the public school, for democracy; another, in and out of school, for individuality; and another distinct and essential education, in life and nature, for authority — as great a national need as democracy. We need peace and prosperity, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but quite as much does this nation need vision — to walk in truth and beauty. Where there is no vision, the people perish.

Can we educate for vision? teach men authority — to preach a Sermon on the Mount? to land on Plymouth Rock? to write a *Walden Pond*? to be an Abraham Lincoln? to dare a league of nations? These are visions, daring, dangerous visions, not out of books, but new, out of life and nature. We must educate for vision — for dreams and deeds that are without precedent.

But not in school. Thoreau and Cyrus Dallin went to school, yet they went to nature more. Jesus went little to school. He knew a few great books profoundly; but he was not bound out to books for an education. It is hardly strange that the schools should make nothing of this. It is passing strange, however, that we parents, dreaming dreams for our children, should send them to school for their whole education, getting no hint from an opposite course that was found fit for Jesus.

There were schools and books aplenty, and young Saul of Tarsus had them, and had Gamaliel for his teacher. The boy in Nazareth had a few great books of poetry and prophecy; He had his school, too, but it was the carpenter's shop, the village street, the wild, lonely hills reaching off behind the town. This was his education; and there is none better — none other perhaps — for authority.

Supreme utterance is always poetic

utterance, deeply human, deeply religious, and as fresh and daring as the dawn. Such utterance may come untaught. But if the conscious power for such utterance is the possession of the few, the instinct for it and the joy in it is a quality of all human minds. Deeper within us than our conscious mind, deeper than our subconscious mind, this instinct for utterance is the essence of the unconscious, the inmost, mind, whose substance is the flux of all originals. We can all utter, create, make; and we should have in our education the raw materials out of which new things are made.

There were other boys in Nazareth, who had the books, the work-bench, the village street and the lonely hills, without acquiring authority. This single boy was different. So is every boy — Yet no matter how different this particular boy, the significant thing is that He had for teachers the humble people, work with tools, the solemn, silent hills, and a few beautiful, intensely spiritual books, and that out of this teaching He learned to speak with authority.

So it was with Lincoln: the very same books, work with his hands, elemental people, the lonely backwoods. Lincoln and Edward Everett were different; not so different in genius, however, as in education. 'Lincoln,' says a biographer, 'was a self-made man, in whom genius triumphed over circumstance.' I should rather say that of Everett, the accomplished scholar, Greek professor, President of Harvard College, Governor of Massachusetts, editor, senator, foreign minister, who, in spite of all this circumstance, was something of an orator. But standing beside Lincoln at Gettysburg, he spoke for an hour with this vast book-education, like the Scribes, leaving Lincoln, with his natural education, to speak for five minutes with authority. No, genius and circumstance in Lincoln were by chance

joined together; conventional education happily did not put them asunder.

It is not often so with genius. Chance cannot get the consent of circumstance; nor to-day is there any match for convention. The trouble is too much school education and too little natural education. We limit education to the school, as if the school were a whole education! Neither Lincoln nor Everett had a whole education. It is idle to speculate on what Lincoln might have been, had his ancestors stayed in Hingham, where they landed, and had he gone to Derby Academy and to Harvard. What actually happened on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek is more significant. For here he was born, the son of a carpenter, and he had for teachers his father's tools, the prairie, the westering pioneers, the great river, the *Life of Washington*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Aesop*, Shakespeare, and the Bible — the large electives that well cover the course of natural education.

This is the education for authority. A child cannot be educated for authority on lesser books, with sophisticated people, with pointless play instead of work, with ordered lessons in school in place of the dear disorder of nature, and her companionship, and his own soul's. The simple needs of authorship have not changed.

II

But what child nowadays has such teaching? Who looks after his natural education — his religion? As a factor in education, religion has almost ceased to operate, notwithstanding the church schools. The sensitive spirit cannot seek after God in school. It should have a universe — and have it all alone. As truly as ever do we live, and move, and have our being in God; but at this present moment we have so much more of being in business, and move so much

faster by motor, that it seems that our existence in God must have been prenatal, or might become possibly a post-mortem affair.

Religion in education is strictly the part of someone — the parental part of education, and no business of any school. Is it because I fail that I seem to see all parents failing in religion? My children have not had what I had in religion — not my Quaker grandfather certainly, who was lame and walked slowly, and so, I used to think, and still think, more surely walked with God. My first memory of that grandfather is of his lifting an adder out of the winding woodpath with his cane, saying, 'Thee must never hurt one of God's creatures' — an intensely religious act, which to this day covers for me the glittering folds of the snake with the care, and not the curse, of God.

Years later I was at work in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. Dr. C. O. Whitman was lecturing. He had traced the development of the cod's egg back to a single cell of jellied protoplasm, when he paused.

'Gentlemen,' he said, with dramatic restraint, 'I can go no further. There is that in this cell we call life. But the microscope does not reveal it. We all know what it does. But who knows what it is? Is it a form of motion? The theologian calls it God. I am not a theologian. I do not know what life is.'

He need not have been a theologian — only a very little child once, with his lame grandfather to tell him the snake is God's; and in those after years, coming to the end of his great lecture on the embryology of the cod's egg, and to the greater mystery in that cell of living protoplasm, he would have spoken with authority.

It is not every child whose sleep is as light as little Samuel's, whose dreams are stirred by strange voices as were Joan of Arc's; but there are many more

such children than there are parents like Hannah, or priests like Eli, to tell them that it is the voice of God.

The crimson was fading into cold October gray as I came upon him—twelve years old, and just an ordinary boy, his garden fork under the hill of potatoes he had started to dig, his face upturned, his eyes following far off the flight of a wild duck across the sky.

‘He who from zone to zone,’

I began, more to myself than to him. ‘Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,’

he went on, as much to himself as to me.

‘Father,’ he added reflectively, as the bird disappeared down the dusky slope of the sky, ‘I’m glad I know that piece.’

‘Why?’ I asked.

‘I see so much more when the wild ducks fly over.’

‘How much more do you see?’

‘I see the wild ducks and God flying over together.’

And is he a poet who sees less? Beauty and truth that do not reach religion do not reach the human heart. An education that lacks religion must lack authority, because it cannot know who made the flat-headed adder, who flies with the wild duck, who works in the cod’s egg, to will and to do. Religion is the consciousness of the universe—that it is infinite, eternal, and that it is all God’s!

III

The realm of art, the Kingdom of Heaven, and the life of this dear earth admit only little children. Great utterance is universal utterance, simple and unique.

Henry Adams, in the course of his ‘Education,’ had come from the South Seas to Paris with John La Farge. ‘At the galleries and exhibitions he was shocked,’ so he says, ‘by the effort of art to be original; and when, one day,

after much reflection, La Farge asked whether there might not still be room for something simple in art, Adams shook his head. As he saw the world, it was no longer simple and could not express itself simply. It should express what it was, and this was something that neither Adams nor La Farge understood.’

But it was precisely this sophisticated world that Adams did understand, and not simple men and women. Adams was not born a babe into life, but an Adams into Boston, with (to quote him) ‘the First Church, the Boston State House, Beacon Hill, John Hancock and John Adams, Mount Vernon Street, and Quincy all crowding on [his] ten pounds of babyhood.’ And the trouble with Henry Adams was that he never got from under.

Jesus was more fortunate. He was born in a stable. Lincoln had the luck of a log cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, as had Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor, only his cabin stood within a stockade in wild, unsettled Utah. Boston has found room for Dallin’s Appeal to the Great Spirit, as the world has found ample room for the Gettysburg Address—simple, elemental things of art that shall never want for room.

The world is not simple; or the cell of the cod’s egg, either. The forces of cleavage are in that cell, the whole fearful fish is there, and future oceans of fish besides, all in that pellucid drop of protoplasm. Society never was, never can be, simple. It cannot be educated for authority, but only to know and accept authority.

God speaks to the man, not to the multitude—to Moses on the Mount, not to the people huddled in the plain. Society commissions, but the individual finds the truth, reveals the beauty. ‘Art,’ says Whistler, ‘is limited to the infinite, and beginning there, cannot progress. The painter has but the same

pencil,—the sculptor the chisel of centuries,—and painter and sculptor consequently work alone.'

We forget that scribes get together in schools, but that creators work 'each in his separate star,' as lonely as God; and that the education of the creator is strictly in the hands of those responsible for him. The responsibility of professional teachers is for children. They must think children, in terms of men and women; and must educate them for society. We parents must think the child, must educate the child, not for society, but for himself — for authority. The teachers, looking upon their pupils, see the people, equal before the law, sharing alike the privileges — one another's keepers, upon whose intelligence and right spirit the nation rests. Thus, as teachers, they see their children and their educational duty.

As a parent, I must see my child as foreordained from the foundation of the world; and looking upon him, I must cry, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor — or poet, or prophet, for he shall have authority.' So, as a parent, I must think of my child and of my educational duty.

God's work is not done; and mine may be the son called from the beginning, to complete in line, or color, or word, or deed, the divine thing God started but could not finish. For God is not complete until he is made flesh, and dwells among us.

There is no school that can provide for this Only Son. School education is social — it is for all; for life together; how to even and average life's extremes. The private school for the brilliant mind is pure sophistry, and Simon-pure snobbery. Averaging, of course, is a process down, as well as up, to a common level — a social level. Democracy

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is that common social level. Education in a democracy must average — teach the high to come down, the humble to rise, and all of us to walk together. Not trying to do more than this for any, or daring to do less than this for all, it must hinder no mind either by merging individuality, or by setting up a material well-being for the better values of the spirit.

The level of education has risen lately in the public schools; university standards meanwhile have distinctly deteriorated — have sought the average. 'College education is now aimed to qualify the student, not to give him quality.' The college has become a business institution; even the college of liberal arts is now a pre-pedagogical, pre-medical, pre-legal, or some other pre-practical vocational school.

Students still come to college to serve, come seeing visions too, being young — but visions of business. In the multitude of twenty college classes passing through my lecture-room I know of but one student to finish his course, bent as he was born, to poetry. He is now spinning a Ph.D. cocoon for himself, the poet about to emerge a college professor!

This is not the fault of youth. Trailing clouds of glory do they come from God who was their home. But they land in America for business. And in such numbers!

I believe in numbers, in business. I freely trust the work of the state with this safe, sane average — but it was none of them who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Proclamation of Emancipation, or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The poet cannot be the direct product of the schools. His education is more out of things than books, more out of solitude than society, more out of nature than schools. The author is single, original, free; he uses raw mate-

rials, elements, earths that are without form and void. In him is the pattern of all new worlds. His life is to shape them, and give them suns and stars. But in place of raw materials, the unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, we give him only the graded systems of the schools, which make for many essential things, but which may be more deadly to his creative faculty than anything the headlong angels fell on in Hell. For they had, at least,

The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss,

through whose obscure one of them must find his uncouth way; whereas our unfallen children are run into the school machine at five, and earlier, as oranges into a sorter, the little ones dropping out through their proper hole into shop or office, the bigger ones rolling on until they tumble into college.

Human nature is unique, and not to be handled by machine. It is active, a doing nature, fit for unfinished earth, not heaven, the earth-partner, and co-creator in God's slowly shaping world. Send human nature to school? But if school can make them, why are we without 'a great poet, a great philosopher, a great religious leader'? Why is it that 'the great voices of the spirit are stilled just now'? It is because education is too far removed from the simple, the original — from life and nature.

IV

A poet is still-born in Boston every day — killed by toys in place of the tools that make them; by books in place of the life they tell of; by schools, museums, theatres, and stores, where things are pieced and ordered, filmed, collected, canned, and labeled, in place of a whole world of whole things, until the little poet asks me, as one did the other day, 'What does cream come from?' a sterilized concoction in a bot-

tle, brought by the grocer, his nearest approach to a cow and a milking-stool! Yet he was to have written of

Wrinkled skin on scalded milk!

The educating process is started wrong, and started too early. It should start with work. Watch a child at mud-pies or building a dam. Such intense application, such concentrated effort, such complete abandon! Play? The sweat on that little face, the tongue tight between the teeth, the utter unconsciousness of burning sun and cooling dinner, are the very signs of divine creative work.

Every son of God needs, if not a world to create, an earth to *subdue*. But instead of allowing him to work, we teach him to be amused, as if his proper frame were passive, his natural action irresponsible; as if he must be kept busy at winding things up and watching them run down.

We have not the courage of our convictions — if indeed we have educational convictions! No father, asked for bread, would give a stone; but when asked for truth and beauty and reality, how few of us have the courage to give a son what Jesus had, or Lincoln had, or the two years before the mast that young Richard Henry Dana had!

Quitting his cultured home, his sophisticated college, his conventional city, Dana escaped by way of the old, uncultured sea, with men as uncultured. He had plum-duff on Sundays. *Two Years Before the Mast* tells the story of that escape from scribbling into living, from a state of mind like Boston, out and down around the Horn.

To save the poet and prophet now standardized to scribes, shall we do away with schools? I have known too many freak poets, too many fool prophets, to say that. Genius is unique; it is also erratic, and needs to toe the mark in school. The training for expression

is more than wandering lonely as a cloud. There is much for the poet in trigonometry, and in English grammar. He must go to school to meet his fellows, too, and his teachers — but not until he is able both to listen to the doctors and to ask them questions.

Education for authority must both precede and continue with conventional education; equal place made for chores, great books, simple people, and the out-of-doors; with that which is made for texts, and recitations, and schoolroom drill; parents sharing equally with professional teachers in the whole process, unless we utterly nationalize our children.

Two of my children are in a Boston high school, having five hours of Latin, five of German, five of French, three of English, three of mathematics, three of history, two of military drill — twenty-six hours in all. And they call it educational! That is not education. That is getting ready for college — which is not to be confused with education. It fits for college, not for authority; it is almost certain death to originality and the creative faculty.

There must be a course of study in school and college, and it must be shaped to some end. Is it, however, the right end of four years in high school, to get to college? or the right end of four years in college, to get into a job? There is a certain Spartan virtue in this high-school study, something that makes for push and power, but nothing of preparation for great utterance in sermon or song.

The children do not know that the poet in them is being killed. I know — but I only half believe the poet to be in them!

The sin of the fathers — this fear of the divine fire! Mine are ordinary children. I should have adopted them, foundlings of unknown elfin parentage. Then I had believed, and had given

them to Merlin, as Arthur was given, or to the Lord, as Hannah gave little Samuel.

I did have them born and brought up in the hills of Hingham, forced out of the city when the second one came. I gave them the farm, the woods, the great books, the simple people, and religion, but timidly — allowing them at this day to take fifteen hours of study in foreign languages to three meagre hours in their glorious native tongue. And these are to be poets and prophets!

Then they must needs speak in German, French, and Latin. English is a foreign tongue in the Boston high schools. John Gower did his *Confessio Amantis* in three languages, but Geoffrey Chaucer found it a life's task to conquer his native English, sighing, —

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.

Poets have scarcely time to learn their own language. If any of them are going through American high schools, they will learn a few French irregular verbs, know that *Weib* is neuter, and how *Amo* is conjugated, but they will not know the parts of the verbs 'lay' and 'lie,' and their vocabulary of adjectives will be limited to 'some' and 'dandy' or to 'some-dandy.'

'We don't need to study English, we inherit it,' one of my college men said to me.

'How much did you inherit?' I asked; and as a test turned to Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, which lay on my lecture-room desk, and read to him, —

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores
Brought in the wood from out of doors —

and the ten lines that follow, finding eight words — 'littered,' 'mows,' 'walnut bows,' 'herds-grass,' 'stanchion,' 'chores,' 'querulous,' and 'birch' — that were foreign to the majority of the class — without meaning, and so without image and poetry. It chanced that

I was wearing a brown Windsor tie, and I saw one student nudge another and whisper, 'The cows had "walnut bows" on like the professor's.'

Rubbing it in a little, I declared that I could open any English book, and on any page find a word that none of them had ever used, and that most of them would not even understand. On my desk lay a small wrapped book from some publisher. I cut the string; found it a supplementary reader for the eighth grade, and opening it in the middle, took the middle paragraph on the page, and began to read, —

'The ragged copses on the horizon showed the effect of the severe shelling' — a war-story, reprinted from the *Youth's Companion*!

'Copses,' I said to the young man who had inherited the English language, 'what does "ragged copses" mean?'

He took one profound look into his heritage, — in the region of his diaphragm, — then cast his eyes slowly around the horizon of the room, and answered, that he did n't know what the ragged policemen were doing there in No Man's Land!

I turned to a young woman student. 'What does "ragged copses" mean?' I asked.

She raised her hands to her face, shivered cruelly, and replied that she just hated such horrid words — she just hated to think of that battlefield all strewn with ghastly tattered *corpses*!

And what shall be said of another college man, reporter on the *Boston Globe*, whose chief told me of sending him to get a story about a little bay colt that was prancing gayly up Newspaper Row. Turning at the office door, the reporter asked doubtfully, 'You said a *bay* colt — Is that some kind of sea-horse?'

'Who said sea-horse?' snorted the editor. 'I said a bay colt out on the street.'

'Is that a new breed of horse?'

'Breed?' roared the editor. 'Breed? I said a bay colt — a color, not a breed!'

'Oh, come now,' said the undone reporter, 'don't jolly me. There is n't any such color in the rainbow.'

'Nor among neckties either,' added the editor; 'but there is among horses, as any farm-boy knows.'

What any farm-boy knows is the beginning of the knowledge and the foundation of the vocabulary of authority. The farm-boy's elemental, but amazingly varied, word-horde is the very form of universal speech. Poets and prophets have always used his simple words; and poets and prophets must ever live as he lives, and learn what he has learned of language and things.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book,
Thy father has written for thee.'

That was the first story-book. It still remains the greatest of source-books. Here the human story begins; against this background the plot unfolds; and here ends. Here is written that older tale of *Limulus polyphemus*, the horse-shoe crab, and that ancienter story of the stars. Into the Book of Nature are bound all the 'Manuscripts of God' — the originals of all authors, whether they create in words, or notes, or colors, or curves; the originals of the past, of the present, and that longer, richer future.

'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God!'

Mother of us all, Nature should be the teacher of all, lest she be denied that chosen one to whom she would give authority. It is she who shall show him how, 'in the citron wing of the pale butterfly with its daintyspots of orange,' he shall see 'the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars';

and 'how the delicate drawing high up-on the walls shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.'

But these things are written in books, and hung in galleries, and can be taught more quickly there? They cannot be taught at all there. Nature keeps no school. She teaches her pupils singly, revealing to each what is for him alone. He can learn many things in school, but not authority — not how to paint Whistler's Mother, or how to write Wordsworth's 'Stepping Westward,' or how to cut a single marble of the Parthenon.

'By what authority doest thou these things?'

The poet answers: 'Nature is my authority,

'And that auxiliar light
Which on the setting sun bestows new splendor.'

Yet the schools overflow, as if authority were there! Students come to paint and to play, before they learn to see and hear; they come to write, before experience has given them anything to say. They must come to school, the prophet from the wilderness, the poet from the fields and hills, when twice ten summers have stamped their minds forever with

The faces of the moving year.

The first Monday of September, labor is on parade. The Tuesday after, and the school-children of America are on the march — a greater host than labor's, as its work is greater. This is the vastest thing we Americans do, this mighty making of the democratic mind — the average mind. But it is not a poetic-prophetic mind we are making — not educated for authority.

Too, too few of all this marching multitude are coming to their little books well read in the Book of Nature; and to their little teachers from earlier, ele-

mental lessons with the thoughtful hills, with the winds, and the watchful stars.

Earth and the common face of nature
have not spoken to them
 rememberable things.

This is not for the schools to do; this is *beyond* the schools to do; and besides, it is then too late; for Derwent, or some other winding stream, should murmur to the poet-babe while still in arms, and give him

Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

We Americans do not give beauty and joy to our children. We are not a happy-hearted, imaginative people. It is the foreign children who steal the flowers from our parks; who dance to the hurdy-gurdy; who haunt our picture galleries — little lovers of warmth, and tone, and color!

Every worker bee in the hive might have been a queen, had not the pitiless economy of the colony cramped her growing body into a worker cell, till, pinched and perverted, she takes her place in the fearful communism of the tribe, an unsexed thing, the normal mother in her starved into an abnormal worker, her very ovipositor turned from its natural use into a poison-tipped sting.

Theoretically, we are not communistic, but in industry and education we have put the worker-cell theory into operation, cramping the growing child into practically a uniform vocational system, intellectually overfeeding, and spiritually underfeeding the creator in him into a worker — a money-maker.

Some fathers of us, more mothers, perhaps, might ask prophets and poets of the Lord; but who of us would have the courage to educate such children for poetry and prophecy?

MOVIES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

LET me begin by saying that I am not a movie fan. Therefore there is a lot about movies that I do not know. Most of my friends honestly dislike them. But now and then I find one, equally intelligent, equally educated, who attends regularly. I go very seldom, myself; but I should undoubtedly, during the last year, have seen more movies, if good ones had been accessible. I have not great experience, but I have at least overcome certain initial prejudices.

It is certain that the movies have come to stay — for a time. What form the theatrical art of the twenty-first century will take, we do not know. It may be that movies will be superseded by something that even Mr. Wells cannot guess at. At present, we are confronted with something universally popular. Our best legitimate actors have condescended to the screen, and Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are known to yellow folk in kimonos, brown folk in sarongs, and Paraguayans of the plain.

The movies have had to bear a great deal of criticism of late, as corrupters of the public morals. I have never seen one of the 'unclean' movies they talk about. I do not doubt they exist. But I should say that the danger of the film-play is due rather to its wide dispersion than to its actual badness. That is: if one bad picture is released, a million people will see it; whereas a dozen bad plays reach only a very few spectators in comparison. According to all that I

can learn, motion-picture producers are much more scrupulous than theatrical managers. Moreover, I believe that you actually could go further in a moving picture, without legitimate shock, than you could on the stage. There is something very shadowy and unreal still in the film presentation of life. I never saw *Zaza* — except played by a German stock company, when *Zaza*, in her most vivid scene, was swathed to the neck in a red flannel dressing-gown. But I had *Zaza* described to me in its day, and I have never seen anything like that on the screen. Say what you will, people who are looking for the 'suggestive' will get much more of what they want for their money by looking at half-dressed flesh and blood than they will by looking at one-quarter-dressed photographs. The movies are a two-dimensional world, and crimes are committed in three dimensions. Personally, I have seen only decent movies. I incline, in any case, to believe that the movie peril lies elsewhere.

The peril of the movies, in other words, is vulgarity. By which I do not mean physical indecency, or even situations by implication *risqués*. I mean general cheapness of ideals, and sentimentalism, far more than salaciousness. I doubt if the adverse critics have put their fingers on the real reason for this vulgarity, or found the real analogy.

There is not much sense, for example, in comparing the moral effect of the movies with the moral effect of the

legitimate stage. In most places, taking the country through, the admission fee is very small. The mass of the people who go to them constantly, year in and year out, are the people who never went, and never would go, year in and year out, to ordinary plays. The movie public is not — taking the country through, as I say — the theatre-going public. The movies are certainly a new substitute for something; but what they are a substitute for is not the legitimate stage. They are a substitute, rather, for cheap vaudeville (and they are much better for the public morals than cheap vaudeville) and for cheap literature. The girls who throng the movie theatres are the girls who used to read Laura Jean Libby and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. The boys who throng them are the ones who used to read *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick*. Chewing-gum was always included with both. The people who can afford Broadway plays, or who have Broadway theatres within their reach, are not the ones who create the dependable movie audience. It is the people who never could afford the first-class theatres, or who do not live where they could get at them, even if they had the money, who swell the film-corporations' dividends. When those people saw plays at all, they usually saw a "ten-twent'-thirt'" show: *Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl*, or *the Queen of the High-Binders*. They did not go to the theatre much, anyway; they read cheap literature in pink and green covers, for which they paid the traditional dime. They do not read so much of it now. Less of it — far less — is produced. The demand has fallen off. The people who used to call for it now go to the movies. And if any of you were ever wicked enough, in childhood, to stalk the *New York Fireside Companion* (or whatever it was) to the kitchen coalhod (against orders) and read *A*

Little Wild Rose and the Blight that Fell upon It or Was She His Lawful Wife? then you know that the movies are better for that public than the literature they have displaced. Even the not very clean movie is better than the works of Albert Ross. Any movie I have ever seen or heard described is not only good morals but great art, in comparison. You must chalk it up to the credit of the movies that they have actually displaced those books. They have closed up that literary red-light district.

Let me repeat, and then have done with this argument: the people who go to moving pictures would not, had there been no moving pictures, have been going to see *Hamlet*. They would have been going to see *The Queen of the Opium Ring*; they would have been reading *Ten Buckets of Blood or The Apple-woman's Revenge*, or they would have been walking the streets with an eye out for personal adventure. The corruptible ones, I mean. The hard-worked mothers of families — who are a large part of movie audiences in small towns — would have been sitting at home inventing, for sheer emptiness and weariness of mind, bitter little scandals about their neighbors. The men would have been — we have all been told — in the wicked, wicked corner saloon. We must get it firmly fixed in our minds that the movies represent a step up, not a step down, in popular amusement. Of course, you may be fancying that all these people, if deprived of movies, would be attending university extension lectures. But, if so, I think you are quite wrong.

The question of the very young, I admit, remains. There is no doubt that too many children go to the movies too frequently. In well-run theatres they are not admitted unless accompanied by an older person; but the necessary escort is usually forthcoming. Babes in arms, I know, are frequent spectators

at the theatre I occasionally go to. I suppose it will not particularly hurt the babes in arms: the theatre is better ventilated, probably, than their own homes. The boys and girls from eight to sixteen are the real problem. Even so, I should want to be very sure how their parents would otherwise provide for their leisure, before I condemned this particular way. I do think that, for those of us who are trying to bring up our children sanely and wisely, the movies are an obstacle, especially in a small town where the posters are flamboyant and unavoidable. The children beg to go. You can deal with the circus and the Hippodrome — things that have to be succumbed to only once a year. But with three different matinées a week, all the twelve months, it is harder. Every now and then there is a picture that they may as well see: something spectacular in the right sense, travel-and-animal things, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Treasure Island*. When once they have been, they want to go again. But that is up to the careful parent.

I admit, too, that boys and girls, young people in general, who never did read the literature I have referred to, are now movie fans. The picture palace is not the haunt of the proletariat simply. By no means. The taste of the young is likely to be to some extent corrupted. But again, what would they be doing if they did not go? We must not be foolish enough to think that the movies are the only difference between our generation and theirs, or that the well-brought-up young thing, if movies were out of the way, would be cultivating his taste in the fashion his grandparents would have approved. The film-play may be a step down for some, where it is a step up for others; but I am cynical enough to believe that, if a generation feels like stepping down, it will do so. The undergraduates of Princeton, for example (so I have been

told), all go to the movies every evening at seven o'clock. I think that is a little exaggerated, perhaps, but there is no doubt that they go very regularly. Perhaps it is unfortunate. Perhaps the undergraduates of fifteen years ago were better off. But before I admitted that, I should like to be sure that the undergraduates of fifteen years ago read Shakespeare or discussed metaphysics at seven o'clock in the evening. I am very much from Missouri in this matter.

II

All this sounds like defense of the movies, which I have admitted to be vulgar. Let us look at this special vulgarity a little. When a good novel, say, is dramatized, it is practically always vulgarized. You cannot put a work of art into a different medium without, to a large extent, spoiling it. Especially a work of art which has been wrought out of words cannot be put into a wordless medium without losing a great deal. The great faults of the picture play, I seem to make out, are two: sensationalism and sentimentalism. I read, the other day, in a motion-picture magazine (two weeks' allowance for that, alas!) the following statement, made by a big producer: 'We would not have dared, five years ago, to use one hundred and fifty feet of film with only mental movement in it.' I take it that they are stressing 'mental movement' increasingly. Even so, you cannot photograph mere psychology indefinitely.

When I hear that Joseph Conrad is going to devote himself to writing for the movies, I wonder greatly. *Lord Jim* in the pictures would not be precisely *Lord Jim*, would it? But I have gathered also from the magazine for which son's allowance was spent, that the cry is more and more for original plays, not for dramatizations. On the whole, that may be a good thing. Now and then

a particular novel lends itself specially to the filming process: as you read the novel itself, you can see its manifest destiny. But, generally speaking, a good novel loses immensely. A large part of the work of the novelist consists of creating human beings. What they say and what they think are as important as what they physically do. And there is a limit to the mental movement that can be conveniently or even wisely registered. But to say that novels are usually vulgarized in screen-versions is not necessarily to damn screen-plays. The dramatized novel does not, for that matter, usually make a good play on the real stage. The technique is other; the same points must be differently made and differently led up to. There are exceptions, of course; but certainly the best plays are those that were written as plays. And I fancy the best movies will be those that were written as movie-scenarios. Certainly, if Mr. Conrad is to devote himself to film-making, I hope it will be by writing new scenarios, not by helping them to adapt *Victory* or *The Rescue*.

This vulgarization of books in the process of making films of them is, I dare say, pretty nearly inevitable. In any novel that tempts the producers there are sure to be one or two big scenes that are admirably adapted to pictorial presentment. (The rare novel of the picaresque type — alas, that we have so few! — really cries out for the screen.) But most of the preparation for those scenes, most of the preliminary stuff that gives them their significance, is not transferable to celluloid. Something has to be substituted for the unpictorial bulk of the book. The natural way is to stress minor episodes, make striking scenes out of quiet ones, exaggerate mental movement into physical movement. Often *sauce piquante* has to be added out of hand. At times a delicate situation has to be made crude.

Henry James is an extreme instance; but imagining *The Awkward Age* on the screen will give you an idea of the difficulties of filming any book whatsoever that depends to any extent on slow and subtle delineation of character. For the sake of the argument, suppose *The Awkward Age* to be taken over by a producer: Mrs. Brook and Vanderbank would have to be sacrificed at once; you would have to give them at least one scene which showed them to be lovers. Mrs. Brook's wail, 'To think that it's all been just *talk*!' could hardly be got across to a movie audience. The scene at Tishy Grendon's, where Mrs. Brook 'pulls the walls of the house down' — what could you do but show little Aggie as a definitely abandoned creature? The close-up of a French novel would not turn the trick. How on earth could you explain Vanderbank — in a movie — without sacrificing Nanda? *The Awkward Age* is perhaps the extremest possible case, but any producer who dramatizes a serious novel is confronted with some of these problems. Even the concession of 'a hundred feet of mental movement' will not atone for the necessary violence done to psychology. There are books where psychology bears, at almost every turn, visible fruit; so that, going from scene to scene, the spectator can make out for himself the underlying shifts of mood. But these books should be sifted from those that pursue a different method.

On the other hand, some great novels would lend themselves better to the screen than to the stage. *Vanity Fair*, for example — or so I imagine. Exceeding violence was done to *Vanity Fair* when it was turned into the play *Becky Sharp*. It was not Becky, it was not Thackeray, it was not *Vanity Fair*, it was not anything. But I can imagine a film version of the book that would be something — if the producer were willing to spend enough money on

it. The fault of the play was that it had to confine itself to a few scenes, and the epic quality of Becky's life was lost. What the screen can give us, if it chooses, is the epic quality. But that is for the future. It means, too, very careful selection of subject.

The vulgarization of the novel, in screen versions, is almost inevitable, — save for a chosen few, — as I have tried to indicate. But vulgarity is there, even in the original plays. Again, I fancy that is not so much a matter of necessity as of the easiest way. People have been so pampered by 'stunts' on the screen that they expect, they demand, thrills. The drama of real life is not apt to be expressed in quick getaways over roofs, leaps from cliff to cliff, or even the achievement of freedom by means of a racing car. But those make a convenient way to thrills. Contrasts, too, — just because the moving picture is such an excellent medium for them, — are overdone. Too much is pushed off on them; they are made too crude, too violent. The chance for vivifying contrasts — whether of past scenes with present, or of character with character, or of one person's background and situation with another's — is one of the moving picture's greatest assets, artistically speaking. As is also lapse of time, that most difficult thing in the world for the novelist to manage gracefully and plausibly. Juxtapositions and antitheses ('antithesis is the root of all style'), which call for the greatest technical skill of an author who is restricted to words and the architectonics of the novel, are easily achieved for him in the pictures.

My own notion is, you see, that there is a perfectly legitimate field in art for the picture-play; and that only by taking it as a different genre, and exploiting its own vast possibilities, can the best results be got. If the tendency to vulgarity is there, even in the original

plays, I fancy that is because the makers of them are still feeling for the right convention. It is too new an art for its laws to have been completely tabulated. I think people must get away from the idea that the movie scenario is at all the same thing as a play; or that any good book can be made into a good film. I do not mean by this that the material of screen plays is restricted. I do not think it is, any more than that of any other genre. But I believe that there is still a great deal to learn about the proper exploitation of this new medium, and that a great deal of the vulgarity of films comes from too narrow a view of what can be done and too great ignorance, as yet, of how to do it. The danger is that the easiest way will prevail, and that the moving-picture art will degenerate before it has had a chance to grow up. The plea that the movie audience can understand nothing that is not emotionally cheap and easy is ridiculous. A large number of our immigrants have been used to better stuff, dramatically, than Broadway gives them. Shakespeare knew perfectly, you may be sure, how successfully *Hamlet* would hit the groundlings. He was just as consciously writing great melodrama as he was consciously writing great poetry. The movie audience that surrounds me when I go is not, for the most part, a cultivated or an educated audience. But it prefers the better movies to the worse ones. And I think — excellent indication — that it shows signs of revolting against the jokes from the *Literary Digest*.

III

One of the great foes to improvement in moving-picture art would seem to be the close-up. The close-up, I take it, is still the approved field of such 'mental' movement' as appears in a play. Now, I have not seen all the great

movie stars. But I have seen half a dozen of the best-known movie actresses, and the simple fact is that, when they register emotions in a close-up, they all look precisely alike. They grimace identically. Either — it seems to me — they have not learned how to use the close-up properly for dramatic purposes, or there is something the matter with the close-up itself, and it should be gingerly dealt in. I incline to believe that it is a matter of imperfect technique. These women move differently, act differently, 'suggest' differently, in the body of the play. It is only when you stare into their tearful or triumphant faces, made colossal, that they all become alike. It may be that make-up has something to do with it. But the fault is there. The men are nearly as bad, but not quite. I suppose all heroes do not have to have cupid's-bow mouths, for one thing. People do not have such fixed standards for male charm. Both men and women need more subtlety in this matter of close-ups. I believe there are too many close-ups, anyhow; but I am sure that the close-up has possibilities which many of our stars have not mastered. I know, because I have several times seen Sessue Hayakawa.

I am so little an authority on movie stars that I do not wish to name names in this essay. Though I have seen a good many of the most famous, I have not seen them all. Those I have seen, I have not seen enough times. But I have seen —, and —, and —, and — (more than once, some of them), who are at the very top of popularity and fame. (I am omitting entirely, for the present, the slap-stick stuff, and speaking only of serious plays.) And if I had not seen Sessue Hayakawa, I should think, perhaps, the subtle, the really helpful close-up was well-nigh impossible. Hayakawa has proved to me that it is not; that great acting, of

the quiet sort, can be done on the screen. I have seen his immobile profile describe a mental conflict as I have never seen it done on the real stage except by Mrs. Fiske in *Rosmersholm*. I have always thought that Mrs. Fiske's silent profile, conveying to an audience the fact that incest had been unwittingly committed, was one of the greatest pieces of acting I have ever seen. I did not suppose it could be easily matched on the real stage, and I should never have dreamed it could be done at all on the screen. But I believe that, if necessary, Hayakawa could do it. Each play that I have seen 'the Jap' in was worse than the last, and I have begun to be afraid that he is going to be forced — why, I do not know — into the contortionism, the violence, the eventual absurdity, that must, I suppose, always be waiting to engulf the emotional screen actor. But I shall never forget the first simple little play I saw him in, where the setting amounted to nothing, the characters were few and humble, and the acting was supremely quiet and very great. *It can be done*. And as this is a discussion of movie possibilities simply, not of movie achievements up to date, that is all we need to know. I am not saying that others have not done it. I can only say, out of my small experience, that he is the one who has proved to me most conclusively that it is just as possible to have great acting on the screen as on the stage.

The sentimentalism to which we have referred is simply, I think, a prevalent vice of our own day, and not to be credited to movies any more than to any other form of popular art. Certainly our books are as rotten with it as our picture-plays. But books have had a long history, and novel, play, poem, and essay are established genres. They will pull up. It is because the moving-picture genre is young and as yet unsure, because it is still without traditions,

that it stands in peril of succumbing to any bad fashion that is going.

There are various attempts being made and planned, I believe, to make the movie, not only pure, but high-brow. I have never seen the results. But I wonder if the authors of these attempts are using the right methods. Are they utilizing the great, the special assets of the screen? The prime thrill in a movie is the thrill of the spectacular. Great spaces, with horsemen riding, men lying in ambush; the specks in the distance growing; flight and pursuit, wherever and whoever; the crowd, the passionate group; the contrast (as I have said) of past and present, rich and poor, happy and unhappy, hero and villain, can all be made vivid to an extent that must leave mere words (unless used by a master) lagging far behind. What one may call the processional value of the movies can hardly be exaggerated. Whereas the play must gather up its action into a few set scenes, the movie can show life in flux — people going naturally about their appointed ways, as, in the world, people do. I used to think, when I was new to film plays, that the unnatural movement of the actors was due to some law of the camera. But again, it is not so. A few weeks ago I saw a well-known male star in a not particularly interesting adaptation of a once popular novel, and the star bore himself like a human gentleman. He moved as slowly and as gracefully as he pleased. There was none of that jerky rhythm, which is so prevalent that one is sometimes tempted to think it the inevitable gait of the screen. Whether he paced the floor, or took up a book, or lighted a cigarette, or got into a motor-car, or clasped the heroine in his arms, he did it all with perfect naturalness, with the usual rhythm of well-controlled muscles. So it, too, can be done.

I believe that both the sensationalism and the sentimentalism which consti-

tute movie-vulgarity can be largely checked and controlled. The genre should be exploited for its artistic possibilities, which are great, and the actors should develop variety rather than one conventional mode. There is no doubt that, at present, the most attractive films are those which use vast landscapes and numbers of people in motion. But you cannot restrict the movie-art to plays of this type. It has been proved by certain actors and actresses that 'mental movement' and natural bodily action are not impossible to 'get across.' The cheapening, the over-simplification and over-stressing of emotion, are not inevitable concomitants of filming a story. You can get your thrill quietly, subtly. The words that are reft from the actor must be made up for, by him, with more than usual significance of bodily and facial expression. But again, it can be done. And to help along, there is that immense potentiality of temporal, social, personal, emotional contrast which no other genre really possesses. Antithesis, so far, has not, I imagine, been either generally enough or subtly enough used. From the hovel to the palace is one way, to be sure; but that is cheap and easy. It does not begin to tap the possibilities. A proper contrast, properly shown, will make up for chapters of verbiage; but the contrast must be carefully made in every detail. Mere 'velvet and rags, so the world wags' will not do.

I am told that America is really responsible for the moving-picture genre: that we are the chief sponsors, if not the positive authors, of the movie. It is we who must make or mar it as an art. I know nothing about foreign films; I have never seen any outside of the United States. I do not know whence these movies come which are doing, according to unquestionable authority, such harm among the brown and yellow races. But I quite see that we have

a great responsibility on our hands. I have heard it said and corroborated, in unimpeachable quarters, that to the movies is due a large part of the unrest in India. For a decade, the East Indian has been gazing upon the white man's movie; and it is inevitable that he should ask why the people who behave that way at home should consider that they have a divine mission to civilize and govern other races. Whatever one thinks of the movie, I believe we should all agree that it does not illustrate, particularly well, the social superiority of the white race. The Anglo-Indian official and his wife may be supremely scrupulous and tactful; but the native is, of course, going to consider that the movie gives them away.

I have no doubt that the worst films, not the best, are shipped to the remoter continents. Japan is overrun with foreign movies, as well as India. I do not know about China, but certainly the Dutch East Indies, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements are invaded. Read the guide-books. Mr. J. O. P. Bland, who has been observing alien races in their own habitat, for many years, with patient precision, avers that the American (and perhaps European) movie is doing incalculable harm to the mixed populaces of the South American republics. To take only one instance: we can perfectly see that to the Hindu and the Mohammedan, the Japanese, and the South American of Hispano-Moorish social tradition, the spectacle of the movie-heroine who is not only unchaperoned but scantily dressed, who more or less innocently 'vamps' every man within striking radius, who drives her own car through the slums at midnight, who places herself constantly in perilous or unworthy contacts, yet who is on the whole considered a praiseworthy and eminently marriageable young woman, is not calculated to enhance the reputation of Europe or the United

States. She violates every law of decency, save one, that is known to the Hindu, the Japanese, or the mestizo of South America. It is scarcely conceivable to them that anyone but a prostitute should behave like that. Yet they have it on good authority — the film — that she is the daughter of the American millionaire or the British peer, who considers himself immeasurably the poor Hindu's, the poor Jap's, the poor peon's superior.

Nor do I believe that Charlie Chaplin is destined to spread the doctrine of the White Man's Burden very successfully. We deal, in these other continents, with peoples to whom unnecessary bodily activity is not a dignified thing. You cannot possibly explain Charlie Chaplin to them correctly. You just cannot. They simply think that official Anglo-Saxons are minuetting in the parlor for diplomatic reasons, and that Charlie Chaplin is the Anglo-Saxon 'out in the pantry.' Paris is as keen, I understand, on 'Charlot' as England and the United States. But compared with Asia, Africa, and South America, France and England and we are, as it were, one flesh.

This particular problem is none of my affair. But it might be well, all the same, not to present ourselves as totally lacking in social dignity at the very moment when we are being so haughty about the Monroe Doctrine and Japanese exclusion and the White Man's Burden in general. The people who are told that we are too good to mess up with them in a league of nations must wonder a little when they look at Charlie Chaplin, having previously been told that he is the idol of the American public. I have taken Charlie Chaplin merely because of his positively world-wide popularity. The love of slap-stick is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon tribe, though I believe no other tribe likes it one half so much. Personally, I am bored to tears by Charlie.

But as a public, there is no doubt that we adore him. We understand perfectly that our peculiar sense of humor in no wise prevents us from carrying on an enlightened form of government with a good deal of success. Slap-stick has always been in the Anglo-Saxon's blood. But I can see that the Brahmin or the Samurai, who gazes on Charlie and the custard pie, might legitimately wonder whether, after all, Charlie was intended by the Deity to govern the whole planet; cannot you?

That was, in a sense, a digression. For what I really had set myself to do was to indicate what, it seemed to me, were some of the possibilities of the moving picture — the moving picture as an artistic genre, that is. I have no means of knowing what technically may be achieved in another decade or two: what marvels of color, of scene-shifting, and the like. But all that is stage-managing, not the play itself. I fancy, being largely Anglo-Saxon still in our make-up, we shall go on with slap-stick to the end of the chapter. Probably the alien among us will be more quickly educated to slap-stick than to any other of our ideals. It will be the first step in Americanization. I do not see how you can develop slap-stick except along the line of least resistance. It can only go a little further all the time, and become a little more so.

But the movie drama has a more serious and varied future than that. It is important. It must chuck — it ought to chuck — the Aristotelian unities overboard. The three unities have long since ceased to be sacred, yet the memory of them has overshadowed the whole of European play-writing. Our

serious drama has violated them, but it has never positively contradicted them — flung them out of court. Unity of action has at least been kept, in most cases. Even unity of time has often been stuck to; and in rare cases of late, unity of place. There has been no virtue in discarding the three unities, except the virtue that is made of necessity. But the screen-play must discard them, in order to find itself. Unity of time and unity of place alike would kill the movie. Even unity of action is by no means necessary to it. At least, so it seems to me; but then I am very strong for the picaresque, the epic movie. Certainly, unity of action in the strictest dramatic sense is not a virtue in the screen-play. It is precisely the movie's chance to give the larger, looser texture of life itself. It does not, at its best, have to artificialize and recast life as does the well-made play. Its motto not only is, but ought to be, 'Good-bye, Aristotle!' This may seem a superfluous saying, since we have been bidding that gentleman farewell so vociferously for so long. Yet the drama has, up to our own time, been on speaking terms with him. The drama, I fancy, will have to continue to be on speaking terms with him; and I am not sure that the one-act play, which has so much vogue at present, has not actually invited him to come back and have a cup of tea.

The movie is another matter. It has its own quite different future; and producer, director, actor, and author will all have to pull together to make that future artistically as well as commercially brilliant. More power to their elbows!

EXILE AND STEAMER

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THERE is moonlight and sunlight, there are the stars and the sea. Some days are gray and ribbed with the white trouble of the surf. Some are white days, full of a sparkle of sunlight like a spray above the water. On some days mountains that have been long lost rise out of the sea; at noon they are faint and far away; but with evening they draw in and cast anchor before the little cabin where you live. They are blue. Thus beauty, in her various fashion, smites with her rod the rock of your monotony, and water does indeed gush forth; you drink and are assuaged. But still you look to the sea; you have a glass at hand, — it is a ship's glass, — and it is not for beauty that you hunt with your glass: it is for excitement. You are hunting for the very heart and flaming core of excitement, and that is a steamer. Living in lonely places like this, you are a prey to obsessions; you are obsessed by certain sleepless thoughts; they stir in your heart while you sleep, and they speak without ceasing of steamers. It is they that drive you in the morning to your glass, and to be looking all day out to sea, and at night to be searching the dark for a little cluster of stars that are low upon the horizon, like the Pleiades in March; but oh, they are not the Pleiades—they shine with a difference: they are the lights of a steamer!

How shall I be telling of steamers to the dwellers in great harbor towns, where the loveliest ladies of the sea come and go without applause? Or to inlanders who never see a mast at all,

unless it is the superstructure of an oil-well? You whose house is on the Hudson, where a steamer is at anchor before your very door — it is eight bells; the hour was struck, and did you hear the bell? The signal stands in the engine-room at 'Full Steam Ahead,' and did you hear that drumming? A week she lay in the river; this morning she is gone, and are you therefore lonely in the world?

In the lost places of the earth a steamer is the great Presence — she furnishes the empty seas. However far out and dim, with her little plume of smoke, she leaves her wake in the heart. There are shores where from every white man's cabin her passing is followed with a sigh; speculation broods upon her all day long. Her ports, her flags, her cargo, her crew, seem a little while to live in the mind after she has gone down the slope of the world. She may be a poor, mean, unkempt cargo-boat, dingy upon a bright sea, but she is the symbol of migration, and a winged flutter in the heart.

As for The Steamer, that is another matter — a matter of Elijah and the ravens. Be sure that Elijah, once he got the ravens' schedule, was not caught napping. He was up and had his glass out before the ravens were overdue. And be sure that there is no steamer so mean, so obscure in her listed sailings, but is The Steamer to prisoners somewhere, behind a barring of cocoanut palms or a grating of ice. Be sure that she will put on airs once she has dropped behind her betters, and will go swelling

into little empty harbors where there is only one calendar, and she the only saint written there. Before the anchor falls, white men are off to her between the breaches in the surf. The chain is hardly taut when the little canoes and the surf boats are alongside, and white men are running up the ladder. And suddenly, with the letting go of the anchor, in that great room of the sea and sky, or in that narrow river-room with its forest wall, there are the agitations of traffic and of commerce. The winches fore and aft thrum and clamor; voices of white men and of black men rise from the water level and from the deck; cargo is slung off and on, dripping with the gilt of palm-oil and the dust of rice-bags, or reeking of salt fish.

A day is all too short for what must be done with the barber and the steward and the purser and the chief and the captain of The Steamer. All the white men find a day too short. Night comes too soon; the steamer hangs upon the dark like a bouquet of fireworks, arrested. The last load of cargo has gone over the side; the ship's launch has ceased to sob and sleeps in her berth on deck; the second officer has made his last bitter comments and has gone below to wash himself, and the time has come for the white men to go ashore. They hang over the railing calling to their little crews that are asleep; they negotiate the difficult descent into their boats, — for the trade swell is about the ship now, — and they go off into the rain.

There is this about The Steamer — she comes and she goes. You keep your best white ducks for her; you keep all your dates for her; you set your watch by her chronometer and your life by her schedule. Your letters home are full of her worship. But she has such sweethearts in every port; the rush and enthusiasm of her advent is matched by the rush and enthusiasm of her exit; she

carries her garland of lights away into the darkness, or her feather of smoke into the noon; she grows smaller and dimmer; her drums grow fainter, and once again in a silence and a void you are 'ten leagues beyond man's life,' you 'can have no note unless the sun were post.'

You see how, with The Steamer, it is a kiss and a blow. Between the kiss of her coming and the blow of her going is the span of your little day — all the honey of news and of gossip, all the wine of excitement, must be savored now. I think of the many little settlements by the sea waiting to hear of the war from The Steamer, on a day of her days. I think of the first camouflaged steamer staggering up a river on her accustomed schedule, like a fistful of lightning in the hand of Jove. No supernatural visitation could have more astonished her worshipers, all unprepared. I think of her captain shaping her course all through the war, in the dark, unarmed, without convoy — the very idol and providence of the outposts of the earth. And of the captains young and old, whose names you do not know; and some of them, for their service of The Steamer, wear medals, and some of them lie in the waste of the sea. For all you do not know their names, their names are known; living and dead, they are remembered. Exiles remember and bless them — steamer, and captain, and the engineers in the vitals of the ship, and the little cabin-boys who did their little duties when the steamer was under fire.

In my heart I see her now, and she is under fire. She is unarmed; she zig-zags before her smoke-screen, trembling with her speed. You lean on the iron wall of the engine-house, under that bright sky where it is morning, and you watch the great fountains play upon the level of the sea where the shells strike the water. You think of the engineers,

who will never come on deck if the ship goes down; and you see on the bridge the legs of the little cabin-boy, whose head, inside the pilot-house door, waits on an order. All the life of the ship, under the cover of the smoke-screen and the sob of haste and the scream of the exhaust, waits on an order. That young captain biting on his pipe, his megaphone in his hand, is a symbol of man's will to order. He is enshrined there on the bridge above the trouble of the ship, — an image of ultimate resistance so intense, on so many solitary seas, that his astral — if ever at all there is an astral — must still patrol the course of the steamer he saved, or of the steamer that was lost.

There is nothing stranger than a map — with its understood relation to a place, and the way they do not resemble. You would never guess, to look at a place on a map, what its aspect really is. Often I go to the map-room in the public library, where I ask for the Southern Cameroun. I look and look at that symbol of the African forest, until my secret knowledge unfolds in my heart, and I see again those little mountains under their green cloak; I cross those rivers in canoes, or by the old, old bridges of the fallen trees; those many little ravines are blue again and full of the trouble of drums. Then I laugh at the map, with its colors and its names; and it is as if, in a group of strangers, you have met the eyes of your friend. And so it is with the listed sailings of steamers — so many and so broadcast: their names and their published ports trouble your mind as little as the birds that migrate in the autumn. But oh, let them be but due where you are, and they touch you where you live. And of these there is one that drops her anchor in your very heart — you call her My Steamer. You name her so, and all your fellow exiles call her yours; your ardor does so subjugate your little world.

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B

For My Steamer you wait and wait, and you weary waiting. You cease to breathe, lest contrary winds blow upon her. But your ardor has spoked the wheel of time; it slackens. The moons wax and wane with a strange and cruel deliberation. Well I remember my first affair with a steamer, and that the seasons dragged, and then the days. Long after, I came upon a calendar with those days crossed off; and when I saw that record of faint hours, I felt again the sickening arrest and backward swing of time.

An affair with a steamer is not always mutual. There she is at Kribi to the north of you, and you with a glass under the eaves since the dawn asking her by wireless, — the wireless of the heart, — is she yours. And boys running north by the beach to ask the captain, is she yours. And boys running south by the beach to say that she will be down by two o'clock or not at all. And you, packed and ready, on the indigo shade upon the sand at two o'clock, and still on the sand at three o'clock, but driven back by the tide at four o'clock; and by misgivings at five o'clock driven up a path you know too well, to a thatch which you had thought you need not seek again.

And now boys run up the beach to say, 'Steamer live for come'; and she anchors well in. The red of evening grows behind her, her lights blossom on the dark, but no boat comes ashore. You are going to bed, when you are summoned by a lantern — 'Boat live for come'; and you race back to the water's edge, all your zests renewed.

But it is a false alarm. There on the sand you find a black man streaming with sea-water; he has swum ashore from the ship in search of the launch, and under the illusion that this is Powell's trading-post and that you are Powell. With his wet hand he urges upon you a bill of lading, incredibly dry.

You dismiss him coldly, waving him south, and hoping that you are never to see him again. You do not know how often and often he is to accost you again in memory, his wet body gilded by the light of the lantern and his bill of lading incredibly dry.

In the morning that steamer is gone! And before the shocking emptiness of the sea your friends say, 'Oh, do let's sit down!' And they tell sad stories of the defections of steamers: of how Mr. Menkel, in a canoe, with bag and baggage, tried to hold up a steamer with a gesture, like a traffic policeman — and failed; of how the Gaults waited weeks and weeks for a steamer that did not come, because she had blown up in the Congo River, as you may see for yourself between Boma and Matadi; of how many a steamer has passed by on pretext of quarantine; of how, off Quillu, when the surf is high, the steamer will not so much as call. Until, what with tales of the coldness of steamers and their misadventures, you cannot think how you are to get home at all.

Yes, you wonder that. Many a man has wondered that. Betrayed by some steamer, he has thought of his little cabin, with its million roaches — that he must live there forever; and that he is never to escape the sound of the reiterant surf and its endless pacings. Long after, he will sigh when he thinks of that season, rainy or dry; he will remember dark thoughts that came upon him then, and his sleepless nights. A trader who cut the vein in his wrist with the scissors off his counter told the mission doctor that he knew he was never to go home. He would never live to get home, he said. And he could no longer endure that shanty of his, with its store of cotton print and salt fish and matches and tobacco. So he cut his wrist. And then he sent, as you see, for the doctor. And the doctor, a long time wise in the things of exile, sent him off in a canoe,

with a lantern and a little crew who were to travel with their 'big Massa' until they met the steamer from the south. For it is a great thing, said the doctor, to feel water under the keel.

That is a wonderful feeling. And it is wonderful, when you have lived so long by the light of a lantern, to find a star in your ceiling. For there it is in the ceiling of your cabin — a star. And there, beneath the light of that star, is an apple. Because you look as he had hoped you would look when you see the star shining like this upon the apple, the steward tells you that, yes, he likes to have an apple aboard his steamer. He lets you know at once that he is proud of his steamer, and ashamed where there is cause. He will speak to you often of these things.

I see myself stretched at ease on the deck of *My Steamer*, sunk in an excess of languor and of calm. It is a night as bright as silver and as clear as glass. We are moored to a great tree beside a bank of the Congo River; a million little voices speak to me from the sedges on the margin, and the steward speaks to me. He has brought me my coffee, and he tells me of the shame he feels. He is ashamed of his knives and forks, of his linen and the bugs in his beds; he is ashamed of his captain, who is tipsy, and he groans there in the moonlight: 'This is no place for you, miss, no place at all!'

But oh, what does he, all ashamed there on his execrable boat, know of the ineffable calm that is the atmosphere of *My Steamer*, where I am as safe from his knives and forks and the weevils in his oatmeal as a silly silver lamb at the heart of a glass ball! Not the clamor of the winches, or the thunder of the great mahogany logs as they come aboard, or the clangor of iron rails as they go over the side, can break that insulation. Only the rattle of the anchor-

chain and the signal to the engine-room can do this; and if we lie off every settlement on the West Coast and go up every stream in the delta of the Niger, for every time the anchor is weighed I will tremble, and will tremble in my heart whenever the ship trembles with that shudder of getting under weigh, which is the initial throe of the ecstasy of going home.

When last I went to Africa, it was in war-time, and I took five steamers. Five steamers I took, and for these five steamers I waited in five several ports, for five aeons of time; until at last I said that, if ever in opening a book I came upon a traveler waiting on a dock, open sea-beach, or river-bank, for a galley, caracul, frigate, clipper, or steamer, I would then close the book. I would never read, I said, of Jason and the Argo, or of Hero and Leander, or even of Europa and the Bull. All adventures taking account of transportation by water would be for me forever anathema. And I would forever forget my voyage of the five steamers. But often and often, in a kind of little flock, the odd assorted lot of them comes back to mind; I see them in my heart and I love them.

There is the Montevideo, and she is a lady. There is the Delphin, so little, so rolling, and so dirty, carrying her cargo of flies from the clean, pale alleys of Cadiz to the sea-based mountains of the Canaries. There is the Cataluna,

— not so very neutral, — with her marred romantic beauty, and her bright lacquers in her cabins, and her noble deck, where it is always one o'clock of the afternoon, and we are drawing away from the Canaries. The afternoon clouds are gathering on the Pillars of Hercules; gray gulls are flying; a young priest hangs his little golden bird on the port side, under the awning, and at once and forever that little bird casts a tendril of song out to sea. There is the Burutu; and still I see her come into the harbor of Dakar at dusk, her lights fore and aft the color of primroses, and her signals flat in the wind from Timbuctoo. Still I see her pick her way in the dark down the West Coast, or, in the safety of a river, paint the forest walls with her light. In my heart I save her forever from that betrayal in the English Channel, where she was lost, and her crew. And still I remember that last little steamer of all, whose name I have forgotten, who had no cabins, but suffered her passengers on her bridge, where they idly slept while she hurried all night under the stars upon the errands of exiles. For them she turned the furrow and cast her anchor in their service wherever there was a lamp at night, or a zinc roof to shine in the sun. She was for them, in those irregular war-times, a kind of miracle — a sweet chariot swinging low and coming for to carry them home. She was Their Steamer.

AT NIGHT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Is my heart ordered, clean, and sweet,
For my loved Master's hastening feet?

Is my heart warm, that, when He stands
Chilled, He may stoop and warm his hands?

And quiet that He may be blest —
Tired from all turmoil — and have rest?

And lighted, that He may forget
The rough road, and the storm and wet?

Garnished with fragrant flowers, that might
Recall dear joys across black night?

And is there bread? and wine? lest He
Should thirst — or should be hungry?

Hark! Who is there? Oh, enter in!
Enters a man bowed down with sin.

Behind him, bent, is one who stands,
A broken heart within her hands;

And back of them (oh, shut the wild
Night out!) a shrinking starvèd child.

A step! O Master do not wake
Thy friends who sleep here for thy sake!

Disturb them not, O Mighty Guest!
They sleep! They have such need of rest!

The Master smiles, then He and I
Go softly; speak but whisperingly.

THE INTERPRETER. I

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

THERE are strange things in this story, but, so far as I understand them, I tell the truth. If you measure the East with a Western foot-rule, you will say, 'Impossible.' I should have said it myself.

Of myself I will say as little as I can, for this story is of Vanna Loring. I am an incident only, though I did not know that at first.

My name is Stephen Clifden, and I was eight-and-thirty; plenty of money, sound in wind and limb. I had been by way of being a writer before the war, the hobby of a rich man; but if I picked up anything in the welter in France, it was that real work is the only salvation this mad world has to offer; so I meant to begin at the beginning, and learn my trade like a journeyman laborer.

I had come to the right place. A very wonderful city is Peshawar — the Key of India, and a city of Romance, which stands at every corner, and cries aloud in the market-place. But there was society here, and I was swept into it — there was chatter, and it galled me.

I was beginning to feel that I had missed my mark, and must go farther afield, perhaps up into Central Asia, when I met Vanna Loring. If I say that her hair was soft and dark; that she had the deepest hazel eyes I have ever seen, and a sensitive, tender mouth; that she moved with a flowing grace like 'a wave

of the sea' — it sounds like the portrait of a beauty, and she was never that. Also, incidentally, it gives none of her charm. I never heard anyone get any further than that she was 'oddly attractive' — let us leave it at that. She was certainly attractive to me.

She was the governess of little Winfred Meryon, whose father held the august position of General Commanding the Frontier Forces, and her mother the more commanding position of the reigning beauty of Northern India, generally speaking.

But Vanna — I gleaned her story by bits when I came across her with the child in the gardens. I was beginning to piece it together now.

Her love of the strange and beautiful she had inherited from a young Italian mother, daughter of a political refugee; her childhood had been spent in a remote little village in the West of England; half reluctantly she told me how she had brought herself up after her mother's death and her father's second marriage. Little was said of that, but I gathered that it had been a grief to her, a factor in her flight to the East.

'So when I came to three-and-twenty,' she said slowly, 'I felt I must break away from our narrow life. I had a call to India stronger than anything on earth. You would not under-

stand, but that was so, and I had spent every spare moment in teaching myself India — its history, legends, religions, everything! And I was not wanted at home, and I had grown afraid.'

'What were you afraid of?'

'Of growing old and missing what was waiting for me out here. But I could not get away like other people. No money, you see. So I thought I would come out and teach here. Dare I? Would they let me? I knew I was fighting life and chances and risks if I did it; but it was death if I stayed there. And then — Do you really care to hear?'

'Of course. Tell me how you broke your chain.'

'I spare you the family quarrels. I can never go back. But I was spurred — spurred to take some wild leap; and I took it. So six years ago I came out. First I went to a doctor and his wife at Cawnpore. They had a wonderful knowledge of the Indian peoples, and there I learned Hindustani and much else. Then he died. But an aunt had left me two hundred pounds, and I could wait a little and choose; and so I came here.'

It interested me. The courage that pale elastic type of woman has!

'Have you ever regretted it? Would they take you back if you failed?'

'Never, to both questions,' she said, smiling. 'Life is glorious. I've drunk of a cup I never thought to taste; and if I died to-morrow I should know I had done right. I rejoice in every moment I live — even when Winifred and I are wrestling with arithmetic.'

'I should n't have thought life was very easy with Lady Meryon.'

'Oh, she is kind enough in an indifferent sort of way. I am not the persecuted Jane Eyre sort of governess at all. But that is all on the surface and does not matter. It is India I care for — the people, the sun, the infinite beauty. It

was coming home. You would laugh if I told you I knew Peshawar long before I came here. Knew it — walked here, lived. Before there were English in India at all.' She broke off. 'You won't understand.'

'Oh, I have had that feeling, too,' I said patronizingly. 'If one has read very much about a place —'

'That was not quite what I meant. Never mind. The people, the place — that is the real thing to me. All this is the dream.'

The sweep of her hand took in not only Winifred and myself, but the general's stately residence, which to blaspheme in Peshawar is rank infidelity.

'By George, I would give thousands to feel that! I can't get out of Europe here. I want to write, Miss Loring,' I found myself saying. 'I'd done a bit, and then the war came and blew my life to pieces. Now I want to get inside the skin of the East, and I can't do it. I see it from outside, with a pane of glass between. No life in it. If you feel as you say, for God's sake be my interpreter!'

'Interpret?' she said, looking at me with clear hazel eyes; 'how could I? You were in the native city yesterday. What did you miss?'

'Everything! I saw masses of color, light, movement. Brilliantly picturesque people. Children like Asiatic angels. Magnificently scowling ruffians in sheepskin coats. In fact, a movie staged for my benefit. I was afraid they would ring down the curtain before I had had enough. It had no meaning. When I got back to my diggings I tried to put down what I had just seen, and I swear there's more inspiration in the guide-book.'

'Did you go alone?'

'Yes, I certainly would not go sightseeing with the Meryon crowd. Tell me what you felt when you saw it first.'

'I went with Sir John's uncle. He

was a great traveler. The color struck me dumb. It flames — it sings. Think of the gray pinched life in the West! I saw a grave dark potter turning his wheel, while his little girl stood by, glad at our pleasure, her head veiled like a miniature woman, tiny baggy trousers, and a silver nose-stud, like a star, in one delicate nostril. In her thin arms she held a heavy baby in a gilt cap, like a monkey. And the wheel turned and whirled until it seemed to be spinning dreams, thick as motes in the sun. The clay rose in smooth spirals under his hand, and the wheel sang, "Shall the vessel reprove him who made one to honor and one to dishonor?" And I saw the potter thumping his wet clay, and the clay, plastic as dream-stuff, shaped swift as light, and the three Fates stood at his shoulder. Dreams, dreams, and all in the spinning of the wheel, and the rich shadows of the old broken courtyard where he sat. And the wheel stopped and the thread broke, and the little new shapes he had made stood all about him, and he was only a potter in Peshawar.

Her voice was like a song. She had utterly forgotten my existence. I did not dislike it at the moment, for I wanted to hear more, and the impersonal is the rarest gift a woman can give a man.

'Did you buy anything?'

'He gave me a gift — a flawed jar of turquoise blue, faint turquoise green round the lip. He saw I understood. And then I bought a little gold cap and a wooden box of jade-green Kabul grapes. About a rupee, all told. But it was Eastern merchandise, and I was trading from Balsora and Baghdad, and Eleazar's camels were swaying down from Damascus along the Khyber Pass, and coming in at the great Darwazah, and friends' eyes met me everywhere. I am profoundly happy here.'

The sinking sun lit an almost ecstatic face.

'It may be very beautiful on the surface,' I said morosely; 'but there's a lot of misery below — hateful, they tell me.'

'Of course, I shall get to work one day. But look at the sunset. It opens like a mysterious flower. I must take Winifred home now.'

'One moment,' I pleaded; 'I can only see it through your eyes. I feel it while you speak, and then the good minute goes.'

She laughed.

'And so must I. Come, Winifred. Look, there's an owl; not like the owls in the summer dark in England — "Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping, Wavy in the dark, lit by one low star."

Suddenly she turned again and looked at me half wistfully.

'It is good to talk to you. You want to know. You are so near it all. I wish I could help you; I am so exquisitely happy myself.'

My writing was at a standstill. It seemed the groping of a blind man in a radiant world. Once perhaps I had felt that life was good in itself — when the guns came thundering toward the Vimy Ridge in a mad gallop of horses, and men shouting and swearing and frantically urging them on. Then, riding for more than life, I had tasted life for an instant. Not before or since. But this woman had the secret.

Lady Meryon, with her escort of girls and subalterns, came daintily past the hotel compound, and startled me from my brooding with her pretty silvery voice.

'Dreaming, Mr. Clifden? It is n't at all wholesome to dream in the East. Come and dine with us to-morrow. A tiny dance afterwards, you know; or bridge for those who like it.'

I had not the faintest notion whether governesses dined with the family or came in afterward with the coffee; but it was a sporting chance, and I took it.

Then Sir John came up and joined us.

'You can't well dance to-morrow, Kitty,' he said to his wife. 'There's been an outpost affair in the Swat Hills, and young Fitzgerald has been shot. Come to dinner of course, Clifden. Glad to see you. But no dancing, I think.'

II

Next evening I went into Lady Meryon's flower-scented drawing-room.

Governesses dine, it appeared, only to fill an unexpected place, or make a decorous entry afterward, to play accompaniments. Fortunately Kitty Meryon sang, in a pinched little soprano, not nearly so pretty as her silver ripple of talk.

It was when the party had settled down to bridge and I was standing out, that I ventured to go up to her as she sat knitting by a window — not unwatched by the quick blue flash of Lady Meryon's eyes as I did it.

'I think you hypnotize me, Miss Loring. When I hear anything, I straightway want to know what you will say. Have you heard of Fitzgerald's death?'

'That is why we are not dancing to-night. To-morrow the cable will reach his home in England. He was an only child, and they are the great people of the village where we are little people. I knew his mother as one knows a great lady who is kind to all the village folk. It may kill her. It is traveling to-night like a bullet to her heart, and she does not know.'

'His father?'

'A brave man — a soldier himself. He will know it was a good death and that Harry would not fail. He did not at Ypres. He would not here. But all joy and hope will be dead in that house to-morrow.'

'And what do *you* think?'

'I am not sorry for Harry, if you

mean that. He knew — we all know — that he was on guard here holding the outposts against blood and treachery and terrible things — playing the Great Game. One never loses at that game if one plays it straight, and I am sure that at the last it was joy he felt and not fear. He has not lost. Did you notice in the church a niche before every soldier's seat to hold his loaded gun? And the tablets on the walls: "Killed at Kabu River, aged 22." — "Killed on outpost duty." — "Murdered by an Afghan fanatic." This will be one memory more. Why be sorry?'

Presently: —

'I am going up to the hills to-morrow, to the Malakhand Fort, with Mrs. DeLany, Lady Meryon's aunt, and we shall see the wonderful Tahkt-i-Bahi Monastery on the way. You should do that run before you go. The fort is the last but one on the way to Chitral, and beyond that the road is so beset that only soldiers may go farther, and indeed the regiments escort each other up and down. But it is an early start, for we must be back in Peshawar at six for fear of raiding natives.'

'I know; they hauled me up in the dusk the other day, and told me I should be swept off to the hills if I fooled about after dusk. But I say — is it safe for you to go? You ought to have a man. Could I go, too?'

I thought she did not look enthusiastic at the proposal.

'Ask. You know I settle nothing. I go where I am sent.'

She left the room; and when the bridge was over, I made my request. Lady Meryon shrugged her shoulders and declared it would be a terribly dull run — the scenery nothing, 'and only' (she whispered) 'Aunt Selina and poor Miss Loring.'

Of course I saw at once that she did not like it; but Sir John was all for my going, and that saved the situation.

I certainly could have dispensed with Aunt Selina when the automobile drew up in the golden river of the sunrise at the hotel. There were only the driver, a personal servant, and the two ladies: Mrs. Delany, comely, pleasant, talkative, and Vanna —

We glided along the straight military road from Peshawar to Nowshera, the gold-bright sun dazzling in its whiteness — a strange drive through the flat, burned country, with the ominous Kabul River flowing through it. Military preparations everywhere, and the hills looking watchfully down — alive, as it were, with keen, hostile eyes. War was as present about us as behind the lines in France; and when we crossed the Kabul River on a bridge of boats, and I saw its haunted waters, I began to feel the atmosphere of the place closing down upon me. It had a sinister beauty; it breathed suspense; and I wished, as I was sure Vanna did, for silence that was not at our command.

For Mrs. Delany felt nothing of it. A bright shallow ripple of talk was her contribution to the joys of the day; though it was, fortunately, enough for her happiness if we listened and agreed. I knew Vanna listened only in show. Her intent eyes were fixed on the Tahkt-i-Bahi hills after we had swept out of Nowshera; and when the car drew up at the rough track, she had a strange look of suspense and pallor. I remember I wondered at the time if she were nervous in the wild open country.

'Now pray don't be shocked,' said Mrs. Delany comfortably; 'but you two young people may go up to the monastery, and I shall stay here. I am dreadfully ashamed of myself, but the sight of that hill is enough for me. Don't hurry. I may have a little doze, and be all the better company when you get back. No, don't try to persuade me, Mr. Clifden. It is n't the part of a friend.'

I cannot say I was sorry, though I had a moment of panic when Vanna offered to stay with her — very much, too, as if she really meant it. So we set out perforce, Vanna leading steadily, as if she knew the way. She never looked up, and her wish for silence was so evident, that I followed, lending my hand mutely when the difficulties obliged it, she accepting absently, and as if her thoughts were far away.

Suddenly she quickened her pace. We had climbed about nine hundred feet, and now the narrow track twisted through the rocks — a track that looked as age-worn as no doubt it was. We threaded it, and struggled over the ridge, and looked down victorious on the other side.

There she stopped. A very wonderful sight, of which I had never seen the like, lay below us. Rock and waste and towering crags, and the mighty ruin of the monastery set in the fangs of the mountain like a robber baron's castle, looking far away to the blue mountains of the Debatable Land — the land of mystery and danger. It stood there — the great ruin of a vast habitation of men. Building after building, mysterious and broken, corridors, halls, refectories, cells; the dwelling of a faith so alien that I could not reconstruct the life that gave it being. And all sinking gently into ruin that in a century more would confound it with the roots of the mountains. Gray and wonderful, it clung to the heights and looked with eyeless windows at the past. Somehow I found it infinitely pathetic: the very faith it expressed is dead in India, and none left so poor to do it reverence.

But Vanna knew her way. Unerringly she led me from point to point, and she was visibly at home in the intricacies. Such knowledge in a young woman bewildered me. Could she have studied the plans in the Museum? How else should she know where the abbot

lived, or where the refractory brothers were punished?

Once I missed her, while I stooped to examine some scroll-work, and following, found her before one of the few images of the Buddha that the rapacious Museum had spared — a singularly beautiful bas-relief, the hand raised to enforce the truth the calm lips were speaking, the drapery falling in stately folds to the bare feet. As I came up, she had an air as if she had just ceased from movement, and I had a distinct feeling that she had knelt before it — I saw the look of worship! The thing troubled me like a dream, haunting, impossible, but real.

'How beautiful!' I said in spite of myself, as she pointed to the image. 'In this utter solitude it seems the very spirit of the place.'

'He was. He is,' said Vanna.

'Explain to me. I don't understand. I know so little of him. What is the subject?'

She hesitated; then chose her words as if for a beginner: —

'It is the Blessed One preaching to the Tree-Spirits. See how eagerly they lean from the boughs to listen. This other relief represents him in the state of mystic vision. Here he is drowned in peace. See how it overflows from the closed eyes; the closed lips. The air is filled with his quiet.'

'What is he dreaming?'

'Not dreaming — seeing. Peace. He sits at the point where time and infinity meet. To attain that vision was the aim of the monks who lived here.'

'Did they attain?' I found myself speaking as if she could certainly answer.

'A few. There was one, Vasettha, the Brahmin, a young man who had renounced all his possessions and riches, and seated here before this image of the Blessed One, he fell often into the mystic state. He had a strange vision at

one time of the future of India, which will surely be fulfilled. He did not forget it in his rebirths. He remembers —'

She broke off suddenly and said with forced indifference, —

'He would sit here often looking out over the mountains; the monks sat at his feet to hear. He became abbot while still young. But his story is a sad one.'

'I entreat you to tell me.'

She looked away over the mountains.

'While he was abbot here, — still a young man, — a famous Chinese pilgrim came down through Kashmir to visit the Holy Places in India. The abbot went forward with him to Peshawar, that he might make him welcome. And there came a dancer to Peshawar, named Lilavanti, most beautiful! I dare not tell you her beauty. I tremble now to think —'

Again she paused, and again the faint creeping sense of mystery invaded me. She resumed: —

'The abbot saw her and he loved her. He was young still, you remember. She was a woman of the Hindu faith and hated Buddhism. It swept him down into the lower worlds of storm and desire. He fled with Lilavanti and never returned here. So in his rebirth he fell —'

She stopped dead; her face pale as death.

'How do you know? Where have you read it? If I could only find what you find and know what you know! The East is like an open book to you. Tell me the rest.'

'How should I know any more?' she said hurriedly. 'We must be going back. You should study the plans of this place at Peshawar. They were very learned monks who lived here. It is famous for learning.'

The life had gone out of her words — out of the ruins. There was no more to be said.

We clambered down the hill in the

hot sunshine, speaking only of the view, the strange shrubs and flowers, and, once, the swift gliding of a snake, and found Mrs. Delany blissfully asleep in the most padded corner of the car. The spirit of the East vanished in her comfortable presence, and luncheon seemed the only matter of moment.

'I wonder, my dears,' she said, 'if you would be very disappointed and think me very dense if I proposed our giving up the Malakhand Fort? Mr. Clifden can lunch with the officers at Nowshera and come any day. I know I am an atrocity.'

That night I resolutely began my packing, and wrote a note of farewell to Lady Meryon. The next morning I furiously undid it, and destroyed the note. And that afternoon I took the shortest way to the Sunset Road to lounge about and wait for Vanna and Winifred. She never came, and I was as unreasonably angry as if I had deserved the blessing of her presence. Next day I could see that she tried, gently but clearly, to discourage our meeting; and for three days I never saw her at all. Yet I knew that in her solitary life our talks counted for a pleasure.

III

On the day when things became clear to me, I was walking toward the Meryons' gates when I met her coming alone along the Sunset Road, in the late gold of the afternoon. She looked pale and a little wearied, and I remember that I wished I did not know every change of her face as I did.

'So you have been up the Khyber Pass,' she said as I fell into step at her side. 'Tell me — was it as wonderful as you expected?'

'No, no — you tell me. It will give me what I missed. Begin at the beginning. Tell me what I saw.'

I could not miss the delight of her words, and she laughed, knowing my whim.

'Oh, that pass! But did you go on Tuesday or Friday?'

For these are the only two days in the week when the Khyber can be safely entered. The British then turn out the Khyber Rifles and man every crag, and the loaded caravans move like a tide, and go up and down the narrow road on their occasions.

'Tuesday. But make a picture for me.'

'You went up to Jumrood Fort at the entrance. Did they tell you it is an old Sikh fort and has been on duty in that turbulent place for five hundred years? And did you see the machine-guns in the court? And everyone armed — even the boys, with belts of cartridges? Then you went up the narrow winding track between the mountains, and you said to yourself, "This is the road of pure romance. It goes up to silken Samarcand, and I can ride to Bokhara of the beautiful women, and to all the dreams. Am I alive and is it real?" You felt that?'

'All, every bit. Go on!'

She smiled with pleasure.

'And you saw the little forts on the crags and the men on guard all along — rifles ready! You could hear the guns rattle as they saluted. Do you know that up there men plough with rifles loaded beside them? They have to be men, indeed.'

'Do you mean to imply that we are not men?'

'Different men, at least. This is life in a Border ballad. Such a life as you knew in France, but beautiful in a wild-hawk sort of way. Don't the Khyber Rifles bewilder you? They are drawn from these very Hill tribes, and will shoot their own fathers and brothers in the way of duty as comfortably as if they were jackals. Once there was a

scrap here and one of the tribesmen sniped our men unbearably. What do you suppose happened? A Khyber Rifle came to the colonel and said, "Let me put an end to him, Colonel Sahib. I know exactly where he sits. He is my grandfather." And he did it.

"The bond of bread and salt?"

"Yes, and discipline. I'm sometimes half frightened of discipline. It moulds a man like wax. Even God doesn't do that. Well — then you saw the traders: wild shaggy men in sheepskin, and women in massive jewelry of silver and turquoise — great earrings, heavy bracelets loading their arms, wild, fierce, handsome. And the camels, — thousands of them, — some going up, some coming down, — a mass of human and animal life. Above you, moving figures against the keen blue sky, or deep below you in the ravines. The camels were swaying along with huge bales of goods, and with dark beautiful women in wicker cages perched on them. Silks and carpets from Bokhara, and blue-eyed Persian cats, and bluer Persian turquoises. Wonderful! And the dust — gilded by the sunshine — makes a vaporous golden atmosphere for it all."

"What was the most wonderful thing you saw there?" I asked her.

"The most beautiful of all, I think, was a man — a splendid dark ruffian, lounging along. He wanted to show off, and his swagger was perfect. Long black onyx eyes, and a tumble of black curls, and teeth like almonds. But what do you think he carried on his wrist? A hawk with fierce yellow eyes, ringed and chained. Hawking is a favorite sport in the hills. Oh, why doesn't some great painter come and paint it all before they take to trains and cars? I long to see it all again, but I never shall."

"Surely Sir John can get you up there any day."

"I am leaving."

"Leaving?" My heart gave a leap.
"Why? Where?"

"I had rather not tell you."
"I shall ask Lady Meryon."
"I forbid you."

And then the unexpected happened, and an unbearable impulse swept me into folly — or was it wisdom?

"Listen to me. I would not have said it yet, but this settles it. I want you to marry me. I want it *atrociously!*"

It was a strange word. What I felt for her at that moment was difficult to describe.

She looked at me in transparent astonishment.

"Mr. Clifden, are you dreaming? You can't mean what you say."

"Why can't I? I do. I want you. You have the key of all I care for."

"Surely you have all the world can give? What do you want more?"

"The power to enjoy it — to understand it. I want you always with me to interpret, like a guide to a blind fellow. I am no better."

"Say like a dog, at once!" she interrupted. "At least, you are frank enough to put it on that ground. You have not said that you love me. You could not say it."

"I don't know whether I do or not. I know nothing about love. I want you. Indescribably. Perhaps that is love — is it? I never wanted anyone before. I have tried to get away and I can't."

"Why have you tried?"

"Because every man likes freedom. But I like you better."

"I can tell you the reason," she said, in her gentle, unwavering voice. "I am Lady Meryon's governess, and an undesirable. You have felt that?"

"Don't make me out such a snob. No — yes. You force me into honesty. I did feel it at first. But I could kick myself when I think of that now. It is utterly forgotten. Take me and make

me what you will, and forgive me. Only tell me your secret of joy. How is it you understand everything alive or dead? I want to live — to see, to know.'

It was a rhapsody like a boy's. Yet at the moment I was not even ashamed of it, so sharp was my need.

'I think,' she said, slowly, looking straight before her, 'that I had better be quite frank. I don't love you. I don't know what love means in the Western sense. It has a very different meaning for me. Your voice comes to me from an immense distance when you speak in that way. You want me — but never with a thought of what I might want. Is that love? I like you very deeply as a friend, but we are of different races. There is a gulf.'

'A gulf? You are English.'

'By birth, yes. In mind, no. And there are things that go deeper, that you could not understand. So I refuse quite definitely, and our ways part here, for in a few days I go. I shall not see you again, but I wished to say goodbye.'

I felt as if my all were deserting me — a sickening feeling of loneliness.

'I entreat you to tell me why, and where.'

'Since you have made me this offer, I will tell you why. Lady Meryon objected to my friendship with you, and objected in a way which —'

She stopped, flushing palely. I caught her hand.

'That settles it, that she should have dared! I'll go up this minute and tell her we are engaged. Vanna — Vanna!'

For she disengaged her hand.

'On no account. How can I make it more plain to you? I should have gone soon in any case. My place is in the native city — that is the life I want. I have work there; I knew it before I came out. My sympathies are all with them. They know what life is — why,

even the beggars, poorer than poor, are perfectly happy, basking in the great generous sun. Oh, the splendor and riot of life and color! That's my life — I sicken of this.'

'But I will give it to you. Marry me, and we will travel till you're tired of it.'

'And look on as at a play. No, I'm going to work there.'

'For God's sake, how? Let me come too.'

'You can't. You're not in it. I am going to attach myself to the medical mission at Lahore and learn nursing, and then I shall go to my own people.'

'Missionaries?'

'They teach what I want. Mr. Clifden, I shall not come this way again. If I remember — I'll write to you, and tell you what the real world is like.'

She smiled, the absorbed little smile I knew and feared.

'Vanna, before you go, give me your gift of sight. Interpret for me. Stay with me a little and make me see.'

'What do you mean, exactly?' she asked in her gentlest voice, half turning to me.

'Make one journey with me, as my sister, if you will do no more. Though I warn you that all the time I shall be trying to win my wife. But come with me once, and after that — if you will go, you must. Say yes.'

She hesitated — a hesitation full of hope — and looked at me with intent eyes.

'I will tell you frankly,' she said at last, 'that I know my knowledge of the East and kinship with it goes far beyond mere words. In my case the doors were not shut. I believe — I *know* that long ago this was my life. If I spoke forever, I could not make you understand how much I know, and why. So I shall quite certainly go back to it. Nothing — you, least of all — can hold me. But you are my friend — that is a

true bond. And if you would wish me to give you two months before I go, I might do that if it would in any way help you. As your friend only — you clearly understand. You would not reproach me afterward when I left you, as I should most certainly do?"

"I swear I would not. I swear I would protect you even from myself. I want you forever; but if you will only give me two months — Come! But have you thought that people will talk? I'm not worth that, God knows."

She spoke very quietly.

"That does not trouble me. It would only trouble me if you asked what I have not to give. For two months I would travel with you as a friend, if, like a friend, I paid my own expenses. — No, I must do as I say; I would go on no other terms. It would be hard if, because we are man and woman, I might not do one act of friendship for you before we part. For though I refuse your offer utterly, I appreciate it, and I would make what little return I can. It would be a sharp pain to me to distress you."

Her gentleness and calm, the magnitude of the offer she was making, stunned me so that I could scarcely speak. She gave me such opportunities as the most ardent lover might in his wildest dream desire, and with the remoteness in her eyes and her still voice she deprived them of all hope.

"Vanna, is it a promise? You mean it?"

"If you wish it, yes. But I warn you that I think it will not make it easier for you when the time is over."

"Why two months?"

"Partly because I can afford no more. No! I know what you would say. Partly because I can spare no more time. I think it unwise for you. I would protect you if I could — indeed I would!"

It was my turn to hesitate now. Would it not be better to let her go be-

fore she had become a part of my daily experience? I began to fear I was courting my own shipwreck. She read my thoughts clearly.

"Indeed you would be wise to decide against it. Release me from my promise. It was a mad scheme."

The superiority — or so I felt it — of her gentleness maddened me. It might have been I who needed protection, who was running the risk of misjudgment — not she, a lonely woman. I felt utterly exiled from the real purpose of her life.

"I will never release you. I claim your promise. I hold to it."

She extended her hand, cool as a snow-flake, and was gone, walking swiftly up the road. Ah, let a man beware when his wishes fulfilled rain down upon him!

To what had I committed myself?

Strange she is and secret,
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold and as cold
sea-shells.

Yet I would risk it.

Next day this reached me: —

DEAR MR. CLIFDEN, —

I am going to some Indian friends for a time. On the 15th of June I shall be at Srinagar in Kashmir. A friend has allowed me to take her little houseboat, the Kedarnath. If you like this plan, we will share the cost for two months. I warn you it is not luxurious, but I think you will like it. I shall do this whether you come or no, for I want a quiet time before I take up my nursing in Lahore. In thinking of all this, will you remember that I am not a girl but a woman? I shall be twenty-nine my next birthday.

Sincerely yours,

VANNA LORING.

P.S. But I still think you would be wiser not to come. I hope to hear you will not.

I replied only this: —

DEAR MISS LORING,—

I think I understand the position fully. I will be there. I thank you with all my heart.

Gratefully yours,
STEPHEN CLIFDEN.

IV

On the 15th of June, I found myself riding into Srinagar in Kashmir, through the pure, tremulous green of the mighty poplars that hedge the road into the city. The beauty of the country had half stunned me when I entered the mountain barrier of Baramula and saw the snowy peaks that guard the Happy Valley, with the Jhelum flowing through its tranquil loveliness. The flush of the almond-blossom was over, but the iris, like a sea of peace, had overflowed the world, and the blue meadows smiled at the radiant sky. Such blossom! the blue shading into clear violet, like a shoaling sea. The earth, like a cup held in the hand of a god, brimmed with the draught of youth and summer and—love? But no. For me the very word was sinister. Vanna's face, immutably calm, confronted it.

The night I had slept in a boat at Sopor had been my first in Kashmir; and I remember that, waking at midnight, I looked out and saw a mountain with a gloriola of hazy silver about it, misty and faint as a cobweb threaded with dew. The river, there spreading into a lake, was dark under it, flowing in a deep, smooth blackness of shadow, and everything waited—for what? Even while I looked, the moon floated serenely above the peak, and all was bathed in pure light, the water rippling in broken silver and pearl. So had Vanna floated into my life, sweet, remote, luminous.

I rode past the lovely wooden bridges, where the balconied houses totter to each other across the canals in a dim

splendor of carving and age; where the many-colored native life crowds down to the river-steps and cleanses its flower-bright robes, its gold-bright brass vessels, in the shining stream; and my heart said only, 'Vanna, Vanna!'

My servant dismounted and led his horse, asking from everyone where the Kedarnath could be found; and two little bronze images detached themselves from the crowd of boys and ran, fleet as fauns, before us.

Above the last bridge the Jhelum broadens out into a stately river, controlled at one side by the banked walk known as the Bund, with the Club House upon it and the line of house-boats beneath. She would not be here; my heart told me that; and sure enough the boys were leading across the bridge, and by a quiet shady way to one of the many backwaters that the great river makes in the enchanting city. There is one waterway stretching on and afar to the Dal Lake. It looks like a river—it is the very haunt of peace. Under those mighty chenar or plane trees, that are the glory of Kashmir, clouding the water with deep green shadows, the sun can scarcely pierce, save in a dipping sparkle here and there, to intensify the green gloom. The murmur of the city, the chatter of the club, are hundreds of miles away.

We rode downward under the towering trees, and dismounting, saw a little houseboat tethered to the bank. It was not of the richer sort that haunts the Bund, where the native servants follow in a separate boat, and even the electric light is turned on as part of the luxury. This was a long, low craft, very broad, thatched like a country cottage afloat. In the afterpart the native owner and his family lived—our crew, our cooks and servants; for they played many parts in our service. And in the forepart, room for a life, a dream, the joy or curse of my days to be.

But then, I saw only one thing—Vanna sat under the trees, reading, or looking at the cool, dim, watery vista, with a single boat, loaded to the river's edge with melons and scarlet tomatoes, punting lazily down to Srinagar in the sleepy afternoon.

For the first time I knew she was beautiful. Beauty shone in her like the flame in an alabaster lamp, serene, diffused in the very air about her, so that to me she moved in a mild radiance. She rose to meet me with both hands outstretched—the kindest, most cordial welcome. Not an eyelash flickered, not a trace of self-consciousness.

I tried, with a hopeless pretence, to follow her example and hide what I felt, where she had nothing to hide.

‘What a place you have found! Why, it’s like the deep heart of a wood.’

I threw myself on the grass beside her with a feeling of perfect rest.

The very spirit of Quiet seemed to be drowsing in those branches towering up into the blue, dipping their green fingers into the crystal of the water. What a heaven!

I shut my eyes and see still that first meal of my new life. The little table that Pir Baksh, breathing full East in his jade-green turban, set before her, with its cloth worked in a pattern of the chenar leaves that are the symbol of Kashmir; the brown cakes made by Ahmed Khan in a miraculous kitchen of his own invention—a few holes burrowed in the river-bank, a smouldering fire beneath them, and a width of canvas for a roof. But it served, and no more need be asked of luxury. And Vanna, making it mysteriously the first home I ever had known, the central joy of it all. Oh, wonderful days of life that breathe the spirit of immortality and pass so quickly—surely they must be treasured somewhere in Eternity, that we may look upon their beloved light once more!

‘Now you must see the boat. The Kedarnath is not a Dreadnought, but she is broad and very comfortable. And we have many chaperons. They all live in the stern, and exist simply to protect the Sahib-log from all discomfort; and very well they do it. That is Ahmed Khan by the kitchen. He cooks for us. Salama owns the boat, and steers her and engages the men to tow us when we move. And when I arrived, he aired a little English and said piously, “The Lord help me to give you no trouble, and the Lord help you!” That is his wife sitting on the bank. She speaks little but Kashmiri, but I know a little of that. Look at the hundred rat-tail plaits of her hair, lengthened with wool; and see her silver and turquoise jewelry! She wears much of the family fortune and is quite a walking bank. Salama, Ahmed Khan, and I talk by the hour. Ahmed comes from Fyzabad. Look at Salama’s boy—I call him the Orange Imp. Did you ever see anything so beautiful?’

I looked in sheer delight, and grasped my camera. Sitting near us was a lovely little Kashmiri boy of about eight, in a faded orange coat, and a turban exactly like his father’s. His curled black eyelashes were so long that they made a soft gloom over the upper part of the little golden face. The perfect bow of the scarlet lips, the long eyes, the shy smile, suggested an Indian Eros. He sat dipping his feet in the water, with little pigeon-like cries of content.

‘He paddles at the bow of our little shikara boat, with a paddle exactly like a water-lily leaf. Do you like our friends? I love them already, and know all their affairs.—And now for the boat.’

‘One moment. If we are friends on a great adventure, I must call you Vanna, and you me Stephen.’

‘Yes, I suppose that is part of it,’ she said, smiling. ‘Come, Stephen.’

It was like music, but a cold music

that chilled me. She should have hesitated, should have flushed — it was I who trembled.

So I followed her across the broad plank into our new home.

'This is our sitting-room. Look, how charming!'

It was better than charming: it was home, indeed. Windows at each side opening down almost to the water; a little table for meals, with a gray pot of irises in the middle; another table for writing, photographing, and all the little pursuits of travel; a bookshelf, with some well-worn friends; two low, cushioned chairs, two others for meals, and a Bokhara rug, soft and pleasant for the feet. The interior was plain unpainted wood, but set so that the grain showed like satin in the rippling lights from the water.

'It is perfect,' was all I said, as she waved her hand proudly to show it; 'it is home.'

We dined on the bank that evening, the lamp burning steadily in the still air and throwing broken reflections in the water, while the moon looked in upon us among the leaves. I felt extraordinarily young and happy.

The quiet of her voice was as soft as the little lap of water against the bank; and Kahdra, the Orange Imp, was singing a little wordless song to himself as he washed the plates beside us.

'The wealth of the world could not buy this,' I said; and was silent.

V

And so began a life of sheer enchantment. Looking back, I know in what a wonder-world I was privileged to live. Vanna could talk with all our shipmates. She did not move apart, a descending or indifferent foreigner. Little Kahdra would come to her knee and chatter to her of the great snake that lived up on Mahadeo, to devour

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errung boys who omitted to say their prayers at proper Moslem intervals. She would sit with the baby in her lap, while the mother busied herself in the sunny boat with the mysterious dishes that smelt so good to a hungry man.

'I am graduating as a nurse,' she would say laughing, as she bent over the lean arm of some weirdly wrinkled old lady, bandaging and soothing at the same time. Her reward would be some bit of folk-lore, some quaintness of gratitude, which I noted down in the little book I kept for remembrance — and do not need, for every word is in my heart.

We pulled down through the city next day, Salama rowing, and Kahdra lazily paddling at the bow. A wonderful city, with its narrow ways begrimed with the dirt of ages, and its balconied houses looking as if disease and sin had soaked into them and given them a vicious, tottering beauty, horrible, yet lovely too. We saw the swarming life of the bazaar; the white turbans coming and going, diversified by the rose and yellow Hindu turbans; the fine aquiline faces and the caste-marks, orange and red, on the dark brows. I saw two women — girls — painted and tired like Jezebel, looking out of one window carved and old, and the gray burnished doves flying about it. They leaned indolently, like all the old, old wickedness of the East that yet is ever young — 'Flowers of Delight,' with smooth black hair braided with gold and blossoms, and covered with pale-rose veils, and gold-embossed disks swinging like lamps beside the olive cheeks, the great eyes artificially lengthened and darkened with *soorma*, and the curves of the full lips emphasized with vermillion. They looked down on us with apathy, a dull weariness that held all the old evil of the wicked, humming city. It had taken shape in those indolent bodies

and heavy eyes, which could flash into life as a snake wakes into fierce darting energy when the time comes to spring — direct inheritrixes from Lilith, in the fittest setting in the world — the almost exhausted vice of an Oriental city as old as time.

'Look — below here,' said Vanna, pointing to one of the great ghats — long rugged steps running down to the river. 'When I came yesterday, a great broken crowd was collected, almost shoudering each other into the water, where a boat lay rocking. In it was the body of a man, brutally murdered for the sake of a few rupees and flung into the river. I could see the poor brown body stark in the boat, with a friend weeping beside it. On the lovely deodar bridge people leaned over, watching with grim, open-mouthed curiosity, and business went on gayly where the jewelers make the silver bangles for slender wrists, and the rows of silver coins that make the necks like "the Tower of Damascus builded for an armory." It was all very wild and cruel. I went down to them —'

'Vanna — you went down? Horrible!'

'No; you see I heard them say the wife was almost a child and needed help. So I went. Once, long ago, at Peshawar, I saw the same thing happen, and they came and took the child for the service of the gods, for she was most lovely, and she clung to the feet of a man in terror, and the priest stabbed her to the heart. She died in my arms.'

'Good God!' I said, shuddering; 'what a sight for you! Did they never hang him?'

'He was not punished. I told you it was a very long time ago.'

She said no more. But in her words and the terrible crowding of its life, Srinagar seemed to me more of a nightmare than anything I had seen, excepting only Benares; for the holy Benares

is a memory of horror, with a sense of blood hidden under its frantic, crazy devotion, and not far hidden, either.

Our own green shade, when we pulled back to it in the evening cool, was a refuge of unspeakable quiet. She read aloud to me that evening, by the small light of our lamp beneath the trees; and, singularly, she read of joy.

'I have drunk of the Cup of the Ineffable,
I have found the Key of the Mystery;
Traveling by no track, I have come to the Sor-
rowless Land; very easily has the mercy of
the great Lord come upon me.
Wonder is that Land of rest to which no merit
can win.
There have I seen joy filled to the brim, perfec-
tion of joy.
He dances in rapture and waves of form arise
from his dance.
He holds all within his bliss.'

'What is that?' I asked, when the music ceased for a moment.

'It is from the songs of the great Indian mystic — Kabir. Let me read you more. It is like the singing of a lark, lost in the infinite of light and heaven.'

So in the soft darkness I heard for the first time those immortal words; and hearing, a faint glimmer of understanding broke upon me as to the source of the peace that surrounded her. I had accepted it as an emanation of her own heart, when it was the pulsing of the tide of the Divine. She read, choosing a verse here and there, and I listened with absorption. Suppose I had been wrong in believing that sorrow is the key-note of life; that pain is the road of ascent, if road there be; that an implacable Nature presides over all our pitiful struggles and writes a black 'Finis' to the holograph of our existence? What then? Was she teaching me that joy is the only truth, — the only reality, — and all else illusion? Was she the Interpreter of a Beauty eternal in the heavens and reflected in broken prisms in the beauty that walked visible beside me? I listened as a man to

an unknown tongue; but I listened, though I ventured my protest.

“In India, in this strange country where men have time and will for speculation, such thoughts may be natural. Can they be found in the West?”

“This is from the West — might not Kabir himself have said it? Certainly he would have felt it. “Happy is he who seeks not to understand the Mystery of God, but who, merging his spirit into thine, sings to thy Face, O Lord, like a harp, understanding how difficult it is to know — how easy to love Thee.” We debate and argue, and the Vision passes us by. We try to prove it, and kill it in the laboratory of our minds, when on the altar of our souls it will dwell forever.”

Silence — and I pondered. Finally she laid the book aside and repeated from memory and in a tone of perfect music: ‘Kabir says, “I shall go to the

House of my Lord with my Love at my side; then shall I sound the trumpet of triumph.”’

When she left me alone, the old doubts came back — the fear that I saw only through her eyes; and I began to believe in joy, only because I loved her. I remember that I wrote in the little book that I kept for my stray thoughts these words, which are not mine but reflect my vision of her.

‘Thine is the skill of the Fairy Woman, and the virtue of St. Bride, and the faith of Mary the Mild, and the gracious way of the Greek woman, and the beauty of lovely Emer, and the tenderness of heart-sweet Deirdré, and the courage of Maev the great Queen, and the charm of Mouth-of-Music.’

Yes, all that and more; but I feared lest I should see the heaven of joy through her eyes only, and find it mirage, as I had found so much else.

(To be concluded)

THE ATTAS—A JUNGLE LABOR-UNION

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

PTERODACTYL PUPS led me to the wonderful Attas — the most astounding of the jungle labor-unions. We were all sitting on the Mazaruni bank, the night before the full moon, immediately in front of my British Guiana laboratory. All the jungle was silent in the white light, and only a big fish broke now and then. On the end of the bench was the monosyllabic Scot, who ceased the exquisite painting of mora but-

tresses and jungle shadows only for the equal fascination of searching bats for parasites. Then the great physician, who had come six thousand miles to peer into the eyes of birds and lizards in my dark-room, working with a gentle hypnotic manner that made the little beings seem to enjoy the experience. On my right sat an army captain, who had given more thought to the possible secrets of French chaffinches than to

the approaching barrage. There was also the artist, who could draw a lizard's head like a Japanese print, but preferred to depict impressionistic Laocoön roots.

These and others sat with me on the long bench and watched the moon-path. The conversation had begun with possible former life on the moon, then shifted to Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, based on the great Roraima plateau, a hundred and fifty miles west of where we were sitting. Then we spoke of the amusing world-wide rumor, which had started no one knows how, that I had recently discovered a pterodactyl. One delightful result of this had been a letter from a little English girl, which would have made a worthy chapter-subject for *Dream Days*. For years she and her little sister had peopled a wood near her home with pterodactyls, but had somehow never quite seen one; and would I tell her a little about them — whether they had scales, or made nests; so that those in the wood might be a little easier to recognize.

When strange things are discussed for a long time, in the light of a tropical moon, at the edge of a dark, whispering jungle, the mind becomes singularly imaginative and receptive; and, as I looked through powerful binoculars at the great suspended globe, the dead craters and precipices became very vivid and near. Suddenly, without warning, there flapped into my field, a huge shapeless creature. It was no bird, and there was nothing of the bat in its flight — the wings moved with steady rhythmical beats, and drove it straight onward. The wings were skinny, the body large and of a pale ashy hue. For a moment I was shaken. One of the others had seen it, and he, too, did not speak, but concentrated every sense into the end of the little tubes. By the time I had begun to find words, I realized that a giant fruit bat had

flown from utter darkness across my line of sight; and by close watching we soon saw others. But for a very few seconds these Pterodactyl Pups, as I nicknamed them, gave me all the thrill of a sudden glimpse into the life of past ages. The last time I had seen fruit bats was in the gardens of Peradeniya, Ceylon. I had forgotten that they occurred in Guiana, and was wholly unprepared for the sight of bats a yard across, with a heron's flight, passing high over the Mazaruni in the moonlight.

The talk ended on the misfortune of the configuration of human anatomy, which makes sky-searching so uncomfortable a habit. This outlook was probably developed to a greater extent during the war than ever before; and I can remember many evenings in Paris and London when a sinister half-moon kept the faces of millions turned searchingly upward. But whether in city or jungle, sky-scanning is a neck-aching affair.

The following day my experience with the Pterodactyl Pups was not forgotten, and as a direct result of looking out for soaring vultures and eagles, with hopes of again seeing a white-plumaged King and the regal Harpy, I caught sight of a tiny mote high up in mid-sky. I thought at first it was a martin or swift; but it descended, slowly spiraling, and became too small for any bird. With a final, long, descending curve, it alighted in the compound of our bungalow laboratory and rested quietly — a great queen of the leaf-cutting Attas returning from her marriage flight. After a few minutes she stirred, walked a few steps, cleaned her antennæ, and searched nervously about on the sand. A foot away was a tiny sprig of indigo, the offspring of some seed planted two or three centuries ago by a thrifty Dutchman. In the shade of its three leaves the insect paused, and

at once began scraping at the sand with her jaws. She loosened grain after grain, and as they came free they were moistened, agglutinated, and pressed back against her fore-legs. When at last a good-sized ball was formed, she picked it up, turned around and, after some fussy indecision, deposited it on the sand behind her. Then she returned to the very shallow, round depression, and began to gather a second ball.

I thought of the first handful of sand thrown out for the base of Cheops, of the first brick placed in position for the Great Wall, of a fresh-cut trunk, rough-hewn and squared for a log-cabin on Manhattan; of the first shovelful of earth flung out of the line of the Panama Canal. Yet none seemed worthy of comparison with even what little I knew of the significance of this ant's labor, for this was earnest of what would make trivial the engineering skill of Egyptians, of Chinese patience, of municipal pride and continental schism.

Imagine sawing off a barn-door at the top of a giant sequoia, growing at the bottom of the Grand Cañon, and then, with five or six children clinging to it, descending the tree, and carrying it up the cañon walls against a subway rush of rude people, who elbowed and pushed blindly against you. This is what hundreds of leaf-cutting ants accomplish daily, when cutting leaves from a tall bush, at the foot of the bank near the laboratory.

There are three dominant labor-unions in the jungle, all social insects, two of them ants, never interfering with each other's field of action, and all supremely illustrative of conditions resulting from absolute equality, free-and-equality, communalism, socialism carried to the (forgive me!) *anth* power. The Army Ants are carnivorous, predatory, militant nomads; the Termites are vegetarian scavengers, sedentary, negative and provincial; the Attas, or leaf-

cutting ants, are vegetarians, active and dominant, and in many ways the most interesting of all.

The casual observer becomes aware of them through their raids upon gardens; and indeed the Attas are a very serious menace to agriculture in many parts of the tropics, where their nests, although underground, may be as large as a house and contain millions of individuals. While their choice among wild plants is exceedingly varied, it seems that there are certain things they will not touch; but when any human-reared flower, vegetable, shrub, vine, or tree is planted, the Attas rejoice, and straightway desert the native vegetation to fall upon the newcomers. Their whims and irregular feeding habits make it difficult to guard against them. They will work all round a garden for weeks, perhaps pass through it *en route* to some tree that they are defoliating, and then suddenly, one night, every Atta in the world seems possessed with a desire to work havoc, and at daylight the next morning, the garden looks like winter stubble—a vast expanse of stems and twigs, without a single remaining leaf. Volumes have been written, and a whole chemist's shop of deadly concoctions devised, for combating these ants, and still they go steadily on, gathering leaves which, as we shall see, they do not even use for food.

Although essentially a tropical family, Attas have pushed as far north as New Jersey, where they make a tiny nest, a few inches across, and bring to it bits of pine needles.

In a jungle Baedeker, we should double-star these insects, and paragraph them as 'Atta, named by Fabricius in 1804; two Kartabo species, *sexdens* and *cephalotes*; Leaf-cutting or Cushie or Parasol Ants; very abundant. *Atta*, a subgenus of *Atta*, which is a genus of *Attii*, which is a tribe of *Myrmicinae*, which is a subfamily of *Formicidae*,' etc.

With a feeling of slightly greater intimacy, of mental possession, we set out, armed with a name of one hundred and seventeen years' standing, and find a big Atta worker carving away at a bit of leaf, exactly as his ancestors had done for probably one hundred and seventeen thousand years.

We gently lift him from his labor, and a drop of chloroform banishes from his ganglia all memory of the hundred thousand years of pruning. Under the lens his strange personality becomes manifest, and we wonder whether the old Danish zoölogist had in mind the slender toe-tips which support him, or in a chuckling mood made him a namesake of *C. Quintius Atta*. A close-up shows a very comic little being, encased in a prickly, chestnut-colored armor, which should make him fearless in a den of a hundred anteaters. The front view of his head is a bit mephistophelian, for it is drawn upward into two horny spines; but the side view recalls a little girl with her hair brushed very tightly up and back from her face.

The connection between Atta and the world about him is furnished by this same head: two huge, flail-shaped antennae arching up like aerial, detached eyebrows — vehicles, through their golden pile, of senses which foil our most delicate tests. Outside of these are two little shoe-button eyes; and we are not certain whether they reflect to the head ganglion two or three hundred bits of leaf, or one large mosaic leaf. Below all is swung the pair of great scythes, so edged and hung that they can function as jaws, rip-saws, scissors, forceps, and clamps. The thorax, like the head of a *titanotherium*, bears three pairs of horns — a great irregular expanse of tumbled, rock-like skin and thorn, a foundation for three pairs of long legs, and sheltering somewhere in its heart a thread of ant-life; finally, two little pedicels lead to a rounded

abdomen, smaller than the head. This Third-of-an-inch is a worker Atta to the physical eye; and if we catch another, or ten, or ten million, we find that some are small, others much larger, but that all are cast in the same mould, all indistinguishable except, perhaps, to the shoe-button eyes.

II

When a worker has traveled along the Atta trails, and has followed the temporary mob-instinct and climbed bush or tree, the same irresistible force drives him out upon a leaf. Here, apparently, instinct slightly loosens its hold, and he seems to become individual for a moment, to look about, and to decide upon a suitable edge or corner of green leaf. But even in this he probably has no choice. At any rate, he secures a good hold and sinks his jaws into the tissue. Standing firmly on the leaf, he measures his distance by cutting across a segment of a circle, with one of his hind feet as a centre. This gives a very true curve, and provides a leaf-load of suitable size. He does not scissor his way across, but bit by bit sinks the tip of one jaw, hook-like, into the surface, and brings the other up to it, slicing through the tissue with surprising ease. He stands upon the leaf, and I always expect to see him cut himself and his load free, Irishman-wise. But one or two of his feet have invariably secured a grip on the plant, sufficient to hold him safely. Even if one or two of his fellows are at work farther down the leaf, he has power enough in his slight grip to suspend all until they have finished and clambered up over him with their loads.

Holding his bit of leaf edge-wise, he bends his head down as far as possible, and secures a strong purchase along the very rim. Then, as he raises his head, the leaf rises with it, suspended high over his back, out of the way. Down

the stem or tree-trunk he trudges, head first, fighting with gravitation, until he reaches the ground. After a few feet, or, measured by his stature, several hundred yards, his infallible instinct guides him around pebble boulders, mossy orchards, and grass jungles to a specially prepared path.

Thus in words, in sentences, we may describe the cutting of a single leaf; but only in the imagination can we visualize the cell-like or crystal-like duplication of this throughout all the great forests of Guiana and of South America. As I write, a million jaws snip through their stint; as you read, ten million Attas begin on new bits of leaf. And all in silence and in dim light, legions passing along the little jungle roads, unending lines of trembling banners, a political parade of ultra socialism, a procession of chlorophyll floats illustrating unreasoning unmorality, a fairy replica of 'Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.'

In their leaf-cutting, Attas have mastered mass, but not form. I have never seen one cut off a piece too heavy to carry, but many a hard-sliced bit has had to be deserted because of the configuration of the upper edge. On almost any trail, an ant can be found with a two-inch stem of grass, attempting to pass under a twig an inch overhead. After five or ten minutes of pushing, backing, and pushing, he may accidentally march off to one side, or reach up and climb over; but usually he drops his burden. His little works have been wound up, and set at the mark 'home'; and though he has now dropped the prize for which he walked a dozen ant-miles, yet any idea of cutting another stem, or of picking up a slice of leaf from those lying along the trail, never occurs to him. He sets off homeward, and if any emotion of sorrow, regret, disappointment, or secret relief troubles his ganglia, no trace of it appears

in antennæ, carriage, or speed. I can very readily conceive of his trudging sturdily all the way back to the nest, entering it, and going to the place where he would have dumped his load, having fulfilled his duty in the spirit at least. Then, if there comes a click in his internal time-clock, he may set out upon another quest — more cabined, cribbed, and confined than any member of a Cook's tourist party.

I once watched an ant with a piece of leaf which had a regular shepherd's crook at the top, and if his adventures of fifty feet could have been caught on a moving-picture film, Charlie Chaplin would have had an arthropod rival. It hooked on stems and pulled its bearer off his feet, it careened and ensnared the leaves of other ants, at one place mixing up with half a dozen. A big thistledown became tangled in it, and well-nigh blew away with leaf and all; hardly a foot of his path was smooth-going. But he persisted, and I watched him reach the nest, after two hours of tugging and falling and interference with traffic.

Occasionally an ant will slip in crossing a twiggy crevasse, and his leaf become tightly wedged. After sprawling on his back and vainly clawing at the air for a while, he gets up, brushes off his antennæ, and sets to work. For fifteen minutes I have watched an Atta in this predicament, stodgily endeavoring to lift his leaf while standing on it at the same time. The equation of push equaling pull is fourth dimensional to the Attas.

With all this terrible expenditure of energy, the activities of these ants are functional within very narrow limits. The blazing sun causes them to drop their burdens and flee for home; a heavy wind frustrates them, for they cannot reef. When a gale arises and sweeps an exposed portion of the trail, their only resource is to cut away all sail and heave it overboard. A sudden

downpour reduces a thousand banners and waving, bright-colored petals to débris, to be trodden under foot. Sometimes, after a ten-minute storm, the trails will be carpeted with thousands of bits of green mosaic, which the outgoing hordes will trample in their search for more leaves. On a dark night little seems to be done; but at dawn and dusk, and in the moonlight or clear starlight, the greatest activity is manifest.

Attas are such unpalatable creatures that they are singularly free from dangers. There is a tacit armistice between them and the other labor-unions. The Army Ants occasionally make use of their trails when they are deserted; but when the two great races of ants meet, each antennae the aura of the other, and turns respectfully aside. When Termites wish to traverse an Atta trail, they burrow beneath it, or build a covered causeway across, through which they pass and repass at will, and over which the Attas trudge, uncaring and unconscious of its significance.

Only creatures with the toughest of digestions would dare to include these prickly, strong-jawed, meatless insects in a bill of fare. Now and then I have found an ani, or black cuckoo, with a few in its stomach: but an ani can swallow a stinging-haired caterpillar and enjoy it. The most consistent feeder upon Attas is the giant marine toad. Two hundred Attas in a night is not an uncommon meal, the exact number being verifiable by a count of the undigested remains of heads and abdomens. *Bufo marinus* is the gardener's best friend in this tropic land, and besides, he is a gentleman and a philosopher, if ever an amphibian was one.

While the cutting of living foliage is the chief aim in life of these ants, yet they take advantage of the flotsam and jetsam along the shore, and each low tide finds a column from some nearby nest salvaging flowerets, leaves, and

even tiny berries. A sudden wash of tide lifts a hundred ants with their burdens and then sets them down again, when they start off as if nothing had happened.

The paths or trails of the Attas represent very remarkable feats of engineering, and wind about through jungle and glade for surprising distances. I once traced a very old and wide trail for well over two hundred yards. Taking little Third-of-an-inch for a type (although he would rank as a rather large Atta), and comparing him with a six-foot man, we reckon this trail, ant-ratio, as a full twenty-five miles. Belt records a leaf-cutter's trail half a mile long, which would mean that every ant that went out, cut his tiny bit of leaf, and returned, would traverse a distance of a hundred and sixteen miles. This was an extreme; but our Atta may take it for granted, speaking antly, that once on the home trail, he has, at the least, four or five miles ahead of him.

The Atta roads are clean swept, as straight as possible, and very conspicuous in the jungle. The chief high-roads leading from very large nests are a good foot across, and the white sand of their beds is visible a long distance away. I once knew a family of opossums living in a stump in the centre of a dense thicket. When they left at evening, they always climbed along as far as an Atta trail, dropped down to it, and followed it for twenty or thirty yards. During the rains I have occasionally found tracks of agoutis and deer in these roads. So it would be very possible for the Attas to lay the foundation for an animal trail, and this, à la calf-path, for the street of a future city.

The part that scent plays in the trails is evidenced if we scatter an inch or two of fresh sand across the road. A mass of ants banks against the strange obstruction on both sides, on the one hand a

solid phalanx of waving green banners, and on the other a mob of empty-jawed workers with wildly waving antennae. Scouts from both sides slowly wander forward, and finally reach one another and pass across. But not for ten minutes does anything like regular traffic begin again.

When carrying a large piece of leaf, and traveling at a fair rate of speed, the ants average about a foot in ten seconds, although many go the same distance in five. I tested the speed of an Atta, and then I saw that its leaf seemed to have a peculiar-shaped bug upon it, and picked it up with its bearer. Finding the blemish to be only a bit of fungus, I replaced it. Half an hour later I was seated by a trail far away, when suddenly my ant with the blemished spot appeared. It was unmistakable, for I had noticed that the spot was exactly that of the Egyptian symbol of life. I paced the trail, and found that seventy yards away it joined the spot where I had first seen my friend. So, with occasional spurts, he had done two hundred and ten feet in thirty minutes, and this in spite of the fact that he had picked up a supercargo.

Two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, under the proper stimulus, invariably result in water; two and two, considered calmly and without passion, combine into four; the workings of instinct, especially in social insects, is so mechanical that its results can almost be demonstrated in formula; and yet here was my Atta leaf-carrier burdened with a minim. The worker Attas vary greatly in size, as a glance at a populous trail will show. They have been christened *macrergates*, *desmergates* and *micrergates*; or we may call the largest maxims, the average middle class mediums, and the tiny chaps minims, and all have more or less separate functions in the ecology of the colony. The minims are replicas in miniature of the

big chaps, except that their armor is pale cinnamon rather than chestnut. Although they are too small to cut through leaves, and they have very definite duties in the nest; yet they are found with every leaf-cutting gang, hastening along with their larger brethren, but never doing anything, that I could detect, at their journey's end. I have a suspicion that the little minims, who are very numerous, function as light cavalry; for in case of danger they are as eager at attack as the great soldiers, and the leaf-cutters, absorbed in their arduous labor, would benefit greatly from the immunity ensured by a flying corps of their little bulldog comrades.

I can readily imagine that these nesting minims become weary and foot-sore (like bank-clerks guarding a reservoir), and if instinct allows such abominable individuality, they must often wish themselves back at the nest, for every mile of a medium is three miles to them.

Here is where our mechanical formula breaks down; for, often, as many as one in every five leaves that pass bears aloft a minim or two, clinging desperately to the waving leaf and getting a free ride at the expense of the already overburdened medium. Ten is the extreme number seen, but six to eight minims collected on a single leaf is not uncommon. Several times I have seen one of these little banner-riders shift deftly from leaf to leaf, when a swifter carrier passed by, as a circus bareback rider changes steeds at full gallop.

Once I saw enacted above ground, and in the light of day, something which may have had its roots in an *Anlage* of divine discontent. If I were describing the episode half a century ago, I should entitle it, 'The Battle of the Giants, or Emotion Enthroned.' A quadruple line of leaf-carriers was disappearing down a hole in front of

the laboratory, bumped and pushed by an out-pouring, empty-jawed mass of workers. As I watched them, I became aware of an area of great excitement beyond the hole. Getting down as nearly as possible to ant height, I witnessed a terrible struggle. Two giants — of the largest soldier maxim caste — were locked in each other's jaws, and to my horror, I saw that each had lost his abdomen. The antennæ and the abdomen petiole are the only vulnerable portions of an *Atta*, and long after he has lost these apparently dispensable portions of his anatomy, he is able to walk, fight, and continue an active but erratic life. These mighty-jawed fellows seem never to come to the surface unless danger threatens; and my mind went down into the black, musty depths, where it is the duty of these soldiers to walk about and wait for trouble. What could have raised the ire of such stolid neuters against one another? Was it sheer lack of something to do? or was there a cell or two of the winged caste lying fallow within their bodies, which, stirring at last, inspired a will to battle, a passing echo of romance, of the activities of the male *Atta*?

Their unnatural combat had stirred scores of smaller workers to the highest pitch of excitement. Now and then, out of the mêlée, a medium would emerge, with a tiny minim in his jaws. One of these carried his still living burden many feet away, along an unused trail, and dropped it. I examined the small ant, and found that it had lost an antenna, and its body was crushed. When the ball of fighters cleared, twelve small ants were seen clinging to the legs and heads of the mutilated giants, and now and then these would loosen their hold on each other, turn, and crush one of

their small tormenters. Several times I saw a medium rush up and tear a small ant away, apparently quite insane with excitement.

Occasionally the least exhausted giant would stagger to his four and a half remaining legs, hoist his assailant, together with a mass of the midgets, high in air, and stagger for a few steps, before falling beneath the onrush of new attackers. It made me wish to help the great insect, who, for aught I knew, was doomed because he was different — because he had dared to be an individual.

I left them struggling there, and half an hour later, when I returned, the episode was just coming to a climax. My *Atta* hero was exerting his last strength, flinging off the pile that assaulted him, fighting all the easier because of the loss of his heavy body. He lurched forward, dragging the second giant, now dead, not toward the deserted trail or the world of jungle around him, but headlong into the lines of stupid leaf-carriers, scattering green leaves and flower-petals in all directions. Only when dozens of ants threw themselves upon him, many of them biting each other in their wild confusion, did he rear up for the last time, and, with the whole mob, rolled down into the yawning mouth of the *Atta* nesting-hole, disappearing from view, and carrying with him all those hurrying up the steep sides. It was a great battle. I was breathing fast with sympathy, and whatever his cause, I was on his side.

The next day both giants were lying on the old, disused trail; the revolt against absolute democracy was over; ten thousand ants passed to and fro without a dissenting thought, or any thought, and the Spirit of the *Attas* was content.

WHAT DO BOYS KNOW?

BY ALFRED G. ROLFE

'ALL men are liars,' said the Psalmist, in his haste. It was a rash statement, which, doubtless, he had cause later to regret. Were he living now, and a teacher of youth, he might well be tempted to say in his wrath, 'All young people are fools'; and again he would be wrong, at least so far as boys are concerned. Girls I must leave to those who know them better than I. They look intelligent; but appearances are deceitful, and their conversation, while picturesque, is not always reassuring.

Once there was a girl who, through all the courses of a long dinner, entertained her neighbor with sprightly talk. At the time he thought that he had never enjoyed a conversation more; but when he meditated upon it, in the cold night watches, he realized that he had done all the talking, her share being confined to two words, 'rippin' and 'rath-er.' The rest was 'charm.' That is, however, another story.

I have a theory that girls know better than boys how to make a little information, as well as a limited vocabulary, go a long way. It is a theory the truth of which it is difficult for me to establish, and I shall not attempt to do so. Boys, on the other hand, seem at times to glory in their ignorance. They wear it as a garment; they flaunt it in one's face. 'The world is still deceived with ornament,' but not by them. Knowledge is theirs, but 'knowledge never learned of schools,' hidden below the surface. This makes them a fascinating, if baffling, subject of study, and gives point to the query, 'What do boys know?'

For some years it has been part of my job as master in a large preparatory school for boys, to make out each year two 'information tests,' and to superintend the correction of the papers. Each test contains one hundred questions, and presupposes on the part of the pupil a bowing acquaintance with the masterpieces of English literature, including the Bible, some knowledge of the political doings of the day at home and abroad, and a smattering of what is politely, but vaguely, styled 'general information,' which comes from the habit of keeping open the eyes and ears.

The boys who take the tests range from twelve to nineteen years of age and are, for the most part, sons of wealthy parents. They have enjoyed all the advantages that money can buy. Many have traveled widely. Not a few have been exposed to the society of refined and cultured persons.

The tests are anticipated with an interest that amounts almost to enthusiasm. There are book prizes for the winners, and the successful ones receive from their fellows plaudits not usually given in this day and generation to those whose wits are nimbler than their heels.

After reading some hundreds of these 'general information' papers, I am forced to conclude that the average boy's ignorance of literature, especially of the Bible, is profound, not to say abysmal. The unplumbed depth of the abyss may, perhaps, be assigned to the youth who gave as his version of the third commandment, 'Thou shalt not

commit Deuteronomy!' but he will not lack company. The question, 'Who led the children of Israel into the Promised Land?' brought out an amazing array of candidates for that high honor, beginning with Noah, embracing all the prophets, major and minor, and ending with 'Moses, the Baptist.' Answers to the question, 'What book of the Old Testament has no mention of God?' ranged impartially from Genesis to Malachi, with a strong bias toward the former, in spite of its opening words, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

It is only too evident that in many modern households family worship is unknown. No longer does 'the priest-like father read the sacred page,' while 'the children round the ingle form a circle wide.' As a matter of fact, one would have to look far to find an ingle in a modern apartment; the father, quite unpriestlike in garb and conversation, is on the links, or snuggling with pipe and paper in his easy chair; the children are swinging wide in quite another sort of circle, and the family Bible, if there be one, is lying, neglected, on the table, hidden from sight by *The New Republic*, *Vanity Fair* (not Thackeray's), and *the Golfer's Companion*.

How, then, is the boy to become acquainted with 'the only book,' as Walter Scott would have it? In Church and Sunday School? Many a boy never has attended either of them. In the public school? The Bible was banished from it long ago.

There remains the private school, in whose curriculum may be found a brief course in 'Bible,' which, in the boy's mind, takes its place with his other lessons, to be learned, recited, and joyfully forgotten as soon as possible. Why should he know who pulled down the temple of Dagon, or who slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass? These tragic happenings mean no

more to him than the death of Baldur, the exploits of Asurbanipal, or many other 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.'

Clearly, then, the fault lies not with the boy. Teacher and parent must share the blame, and it would ill become one who views the matter from the standpoint of the teacher only, to say which is the more culpable.

Unfortunately, the boy's ignorance of the great English masterpieces is not limited to the Bible. Profane literature receives but little better treatment at his hands. Every boy has a few favorite authors, whom he holds responsible for all that has been written in prose or verse since Shakespeare's day. Longfellow heads the list, with Tennyson and Kipling following closely; and many are the crimes that are committed in their names. There is some reason for attributing *The Vision of Sir Launfal* to Lord Tennyson, for he sang of knights and their visions; but why should he be made to father *Two Years before the Mast*, *Westward Ho!* and *The Ancient Mariner*? Evidently, in the minds of many boys, 'the sea is his, and he made it.' There are, however, two poems which every boy hails with joy as his very own. These are *Hiawatha* and *The Raven*. Few boys have read them, and fewer could quote a line of them, but the majority identify without difficulty quotations from either. How the boy knows them, I cannot tell, nor can he. It is one of the curiosities of literature.

'The proper study of mankind is man,' but it is evident that boykind has not greatly concerned itself with the study of boy: for we learn that the centre of the nervous system is the spine, spleen, lungs, pancreas, and 'diafram'; the bones of the forearm are the elbow, biceps, forceps, and *habeas corpus*; the normal temperature of the human body varies from fifty to two hundred and

twelve degrees, Fahrenheit; and one element in the atmosphere essential to the support of human life is gasoline, the other being, presumably, 'Mobiloil.'

The female of the species, if not more deadly than the male, is, in the boy's mind, more pervasive, for the feminine of ram is doe, dam, yew, roe, nanny-goat, and she-ram; while the feminine of farmer — hardly a fair question, that — is milkmaid, old maid, *farmeuse*, husband-woman, and Mrs. Farmer.

It has long been maintained that no English word rhymes with window, but one test brought to light several such rhymes, among them widow, Hindu, akimbo, shadow, billow, and potato!

When the history and geography of the United States are in question, the answers are equally astounding. The largest city of Ohio is Detroit, St. Louis, 'Sinsinnatah,' and 'Omerhaw.' (The average boy refuses to be a slave to orthography.) Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Roosevelt were all *impeached*, Farragut was admiral in the Spanish war, and Mr. Taft was the *third* President of the United States. In the youthful mind 'a hundred years are as a day,' and it matters little whether Lee surrendered at Appomattox or at Yorktown.

There is, however, a brighter side of the picture. Mother-wit often comes to the aid of ignorance, and the task of the examiner is lightened by many a gleam of humor. What, for instance, could be better than the answer which one boy gave to the question, 'Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?' His natural answer would have been, 'You can search me'; but flippancy is not encouraged; so he replied, 'The natives who lived along the shore.' Another defined *conjunctivitis* as 'the knack of getting along with people'; and a third would have a *baracuda* 'a feast where oxen are roasted whole.'

'How many legs has a Kaffir?' was a

staggerer. Conjecture ranged from two to twelve, the majority favoring three, without making it clear what the unfortunate creature could do with the odd leg.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? May we say in our haste that all boys are fools? Prithee, not too fast. These are out-of-doors boys, living in a world of motor-cars, air-planes, and wireless. Many a boy who could not for his life name a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet, can, by the sound of the engine, 'spot' every motor-car made in this country, improvise an aerial from the springs of his bed, or draw a model of a gasoline engine that would do credit to a mechanical engineer. Children of Martha, 'they are concerned with matters hidden — under the earth-line their altars lie.'

Perhaps they have chosen the better part. Who can say? At any rate, they are content to leave letters to those who love them; to let their secretaries do their spelling, and politicians manage the government, 'while they finger death at their gloves' end.'

I, who can distinguish but two makes of automobiles without giving a furtive glance at the hub-caps, am thankful that it is mine to ask the questions, not to answer them. I know full well that many boys who cannot say whether Keats is a poet or a breakfast food could make out a test that would put their masters to shame.

Times have changed, and those who aspire to ride the whirlwind have neither time nor inclination to trudge along the dusty paths of learning that their fathers trod.

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.—

and he who judges a quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel has no easy task.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE BELL

BY BELLE SKINNER

ON the thirteenth of September, 1920, the bell was christened.

It was a perfect day — not a cloud in the blue sky, not a breath of wind, not too warm, not too cool, brilliant sunshine — a perfect day.

The little village on the hill, the gray ruins of the Gothic church, the bell-tower, the classic lines of the old market, the red-tiled roofs of the few rebuilt cottages — all these, with the French and American flags and garlands of laurel leaves, made an incomparable setting for the ceremony.

The idea came about through a conversation with my host, the curé of Hattonchâtel, in which he told me of the ancient glories of the village, of its long ecclesiastical history dating back to the tenth century. In those early days Hattonchâtel was famous as a place of retreat for the bishops of Verdun, Metz, and Toul, from one of whom, Bishop Hatton, it took its name, *châtel*, of course, being the old form of *château*; and for several succeeding centuries it belonged to the Church — a fortress village enclosed by high, thick walls.

It was during its ecclesiastical existence that Hattonchâtel acquired most of its glory. The present church was built then, pure Gothic in style, as were the cloisters connecting the church with the bishop's palace at the end of the street; for bishops in those days did not walk exposed to the elements. Houses for the priests who came in the bishop's train were built then, also, and the famous old Market, now one of the

Monuments Historiques of France. But though Hattonchâtel was, first of all, an ecclesiastical village, it was not unknown to the Court; its forest was one of the hunting preserves of Louis XIV; and during the season for chasing the wild boar, Hattonchâtel heard more than the mass.

Time passed.

Wars were fought around the village; for Hattonchâtel has always been the heart's desire of conquerors. Lying as it does on the crest of a high hill, which juts out like a promontory into the valley of the Meuse six hundred feet below, it dominates the countryside, and in the days of milder warfare was practically unassailable.

The Swedish bombardment, however, of the fourteenth century did its work well. The walls of the fortress were broken down, the strong gates demolished, and its entrance being no longer barred, peasant-life appeared in Hattonchâtel.

Out of the stones of the almost wholly destroyed church property the newcomers built their homes; and as the centuries passed, the fame of Hattonchâtel was no longer in the splendor of the Roman Church or in the brilliance of the French Court; rather, its glory lay in the courage of those spirits whose descendants, undaunted, are to-day resurrecting their devastated provinces — the peasants of France.

Monsieur le curé sadly called my attention to the empty bell-tower, and told me what the church bell means to a rural community in France: how the

villagers love and listen for it and sing songs about it, and how they speak of it affectionately as of a person, for bells have names in France. It is the bell that wakens them in the early morning and sends them to the fields to work; it tells them the noon hour; and again, the day's work done, it sounds the Angelus, bidding the faithful to prayer. It announces all the fêtes, it rings for the marriages, the births, the deaths.

Then the curé went on to tell me how, during the German occupation of the village, their church bell had been taken away and melted for military purposes, and they had heard no bell in Hattonchâtel for five long years.

The story was so simple, so appealing, that I could only say, 'Oh, monsieur le curé, let me replace the stolen bell.'

He replied, 'Ah, mademoiselle, Germany must pay for the wanton destruction she wrought in our villages, but, of course, we do not know when we can collect the money, and in the meantime — perhaps —'

So the bell was ordered, of bronze, a metre in height.

It is beautifully embossed with the symbols of the Roman Church, to which was added, according to custom, its name.

I fell in with the curé's suggestion that the bell should have my name; but my name is Belle, and the curé with a rueful shake of his head objected that no saint had ever been named Belle, and church bells must bear the names of saints. I admitted that I had been christened Isabel. Smiling approval, and with a splendid disregard of the English spelling, the curé wrote out, 'Isabelle.'

But that was not all. A bell, it seems, must have two Christian names.

The curé looked at me inquiringly. I suggested Ruth, my other name. With a deprecating gesture he replied

testily, 'No, no, we cannot have Ruth.' As I had no other name to offer, the curé, inscrutable as the Sphinx, impatiently tapped his pencil on the table and said, 'Then choose a name.'

Almost with fear and trembling I gave my mother's, 'Sarah.'

'Ah, Sarah has been sainted,' he replied softly, and wrote in full, 'Sarah Isabelle.'

It piqued my disposition to inquire — Isabelle a saint in perfectly good standing: Ruth without the fold. Why, I wondered? But I did not ask the curé. I rarely bother him with questions. When I am a part of his household, I feel that I am living Balzac, and I would not venture to show an indiscreet curiosity that might break the charm.

In that war-torn house the spell of the eighteenth century is everywhere — in the irregular flagstones of the corridors, in the bits of faded wall-paper still hanging here and there, even in the cheap oak centre table about which we sat for our many conferences — a strange company: the curé alert, resourceful, always the dominant figure; the mayor shy, silent, determined; the notary looking like a sketch by Thackeray, and talking grandiloquently — these three children of Hattonchâtel breathing forth the atmosphere of old France, and I of another age and world, yet feeling through them the antiquity, the splendor, and the genius of their country, their ideal of patriotism; seeing through their eyes the changeless character and fearless courage of the men and women of Northern France, who, in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties and hardships, are already beginning life anew amid the ruins.

Hattonchâtel on the Côtes-de-Meuse, in all its quaint beauty, has been quite unknown to tourists. Before the war the only way of visiting the village was

on foot. Now there is a good motor-road to the top of the hill; but the village itself remains the France of two hundred years ago, unchanged. Generation after generation of French peasants have lived as their fathers lived, and died as their fathers died, within the village walls, knowing nothing and desiring nothing but Hattonchâtel.

This village, then, gave the setting for the mediæval ceremony of the christening of the bell. We had chosen the date — September the thirteenth, the second anniversary of the liberation of the village by French and American troops, the two armies having come together at the foot of the hill. The exact point of meeting is marked by a stone shaft erected about a year ago, by the Salvation Army, to the memory of the First Division, the first of our troops to engage with the French in the battle for Hattonchâtel.

Perhaps because the hill was of such military importance during the Great War, perhaps because it was wrested from the Germans by the help of America, perhaps, too, a little because the new church bell would so soon and for always speak of America's love for France — perhaps for these reasons the authorities decided to add to the christening ceremony exercises by the State in celebration of the partial reconstruction of the village, especially the installation of the water-system. General Berthéléot, Governor-General of Metz, was chosen to represent the Army, and the Sous-Préfet of the Meuse, to represent the Department.

When I looked out of my window in the curé's house, at eight o'clock on the morning of the great day, the hill was already black with people coming to the fête. Some of them had walked half the night, so eager were they to be present. Up the hill they came, in families, in pairs, in groups of eight or ten,

old and young, weak and strong, many of them wearing the costumes of Alsace and Lorraine, all in holiday attire, their worn faces aglow with pleasure and excitement — coming to the Christening.

The exercises began with mass at ten o'clock, at which a tablet dedicated to the memory of the soldier dead of Hattonchâtel was unveiled. This ceremony, conducted by Monseigneur Génisty, the Bishop of Verdun, took place in the ruins of the church. There was no cover over our heads. Not a vestige of roof remains. During the five years that the interior of the church has been exposed to the weather, shrubs four or five feet high have grown up in the nave; and it was against this lovely background of green that we built a temporary altar. On one side of the altar was improvised a throne for the bishop; on the other the peasant choir was grouped about a little portable organ.

The scene amid the ruins: the bishop in his purple robes, the acolytes in crimson slowly swinging the golden censers, the low chanting of the attendant priests and the youthful voices of the choir in response — this, with the sun's rays glinting on fragments of precious old glass still hanging in the battered window-frames, making them flash like jewels, and every available nook and corner packed with peasants, their heads bowed in reverence, made an unforgettable picture. As the services proceeded and the prayers were read, a fanfare of trumpets, from the *chasseurs-à-pied* stationed in the cloister, thrilled us with the thought of what the French army had meant to civilization, as it saddened us with the remembrance of France's terrible losses in the war, the while the smoke of the burning incense rising through the roofless church to heaven made us feel that every prayer for the soldier dead was mounting straight to the Throne of God.

The mass ended, we went outside for the principal event of the day — the Christening of the Bell.

This ceremony of mediæval origin, performed with all the pomp and dignity of the Roman Church, was full of picturesque details. Above us was the cloudless blue, around us were the wrecks of war — heaps and heaps of stones piled high, the tottering walls of the church, its bell-tower strangely upright; beyond, on all sides, the peasants, the black Alsatian bows and the white caps of Lorraine mingling with the dull gray garments of every day, all eagerly crowding in. Against these sombre colors the brilliant uniforms of the general and his staff stood out in vivid contrast; while stretching up the village street and fading away into the sky were masses of horizon blue, the uniform of the poilu of France.

The bell was placed on a low platform near the entrance to the cloisters. It was hung in a wooden frame entwined with green garlands and pink roses, and surmounted by a golden cross. At the right of the platform stood the godfather and godmother of the bell. On the other side were the priests and the choir. Opposite, and facing the bell, we built a tribune for the speakers and invited guests, and decorated it with the flags of France and America.

But the bell did not hang in the frame in its naked bronze: it was draped in a white lace robe, veiled from curious eyes as is a bride, and at a given point in the ceremony, the veil was laid back just as a bride is unveiled at the altar, and the bishop, amid the low chanting of the priests and the burning of the incense, touched it with holy water and pronounced its name.

‘Je m’appelle Sarah Isabelle. J’ai pour parrain Monsieur Jules Haldrech, Maire. J’ai pour marraine Miss Skinner. J’ai été baptisée par Monseigneur

Génisty, l’Évêque de Verdun, le 13 Septembre, 1920, l’Abbé Thierry étant curé à Hattonchâtel.’

The tongue was then placed in the bell, for as yet, remember, no one had heard its voice; a long blue ribbon was attached to it, which the bishop pulled three times, announcing in loud tones to Hattonchâtel and the whole countryside the advent, let us hope, of happier days for those stricken villages. His Grace then passed the ribbon to me, and I too sent the rich tone ringing out across the valley; in turn, the mayor and the curé followed.

Then to the music of the *Marche Lorraine* we crossed over to the tribune, where the civil exercises were opened by General Berthelot. The general paid a graceful tribute to America’s help in the St. Mihiel Salient, with particular reference to Hattonchâtel; after which Monsieur le Sous-Préfet spoke eloquently of the work of reconstruction in the Department of the Meuse, and of what had already been accomplished there. He was followed by Major Cottchett, representing the American Embassy at Paris.

The speeches ended, the *marraine* of the bell, as a part of the christening ceremony and in keeping with its mediæval character, stepped out from the tribune and, amid acclaims and huzzas, quite in the manner of a feudal lord giving largesse, scattered *dragées* to the crowds.

So ended the christening.

Immediately afterward luncheon was served. It was like the feeding of the five thousand, with the miracle left out. The peasants of the village were served in their own homes; the principal guests were seated at a long table in the open square; the crowds found places for themselves among the ruins; but all were served. While we were engaged in eating, the newly christened bell was hoisted into the belfry, and a little later,

very dramatically, just as the champagne was being served, it pealed forth. The silence of five years of suffering was broken. Instinctively the musicians struck up the *Sambre et Meuse*, the whole company rose to its feet and, with tears in eyes and voice, saluted 'Sarah Isabelle.'

Toward evening we went down the

hill, — on foot, like pilgrims going to a shrine, — and in the deep shadow we placed upon the monument to the First Division a laurel wreath. Carried as it was by two common soldiers, a doughboy of America and a poilu of France, to us it symbolized the close union of the two great Republics — together in war, together in peace.

FOR INSTANCE — PAUL ZONBOR

BY HARRY HUBERT FIELD

Unless we take seriously to heart the education of . . . the foreign-born, we shall sooner or later suffer the consequences.

— GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING.

I

PAUL ZONBOR, son of a Hungarian laborer, was born in a small village near the town of Temesvar, where German is the common tongue.

In his childhood, Paul went to the village school, where, as he saw it in after years, the chief subject of enlightenment was, in general, the greatness and glory of the reigning families of the Austro-Hungarian kingdoms, and, in particular, the names of each and every prince, duke, and baron of the Hapsburg Empire, their titles, their great services to the country, their still greater service to the world at large. Supermen, these all, as Paul and his mates were taught: gods on earth, to be feared and venerated.

At the age of twelve, Paul, taken from school, was sent into the fields, where, with other laborers, he worked

for a wage that barely bought food enough to maintain life, leaving the acquisition of clothing to kindly hazard.

As to the fields themselves, they belonged to a wealthy baron. His name the laborers knew, but not his face. What, indeed, should such a fine gentleman do, in a place so barbarous, so outlandish as this his estate on the Temes?

Still, it appeared he had need of whatever they could possibly make for him. So they went to work at sunrise. And when the sun stood over their heads, they stopped to eat their midday meal. And when the sun sank low, they stumbled home, dog-tired, to their rest, only to rise with the morrow's sun for another day like the last. The sky was their only clock, its moods their only variety.

Thus the years passed, until the time drew near when Paul must follow his brothers and his friends into the army, to serve his two years of compulsory training.

Now, the chief conscious grievance among the peasant inhabitants of the Temes district was that their sons were

forced to give two years out of their young lives for this same military training; forced to give two precious years to learn to defend with their own blood the lands of their princes and dukes; to learn to fight for their task-master's sake, whenever their task-master's lands or privileges might be endangered.

Further, the men conscripted from the Temes district must join a regiment officered by Austrians, who neither understood their men nor were in the least concerned about their lives or comforts. 'Hungarian dogs,' their expression ran, 'what are they fit for but cannon-fodder in case of need! Everything to its use.'

Then, when the young men came back to the village, the two years done, invariably they brought tales of brutal floggings undergone, of long sentences served in unspeakable prisons, of prodigious cruelties wantonly inflicted for offenses that, in the eyes of humane officers, would have passed unrecognized as offenses at all. Many wore disfiguring scars — the marks of willful blows from Austrian officers. And so, as the time came near when Paul must stand his turn, his ever-present under-horror became a constant obsession, and his nightly dreams were of conscription, of Austrian officers striking him with swords, of hideous black dungeons in which he fought for his food, fought for his life, fought for his reason, against battalions of rats.

Then came a Sunday afternoon when an uncle visited the Zonbors' mean little cottage, bringing a letter from his son, Paul's cousin, who had dared the unknown and crossed the sea. The letter spoke of a new land of promise — of a country of the free, where men earned more than a mere existing wage; a country where men *were* men, not mere slaves to the earth.

Thus it was that Paul Zonbor first heard of the United States of America.

And from that very Sunday he determined to leave to the Austrian officers one man less to maltreat — to follow his bold cousin and to try his luck in the Country of the Free.

II

It was in the spring of the year 1906, to be exact, that a ship crowded with emigrants from Southeastern Europe, entering New York Harbor, brought as an atom among the horde this son of a Hungarian laborer, from the little village near Temesvar.

Once ashore, the atom shared a common lot — he was caught by one of the swarm of mercenary employment agents, who are always alert and eager to clutch any ignorant victim, to suck out his all.

These labor agencies are often owned and staffed by men born in Central Europe — men who, when first they set foot in America, were themselves helpless atoms in a helpless mass, and who themselves fell easy prey to the sharks. But, their own sufferings outlived, they draw from their scars no lesson of compassion — nothing but a sinister shrewdness in doing as they were done by. Posing as friends of the stranger in the land, they exploit the ignorance of their own countrymen, and make a cannibal livelihood by skinning them alive.

But Paul Zonbor knew nothing of these things. And now, whether for good or for evil, he had arrived in the Promised Land. To-day, years later, — a point which should be borne well in mind throughout this account, — to-day, years later, Paul Zonbor, looking back on these his first experiences, entirely forgets the nationality of those who skinned him, remembering only that it was in America, the Land of the Free, the Promised Land, that he was so skinned.

The job that he got from the cannibals took him into a night bakery, in the colossal city. Here again his mother-tongue, German, greeted him — was the only language either spoken or understood; and during the period that followed, he not only worked, but lived, moved, had his entire being among a German-speaking, German-thinking population. Never did it occur to him — never was it suggested to him — to try to learn something about the strange country that he had so newly made his home. His work left him stupefied. He seemed to have neither will nor energy nor imagination, when it was done, to reach out beyond into the true meaning, whatever that might be, of the Promised Land. He did not even suspect that it had another aspect than that in which he slaved. To all intents, he was living in Hungary, under Austrian influences still.

But even to-day he does not realize this. He still thinks that America, the Promised Land, of her own deliberate greed and inhumanity shoved him into that hole.

Yet, through the haze in his dull brain, one longing did arise and grow — a great and greater longing for open air. After the big skies of Central Europe, the long nights in an underground bakery, so suddenly assumed, were soon intolerable; and, after he had taken his necessary amount of sleep, the rag of daylight that remained was not enough. So, after a few months of stifling, the emigrant, bestirring himself, made shift for breath, and changed his vocation to that of laborer for a contracting company. You can see the like of him, any hour of any day, in any big city, handling a pick or shovel in the excavation for a new sky-scraper. And so, with no wider change, his life wound on.

But one morning came an incident: the man at the control carelessly pushed the wrong lever. Bang! Crash! A

cry — a moan — silence. The crane had dropped its load. And two men who, a moment before, had been active bread-winners, lay motionless, crushed to death. The boss came along to gather the story, while the dead men lay at his feet.

‘Oh, well — they’re only Hunkies!’ he exclaimed, prefacing his orders with that one phrase of relief.

Paul Zonbor caught the words, and, by a perverse chance, he understood them every one. Through the fogs in his brain they took on life and glowed dully, with an evil fire. And they made his first clear picture of the concept that he was finally to call America.

America, he perceived, was a place where ‘Hunkies’ did not matter, alive or dead. American bosses, then, were merely Austrian officers in another guise. ‘Only Hunkies’ and ‘cannon-fodder’ were synonyms.

The laborers had no right under the crane?

The incident was an exceptional one?

Not more than one boss in a thousand is like the man that Paul heard speak?

True, true, true; and that thousandth boss was probably born anywhere on earth except under the Eagle of Liberty.

All true. Yet Paul Zonbor, living in the Promised Land, to this day thinks of that early boss of his as a typical American, and believes the typical American boss to be a cold-blooded slave-driver.

To be sure, he himself has since had bosses who have treated him in a humane and friendly way; but these, he is certain, must be the exceptions that prove the rule, as the only ones that he hears of aside from his own experience are described as slave-drivers and brutes.

Next, while Paul was working with the spade, came an opportunity to go to Pittsburgh, at better wages. He went.

Once arrived in the great iron centre, again he found whole communities living the only life he knew, speaking the only tongue he understood, and being the only things he imagined men to be. Here again, it was as if a piece of the Hapsburg Empire had been transplanted into the heart of the United States. Here, to such a community he naturally gravitated, and was at once submerged. Here, too, he met the woman he made his wife — a woman differing in no degree or habit from the one he would have married had he never left his native land.

By and by bad times came to Pittsburgh — strikes and riots, want and misery. Men were tossed about, pawns in a game they did not understand. Thus we find Paul Zonbor, with a handful of his countrymen, again casting loose and moving with all their possessions — this time to Buffalo.

Here Paul locates in a section of the city where he is able to buy all the necessities of life from stores owned by his countrymen; where the Austrians, the Southern Europeans, the Germans, have their own saloons, their own banks and clubs; where they never come into contact with English-speaking Americans outside their laboring hours.

And again Paul is swallowed up in a little Central Europe, under the spray of Niagara Falls!

III

Nevertheless, what with the passing of years, what with the evolution of natural character, Paul, for all the tightness of the shell in which he has lived, has grown. He has a certain quality now — and a heightened value. He can command steady work. In fact, he actually spent eight years under the same roof, in the great Buffalo plant that employed him. He has climbed upward in the respect of his community; has

become a leader, well-liked and trusted; is the elected chairman of the club.

Moreover, he has learned, or so he believes, about America. If now you were to ask Paul any sort of questions about present-day politics, you would find that he possesses an amazing familiarity with things about which he knows nothing whatever. His knowledge to-day includes a great deal more than the history of the Hapsburg dynasty. He is ready and glib in discussing Bolshevism, Atheism, Darwinism, Marxism, Prohibition, John Brown, or the Mayflower. The names of labor leaders the world over are common to his memory, and he can dilate on the particular creed and preaching of each one.

Where did he gain all this knowledge? In America?

Yes, surely, since the laborer of the Temes knew nothing of it.

From Americans?

Most emphatically, no! America has not concerned herself with the mental processes of Paul Zonbor. Using his hands as vital tools, teaching him at most a little English in order to direct these tools, she has taken no cognizance of his mental processes beyond those used in shop practice.

It appears, however, that some sort of power exists, has existed, that does see a use for Paul's mentality. This power manifests itself in several shapes. For example, it supplies Paul Zonbor with weekly newspapers printed in the language he best understands — German. It supplies him also with whatever books he may desire to read, all written in that same language. That those books heavily tend to certain main lines, are chosen with purpose, and that his desires are guided toward them; that his judgment is distorted by them, is not apparent to Paul. His horizon affords so restricted a vision, that variety of conditions and compari-

son of values can play little part there as disputants of any systematic invader. And the actual invader is systematic indeed!

As has already been stated, Paul presides over a club. This club has a very considerable number of members, for Paul's class is large in the manufacturing city by the Falls. But the whole organization has not one real American member, and it would be strange to hear an English word spoken within its walls. It is, however, an exceedingly live and active centre. It has endless inner societies for all sorts of ends. But beyond that, it has an amazing lot of debates, meetings, lectures, concerts, where the proceedings, it seems, are stimulated by, and infused with a steady and consistent current from without.

Nothing that is done here in any way relates to America's America. Whether it be in songs, discussions, or teaching, the underlying trend is very strong and is always the same.

All the lecturers are 'sent' from some mysterious elsewhere. All lecture in German, and the majority of them state either that they are Russians or that they have been in Russia quite recently. Russia and Labor in that and other distant parts are, almost exclusively, the subjects of their talk. And never do they miss a chance to quicken their hearers' hatred against the employing classes of any country in the world.

Always they affirm that the laborers of other countries are ready to rise and salute Bolshevism, if only they can be sure that in the United States a majority will follow them. They tell how prosperous the Russians are, under their present rulers; how every man has to work for a living, — labor for a living, — explaining that thus none has to work for more than six hours a day. They tell how, in Russia, all profits are shared, and thus all alike are wealthy;

and how more schools have been built by the régime of the last order than were built in a generation of Tsardom. And above all, always they beseech, nay, order, their audiences not to believe one word that is printed in the American press.

'All that it says is lies, damned, deliberate lies,' the speaker repeats, with a fire and an eloquence that drives his words deep. 'America the land of the free? Bah! Russia is the only free country on the face of the earth to-day. It is the only country that has rid itself of the High Capitalist — the gorging, wine-bibbing High Capitalist. *He* is your true enemy, with his wines and his women — as bad, and a hundred times worse than the officers that you thought abused you in the old days at home. Why, look at the hugeness of the thing: the men you see around you — the plant managers, the foremen and what-nots — are scarcely better off, in principle, than you are yourselves. They are only the tools of the High Capitalist. They are only slave-gang bosses, who *have* to drive you in order to keep their jobs. Pity them. The High Capitalists are nothing else than blood-sucking vampires, forever bleeding every man under their control, from the first down, in order to make a few more dollars to keep their palaces of wickedness.

'*But our day is coming*, mind you. Our plans are laid, our hour is close at hand. When the moment arrives, we shall strike in every country at the same time. Russia has already set us our example. Germany is on our side. Italy, Canada, France, and England will rise as one man when our leaders give the signal. Here in the United States we are well organized; but remember that each one of you has to spread our doctrine each hour of every day. So our victory is assured.'

What response does this teaching, preached day by day, year by year,

awaken in Paul Zonbor and the like of him? Keep sight of the fact that Paul Zonbor, — now confessedly a Bolshevik, — like nearly all Bolsheviks and I.W.W.'s, was born in an environment of hate. In his earliest childhood he saw his parents and all their world hating, bitterly hating, the rulers, the rich men, the officials of his native land. And he, in his turn and on his own account, grew up to hate them as bitterly.

Then, being perhaps something more virile than the rest, he left his native land to escape the exploiter of 'cannon-fodder,' taking refuge in the Land of the Free. He had expected much of this Promised Land. He had been taught, and had taught himself, to regard it most truly as heaven on a new earth, where men were paid fabulous sums for half the work that on the Temes barely bought food enough to maintain life. Were not the dollars huge weekly, nay, daily, fortunes when translated into his native currency?

Yet once in the Promised Land, what had he found? Was it not the term 'cannon-fodder' giving place, when the crane drops its load, to 'only a Hunkie,' while the mill grinds on over the dead?

Then other things happened — things that, in the dim light of the world in which he groped, nobody interpreted to him — nobody, until 'they' hunted him out with the doctrine that gives fresh direction to the old, fierce faculty of hate. So that, as the New World increasingly disappointed him, as the beauties of the Old World gradually blotted out, in his memory, the grievances that drove him across the sea, he transferred his hatred, strengthened with the strength of his full maturity, to objects chosen by the only teachers that came his way.

'Who are the High Capitalists?' you ask him now. 'Is the head of this plant one?'

'He? No. *He* works himself. You can see that. He is only a slave, driven like the rest of us.'

'Is the president of the corporation one?'

Paul hesitates. 'I don't know. I should have to see how much stock he owns. *But I can find out.* In two days' time. Do you want to know?'

And so you find that the 'High Capitalist' actually has no other name, no definite identity in Paul's mind, but is, in fact, merely an imaginary figure conjured behind mists by paid revolutionary agitators.

IV

What is the cure for this prodigious ignorance that is so genuinely misleading a great part of the foreign-born labor in America to-day?

As for those who make their livelihood by preaching a foul and destructive doctrine, — those who defile the world for greed and desilement's sake, — they are best left alone, with rope enough to hang themselves, since hang they will, if given time and space.

But as for those who are honestly deceived and misguided, like Paul Zonbor, they, surely, have a just claim on men of better understanding to be shown the truth, the way to right thinking and right living by the code of the Golden Rule.

If a right-thinking man sees a forest on fire, he will immediately take steps to quench that fire, no matter to whom the forest may belong. Yet many men who do themselves see outbreaks of the flame started in Russia and smouldering the world over, instead of jumping to help smother it, turn their heads away, either because they believe it to be none of their business, or because they are too self-occupied to care for the world at large.

That is to say, they will wait until

their neighbors have been destroyed and the flames have reached their own doors, before they will stir in their common duty.

When the Reds of Buffalo were arrested, at the beginning of last year, Paul Zonbor was overlooked. Paul had been pro-German in his sympathies all through the war, although not at that time an actively dangerous man. Since the Armistice, however, the multiplied weight of Bolshevik propaganda directed upon him as a key man, influencing the thought of his fellows, had had its cumulative effect. He was now in the condition where any spark might incite him to translate his theories into bloody facts. Yet Paul was overlooked, in the arrests of the Reds, although many of his friends and followers went to jail; whence, after two weeks in the cells, they were released, to spread with increased vigor their horrible creed, with all the rage of martyrs to a cause.

The authorities of the plant in which Paul had worked for eight years, having got wind of his tendencies, determined, however, to act for themselves. He was an undesirable — a spreader of discontent among his fellow workmen. They would quietly dismiss him without any words as to the cause. They did not want to fan red coals.

Accordingly, one morning, the foreman of the department informed No. 1896, Paul Zonbor, that another man would take over his job.

‘Why? Don’t I give satisfaction?’ asked Paul.

Paul, by the way, was one of the most valuable men in his line. He carried a string of numbers in his mind running into the thousands, was accurate, trustworthy, and in times of special pressure had scarcely an equal, in his own way, among the plant’s personnel.

‘Satisfaction? Oh, yes,’ replied the foreman; ‘but we have decided that the job is only worth seventy cents an hour,

and you are getting seventy-five. You can go into the cleaning-room. They’re a man short there.’

Now the cleaning-room was the worst place in the whole plant, while the job that Paul held was by no means a bad one. In fact, he ran a sort of small department of his own, with two men under him.

‘That’s not the real reason you are canning me,’ said Paul. ‘Tell me the truth straight out. What’s the matter with me?’

‘I tell you that’s all there is to it,’ repeated the foreman.

‘Then I want to see the manager.’

So Paul saw the manager, only to hear the same statement, unelaborated.

Therefore, hot with rage, believing himself the victim of a great injustice, he went his way, and actually got a better-paying job on the following Monday in a neighboring but different concern.

There, to-day, with an increased following, he carries on his crusade of revolution with increased vigor.

To-day Paul Zonbor is indeed a dangerous man. He is personally honest. He has no weakening vices. He does not drink to excess. He loves his wife and children and is good to them. Unlike the mass of his fellows, he is not now foul-mouthed, whatever he may once have been. He is thrifty, decent, likeable, square. And he uses his brains to the best of the only light that has ever been given him. It comes from Russia and it is Red. It may one day burst into an awful flame.

This is no attempt to answer great questions with a general panacea. It is just the story — the literally true story — of one man — an obscure but, as it happens, a no longer quite negligible or insignificant man.

Perhaps it would have profited the corporation if, instead of allowing his

mind to remain polluted with damnable lies, they had expended time, trouble, and money to show him how, step by step, he has been deceived and then deceived again, until nothing but blackness shows in front of him, and a Red light beyond — a Red light whose gospel he now preaches to his hungrily listening, deeply trusting fellow workers, as the Gospel of Salvation.

Many labor agencies in New York have changed since 1906, although some of them are still of the type that exploited Paul. He could now be shown in that field great and sincere efforts at improvement. He could be shown Ellis Island's schools, concerts, Americanization lectures, and the like. He could be shown the true value of the Workmen's Compensation laws, which he now distrusts. He could be taught the meaning and sincerity of the many legislative measures passed for the prevention of accidents. If done in the right spirit, a course in economics could be so presented that even the one-time laborer on an Austrian baron's estate, who has since learned to think, could be persuaded that capital is as necessary as labor. Wholesome changes could certainly be wrought in that perverted mind; and because Paul Zonbor is honest at heart, is true, lovable, square, and decent-minded, the truth would strike root in his brain.

But, difficult as it might be to attain, there is one conceivable short cut that would be a thousand times more rapid and effective than all this. If the cor-

poration, instead of handling No. 1896, Paul Zonbor, as it did, — kicking him out, furious, ready for any revenge, — had spent \$2000 in sending him to Russia, it would have been repaid many times over. There let him see the actual want, misery, slavery, brutality to-day rampant in that unhappy country. There let him realize that in America he has suffered, not from Americanism, but merely from the carrying out, in America, by Europeans, of European abuses, to-day in Russia pushed to their utmost worst. And then bring him straight back to the plant again, where, after such an experience, he would be the greatest curative force, the greatest force of true Americanism that the corporation could possibly secure for a lessened labor turn-over and industrial peace.

Employers complain that the cost of production is greatly increased by the yearly labor turn-over, often 120 per cent. And nobody can dispute the fact. But it is equally indisputable that, in spite of any improved labor conditions, in spite of the most liberal welfare work, more will have to be done by the majority of employers, as well as by the government, — more and deeper thought given, more intelligent and further-reaching measures taken, more present profits devoted to the effective enlightenment of their human material, — if the labor turn-over is to be perceptibly reduced, and if the Red activities more and more permeating the personnel are to be overcome.

THE NEW ROAD TO EQUALITY

BY GROVER CLARK

“EQUALITY before the law” has been, and still is, one of the favorite battle-cries of the democracy. ‘Class legislation’ and ‘special privilege’ have been equally popular as objects of attack. But there has not been a corresponding unity of interpretation of these phrases — of understanding as to what they are to mean in terms of specific legislation and social organization.

We condemn class legislation and special privilege as severely as did our predecessors. Modern industrial and social development, however, has forced us to a new conception of what belongs under these categories. We insist as strongly as they that men should be equal, before the law, in opportunity, and in all their relations with their fellows. But we are finding that a new technique, a new kind of legislation, and a new attitude on the part of the government are necessary, if that equality is to be real and not merely theoretical.

I

In the care-free days of rampant individualism and the *laissez-faire* theory in industry, the government was supposed to keep its hands off the organization and conduct of industry. Labor laws, factory laws, anti-trust laws — all such were held to be violations of the fundamental right of individuals to pursue life, liberty, and happiness in equality before the law. If some were more successful than others in securing financial or other rewards for their efforts, they were to be congratulated.

And certainly it was no part of the task of the government to handicap men in the race for success. Yet to-day we have such laws in profusion: laws that put a special handicap on some individuals, or give special advantages to others. And our Supreme Court has found it possible to approve, as constitutional, such measures.

If by ‘class legislation’ we mean legislation that favors or restricts some special group in the community, then many of our more important modern laws must plead guilty to this charge. Tariff laws are designed to benefit particular groups — the manufacturers. Labor laws benefit the workers. Anti-trust laws put a handicap on the organizers of business. Income and profit taxes are collected from a very small portion of the whole people. Even the woman’s suffrage amendment was class legislation, since it benefited only a part of the community. Yet we find no great difficulty in approving such measures, because we feel that, while they may apply in practice to special groups, they benefit the community as a whole. And we avoid a technical infringement of the principle of equality by stating the special privileges, or the special prohibitions, in terms of ways of acting rather than of persons, even though we are well aware that in practice certain specific persons, or groups of persons, will be directly affected.

It is little more than soothing self-delusion to say that in this respect there is any essential difference between the stipulation in the Clayton

Anti-Trust Act of 1914, which exempted labor organizations from the prohibitions of the Sherman Act, and the provisions of the old English law, by which the nobility could plead exemption from certain penalties of the law for the common people. Nor is there, from this point of view, any essential difference between a tariff to 'protect' an 'infant industry' and the feudal law that gave the king administration of the estates of minor heirs. In each case special groups are given special advantages.

The difference, of course, is in the social results. We approve the modern regulations in each case, — if we do approve them, — and condemn the ancient, because, as I have suggested, we think the community as a whole is benefited, or injured, as the case may be. But we need to keep clearly in mind, in discussing these matters of special privilege and equality before the law, that most of the 'progressive' measures on which we are inclined to pride ourselves are in reality class legislation; and while we may not approve much of the Socialist programme, we need to be careful about throwing stones while we have so much glass in the walls of our own house.

We condemn, for example, the seizure of socially usable property by the government of the Bolsheviks on the ground that it is class legislation. Yet we approve an excess-profits tax, — at least, the majority of us do, as represented by our lawmakers and our Supreme Court, — which is a seizure, in essentially the same way, of socially usable property. We deny the claim of a monarch that his kingdom is his private property, to do with as he may choose. Of late, like the Bolsheviks, we have begun to deny the similar claim of a manufacturer as to his factory. But we grant the claim to private control of private property in most other cases. Yet there is no essential difference be-

tween these claims. The difference — as in the cases cited above — is not one of kind, but of degree. The question is not whether a person or a group shall be given special privileges or be favored or handicapped by class legislation; rather it is, how far the principle of favoring one group is to be carried, and of the relative size of the group favored.

In other words, we are learning that it is impossible to obtain real equality between men on an individualistic, *laissez-faire* basis. And in actual practice we are seeking that equality by various sorts of special legislation, which favor one group as against another. But our interpretation of the doctrine of equality has lagged behind our practice.

II

This inconsistency between the older conception of equality and much of our recent legislation has not escaped the notice of able students of politics. Nor have some of them failed to point out the growth of a tendency to stratification of the American people into classes delimited, if not actually created, by legislation which definitely grants, or does not positively deny, special privileges to special groups. This, for example, is the point of Mr. George W. Alger's article on 'The Menace of New Privilege,' in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Many see in this tendency a grave danger to American social organization as we know it, and a fundamental challenge to democracy, just because it runs counter to the older, and even now more generally accepted, interpretation of the doctrine of equality. Mr. Alger expresses this point of view most effectively in his concluding paragraph:—

'In the final analysis, the question resolves itself into whether we desire the development in America of class-war by recognizing class-distinctions,

class-rights, and class-privileges, which make, not for peace, but for inevitable conflict. The time has arrived when this great question must receive a far more thorough and consistent study by the American people, not as classes, but as citizens; not as petitioners for special privileges, which the nobles of feudalism surrendered, but as the willing participants in a system of law whose basis is equality, a system which can have no other basis than equality, if democracy is not to perish from the earth.'

But in this 'thorough and consistent study' it will appear, I think, that, crude and in many ways undesirable as this recent class legislation is, it is, after all, the product of a real though somewhat blind striving to reëstablish that real equality before the law, and in the relations between men, which modern industrial development has destroyed. One does not need to be a 'Red' to realize that in actual practice there is little more than a theoretical equality before the law in America to-day. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of certain individuals and certain small groups has given them a power that has made almost a mockery any talk of equality between all men in any significant sphere of life. The tale of the special advantages that wealth has brought its possessors has been told too often to need repetition here. But it is exactly this disturbance of the even balance of equality by the power of accumulated capital that has led to the whole movement for social legislation of all kinds.

Labor laws, factory laws, the exemption of labor-unions from the operation of the anti-trust laws, minimum-wage legislation — all these and the multitude of other attempts to better the conditions of living of the 'have-nots' are fundamentally attempts to restore the balance of equality by putting the

weight of legislation into the scale against the power of capital. All these measures are class legislation, for they give special advantages to one part of the whole group as opposed to some other part. But men have felt that it was necessary to give such advantages, in order to save the large majority from complete domination by a small minority — that is, in order to preserve equality.

III

There can be no serious denial that the attempt to reëstablish equality by these means has had many unfortunate results, or that certain groups have insisted on special privileges for themselves at the expense of the people as a whole. But the labor organizations, the farmers, the cotton-growers, and the rest, are by no means the only ones guilty on this score. And neither can the claim be seriously advanced that the developments in the capitalistic organization of industry, which are in large measure the cause of this attempt, have been an entirely unmixed blessing. These developments, producing the necessity for large accumulations of capital to carry on industry, and the actual accumulation of capital to meet the need, together with our conception of the rights of private property, have given a disproportionate share of power to a relatively small group in the community, and so have eliminated real equality, whether before the law, or of opportunity, or in any vital sense.

But the fight for equality will go on. And, whether we like it or not, so long as the social organization and the laws permit certain men — or certain small groups — to secure and hold more than their share of actual power and opportunity, so long will the effort be continued to right the balance by organization into groups and by legislation favoring the non-privileged groups.

Whether this attempt by the larger groups, made up of the individually less powerful, to secure equality by insisting upon 'class-rights and class-privileges' will mean 'class-war' and 'inevitable conflict' will depend principally on the vigor of the resistance made to the attempt by those who are favored by the present inequality. Unquestionably, the problem must be faced by 'the American people, not as classes, but as citizens.' But there is real danger in the present situation, not primarily because the large majority of the American people are 'petitioners for special privileges,' but because a small minority, who possess special privileges, are reluctant to give them up.

At present the attack on the citadel of privilege is being made more or less independently by separate groups; and each group, of defenders as well as of attackers, is, naturally enough, more keenly awake to its own immediate interest — that of securing for its members full equality with the most favored individuals, or of protecting what privileges they possess — than to the interests of other groups. Hence the tendency to stratification into classes. But the fundamental cause of this stratification is not a lack of desire for equality on the part of those who are seeking advantages, but a failure to unite into a single army the different bands fighting in this cause. Men, however, are realizing that this lack of unity delays the final victory — or weakens the defense; for there is a similar lack of unity among the privileged groups. Consequently, we are hearing more and more about the necessity for presenting a united front on both sides, and are witnessing, not only in the United States, but throughout the whole world, the steady growth of the tendency toward a merging of separate classes into the two great groups of the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.'

IV

The fight for equality is not new; but the recent attempts to secure equality have been along a somewhat new line. Instead of taking the negative course of denying special privileges, as our predecessors did, we more and more are positively asserting the rights of special groups.

When men first tried actually to build a society on the principle of equality, the most pressing problem was to clear away the special privileges of certain classes. Magna Carta, for example, represented an attempt on the part of the nobles, not primarily to secure powers for themselves, but rather to take powers away from the king. Similarly, the long history of the development of democratic control, until quite recently, is a record of progressively successful efforts on the part of the representatives of the people to wrest power from the king or the aristocracy. When the rights of the people were positively asserted, it was not so much from lust for power as such, — as the rights of the kings and the aristocracy had been asserted against the people, — as from a desire to secure protection from the abuse of power in the hands of the aristocracy. Equality was to be achieved, as it were, by taking away the jewels and rich clothing from the favored few rather than by giving jewels and rich clothing to the many.

Utilitarian individualism and the *laissez-faire* doctrine were the natural results of this conception of how the equality of men was to be realized. To carry on the figure: business practice and social legislation generally, for a large part of the nineteenth century, were based on the assumption that everyone started out with a full suit of clothes, while, if anyone was clever enough to get another man's coat away from him, or to find jewels to wear, that

was none of society's business. But toward the end of the century, it became obvious that a few people had virtually cornered the supply of clothes and jewels, so that in reality there no longer was even a suit for everyone, except at the pleasure of these few.

To drop the figure: with the accumulation of capital in the hands of a few, the emphasis in democratic legislation shifted. Such legislation sought less and less to take privileges from a small group and more and more to assert them for larger groups. The difference between the Sherman and the Clayton Anti-Trust acts is a case in point. The first specifically denies the right to form certain kinds of combinations — which affected, as was intended, a group numerically small but financially powerful. The latter specifically asserts the right of other groups — the laborers, the farmers, and so forth — to form combinations of a sort which, in certain respects, would otherwise be in violation of the Sherman Act.

As I have suggested, from the older point of view the exemptions in the Clayton Act are clearly contrary to the doctrine of equality before the law. Yet, as will be generally admitted, the Clayton Act gives special advantages to labor organizations for the definite purpose of helping the workers to secure real equality in their relations with their employers — an equality that had been destroyed by the power which the employers possessed through their control of capital. In reality, therefore, this act is the product of an attempt to make actual this theoretical equality, rather than to destroy a real equality.

This newer tendency, through legislation, to give special advantages in

order to maintain a balance of equality has had some unfortunate results. But the solution of the problem of class-conflict will not come through returning to the older attitude, even if that were possible. A continuation of the *laissez-faire* individualism of the nineteenth century would have resulted in the creation of a new aristocracy based on wealth rather than on birth, — in the beginning, at least, — which, if unrestrained, would have developed all the objectionable features of feudalism. A return to this older attitude, the reincorporation into our legal and political practice of the older interpretation of equality before the law, would mean, not the saving of democracy, but its destruction.

Democracy will be saved, real equality, not only before the law, but in all men's relations, will be secured, by making sure, through legislation or otherwise, that a balance is maintained, in spite of the weight on one side that comes through the possession of capital. Clearly, the balance is not even now. Equally clearly, we should not overweight it on the other side. But neither should we forget that we must take active steps to achieve a balance. Negative effort toward taking away advantages from the few will no longer suffice. Such efforts cleared the ground for the growth of the present inequalities; and men will always find means to circumvent merely negative prohibitions. Our task therefore is, with due consideration for the interests and rights of all, to go forward along the positive line of giving advantages to the many, so that they may achieve a real equality with those who have secured special advantages for themselves.

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DOWN-SLIPPING Time, sweet, swift, and shallow stream,
Here, like a boulder, lies this afternoon
Across your eager flow. So you shall stay,
Deepened and dammed, to let me breathe and be.
Your troubled fluency, your running gleam
Shall pause, and circle idly, still and clear:
The while I lie and search your glassy pool
Where, gently coiling in their lazy round,
Unseparable minutes drift and swim,
Eddy and rise and brim. And I will see
How many crystal bubbles of slack Time
The mind can hold and cherish in one *Now!*

Now, for one conscious vacancy of sense,
The stream is gathered in a deepening pond,
Not a mere moving mirror. Through the sharp
Correct reflection of the standing scene
The mind can dip, and cleanse itself with rest,
And see, slow spinning in the lucid gold,
Your liquid motes, imperishable Time.

It cannot be. The runnel slips away:
The clear smooth downward sluice begins again,
More brightly slanting for that trembling pause,
Leaving the sense its conscious vague unease
As when a sonnet flashes on the mind,
Trembles and burns an instant, and is gone.

WHY IS HE A GENERAL?

BY NICHOLAI VELIMIROVIC

The circumstances under which this brief parable was written deserve to be told. When Bishop Nicholai, of Serbia, was in this country, pleading for funds for Serbian children, a friend presented him with a copy of Elbert Hubbard's 'Message to Garcia,' the point of which, as readers will commonly remember, was the absolute importance of giving genuine service for wages or for contract. A few days later the Bishop wrote his friend: 'After I read your "Message to Garcia" I remembered a happening (which occurred during the tragic retreat of the Serbians), which I have tried to describe in this brief paper. The moral of it is similar to that of the "Message."' — THE EDITOR.

NIGHT and rain. Three of us were riding in a coach, ten miles away from our destination. One of the horses collapsed and fell down. Stop. No star in the sky, no counselor to comfort. What to do?

A man appeared, as a nightmare — as if he came out of the rocks on which we were leaning.

'My name is Marko,' he said. 'Don't worry. In a few minutes everything will be all right.'

And he disappeared. But soon after, we found that our second horse had disappeared, too.

He had stolen it; all of us thought so, smiling ironically at the unfair game of fate.

Yet, in a few minutes, Marko returned, riding on the horse, and leading another horse by the string.

We asked questions: Who was he? where did he find a horse? and so forth. He murmured something, and kept busy about the horses and the coach.

'Ready!' he said. 'Good-night to you.' And the darkness of night swallowed him up.

'Thank God, there are still Christian men in this world, we thought,' and started.

I visited Mrs. Haverfield's orphanage at Uzice. She said, —

'The peasants of the surrounding villages are most helpful to me, especially Marko. He is beyond description.'

'But who is Marko?' I asked, remembering a dreadful emergency in my life.

'Don't you know Marko? He is a man of perfect service to everybody. You will see him to-morrow.'

We were sitting at the open fire and listening to Marko. He is nothing more than an ordinary Serbian peasant.

'Everybody must have learned a lesson in the war. Mine is a strange one, and yet the most valuable for the rest of my days.'

Then he became reluctant. But we insisted and he continued: —

'My sin against our General M — was the cause of the lesson. We were ten privates under the same tent. Our duty was to attend the general and his staff. We did our duty half-heartedly, and the officers often complained. One day the general called all of us and said, —

"Brothers, you are called to do service to me and to my officers. Do it perfectly and joyfully!"

'We corrected ourselves a little. But war continued endlessly. Day and night we were filled with the dreams of our homes, and we walked ceaselessly in the camp like shadows, and did our service very badly. Water for the officers was not brought always in time; boots were not dried at fire and cleaned, as they ought to be. And again and again officers remonstrated. They must have complained to the general. One night the general opened our tent, looked in, and asked,—

"Brothers, are you all right?"

'He went off. And I—'

There Marko stopped, and his eyes were shining with tears.

'And I said loudly: "Why is he a general? He does nothing. We are doing everything. It is easy for him."

'The night was a very long one, but our sleep fast and our dreams of home very vivid.

"What is that?" we all asked, as with one voice, looking at a marvel. And the marvel was this: all the boots, both of the officers and our own, were perfectly cleaned and arranged at our feet. We went to the officers' rooms. There, again, all the uniforms nicely hung up and cleaned, water-jars filled, and a big fire made in the hall, and the hall swept and put in order properly.

"Who did it?"

'No one of us knew. Of course, all day we were talking of that.

The next morning the same thing happened. We were quite startled and confused. "Is God perhaps sending an angel to do this service for us?" This we asked each other, and retold all the fairy tales we remembered from our childhood.

'But now, behold.

'We decided to watch. And our sentinel saw, soon after midnight, our general creeping into our tent. Oh, shame! the mystery was now revealed and the lesson learned.

'That day the general asked for me. I was trembling with all my body and soul. It was clear for me that he must have heard my remark about him two nights before.

'But, O Lord, he was all smiles.

"Brother Marko, did you ever read the Gospel?"

'My lips were trembling, and I answered nothing.

"Well," he continued, "take it once more to-day and read the story how the Captain of men, who is called by us the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings, was the perfect servant of men."

'I cried like a child found in a theft.'

And Marko began to cry once again in telling his story, and we all were very much moved.

Then he took courage again, and continued:—

'Then the general said: "My brother, two nights ago you asked a question which I have to answer now. Listen: I am your general because I am supposed to be able to do my own 'invisible' and 'lordly' duty, but also because I am supposed to be fit to do in a most excellent way the service you, the privates, are called to do."

'The general stopped and closed his eyes. I never shall forget that moment. I wished I were killed instantly by a bullet, so overwhelming was the presence of the general. I stood there all misery and fear.

'Finally the general lifted up his head and said,—

"You must try your hardest to do your service to men perfectly and joyfully, now and always, not because of the severe order and discipline, but because of joy hidden in every perfect service."

'The general walked two or three steps toward the window and turned to me and said,—

"Now, brother Marko, I tell you honestly, I enjoyed greatly cleaning

your boots, for I am greatly repaid by doing so. Don't forget, every perfect service hides a perfect payment in itself, because — because, brother, it hides God in itself."

"Of course, after that, the service in the general's camp was all right, and the officers never since had to complain."

Thus finished Marko his story. The soft words of his good general were softened still more, and all the time, with Marko's warm tears.

Later on, I was told by many people that Marko, who before the war was not at all considered a very kind man, and much less a man of stern principles, has become, through his perfect service to everybody within a time of existence

of eighteen months, the most beloved human being in his mountains. At the last election the people unanimously asked him to go to represent them in the Parliament; but he declined. He said, —

"That post is for the generals, and I am merely a private still."

This is Private Marko's lesson from the war, through which he has become involuntarily a captain of men.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. — ST. JOHN 13, 15-17.

WORLD WITHOUT END

BY GERTRUDE HENDERSON

THE body of Mrs. Sarah Pennefather lay on the bed, and her spirit lingered, considering it. 'Curious fashion!' mused the spirit. 'I wonder I could have worn it all these years!'

The spirit was only this moment disengaged. It floated above its late habiliments, wavered, and loitered still.

'I remember being proud of it when it was new — comparatively new. The colors I thought were pretty. They have n't worn well. And how it has wrinkled! It looks incredibly clumsy. One sees these things so much more clearly, getting a little away. It's been extremely uncomfortable lately — very ill-fitting. I wonder I put up with it so

long. You patch and mend and freshen one way and another, and try to make it do for another season — put off as long as you can throwing it aside and getting something new —'

The spirit drifted, eddied, not quite yielding yet to the breeze between the worlds that impelled it away.

'I suppose there's really nothing I can do for them — nothing more. They'll all sleep until morning, and it's really much better they should. I'm glad to be going this way, without any fuss. Dear children! I hope they won't be unhappy. Miss me, but not be unhappy. They have their lives — and I must go on with mine.'

The wind that blows between the worlds blew stronger, filled space and overfilled it, surged over its little boundaries, obliterating them, and swept on, mighty and resistless; and the spirit that was Mrs. Pennefather's floated out and out upon it and away to the Uttermost, beyond the reach of thinking — drifted, drifted, with peace flowing about it like currents of smooth air — drifted, drifted, deep in æons of unconsciousness — drifted, drifted, through sunrise colors and the sparkle of adventure, and waked in the World to Come.

Heaven lay all about, and the spirit of Mrs. Pennefather sat sipping her afternoon nectar in deep contentment, nibbling the crisp edge of a bit of admirable ambrosia, and exchanging ideas with a group of spirit ladies similarly refreshing themselves — congenial spirits. One of them paused in the observation she was about to make. Mrs. Pennefather lowered her poised cup, looked, and saw the courteous attendant waiting deferentially.

'Ouija for Mrs. Pennefather,' he said.

The slightest possible shade crossed Mrs. Pennefather's face. She rose, and excused herself.

'Don't keep the tray for me,' she said. 'I may be some time. I really had finished.'

She moved away toward the ouija booths and closed the door of the one where the call was waiting.

'It's just a shame!' said one of the remaining ladies explosively. 'She's the sweetest thing that ever drew the breath of heaven, and I know she never will say a word to them; but I wish she would! They've kept her stirred up one way and another ever since she got here. She is n't getting her rest at all. And now if they have n't begun on the ouija!'

'I really sometimes wish,' said an-

other, '— it seems a little harsh, and perhaps selfish, — but I do almost wish they had n't put in the ouija connections. It was so much more peaceful before.'

'Oh, that kind of people! If it were n't the ouija, it would be something else! They're always clamoring for attention. Why don't we just systematically refuse it?'

'Some of us would,' said a third speaker. 'I would do so myself — at least, I think I would; but this has been my home for so long, there is no one who would now be at all likely to call me, and you cannot be perfectly sure what you would do till the emergency arises.'

There was a subtle suggestion of Revolutionary times about her, deepening as she talked on. You could scarcely say it was a matter of costume, for, of course, this was not a material universe; but in some indescribable, ethereal way she conveyed it. It may have been personality. She impressed one increasingly as a Martha Washington kind of lady, though, of course, not Martha Washington.

'Still, I *think* I myself should refuse,' she went on. 'But a lady like Mrs. Pennefather, with her soft, warm heart, and her sense of responsibility and life-long habit of regarding others rather than herself, — so lately come away, too, and loving her children so tenderly, — you can see she really could not. I can scarcely imagine her refusing any claim that might be put upon her.'

The gentle spirit who had deplored the ouija connections 'hemmed' apologetically and was about to speak again. She might have been from Cranford. There was something in her manner that made one feel it, vaguely — like the perfume emanating from the spirit of a sprig of lavender.

'Oh, I suppose you can't *refuse*,' said the vehement first speaker, breaking in

upon the other's hesitation. 'It just is n't done. Whatever way they take of calling you, you've just got to go, ouija or anything else, if they can get across with it. But I'd like to get hold of that ouija line myself and scamper round the board a little for Mrs. Pennefather's family. I know some things I'd say!'

The gentle presence reminiscent of Cranford tried it again.

'There are other ways so much more delicate,' she said. 'One does n't find any fault with the silent outreachings of the heart, not employing instruments; though, of course, even those are engrossing, and one questions if they are quite—quite—kind, if I may say so. Still, they are sensitive, and refined, and—and very natural. One can't wonder that the lonely feelings cry out to us and keep calling us back. But the ouija is *quite* unlike that. It seems so—so indelicate. I don't know how to say what I can't help feeling about it. It has a bold way that offends one's—is it only one's taste, I wonder? As if it were not—perhaps—altogether—respectful. It—it insists so! Perhaps it is only because we were not brought up to it. I can't help feeling that it is a little humiliating, like playing tricks on a lady and putting her in an undignified position; and I wonder if dear Mrs. Pennefather does n't feel the same way.'

The door of the ouija booth opened and Mrs. Pennefather came back. Her expression was troubled, and she did not resume her place among her friends.

'It's Harriet's daughter,' she said. 'She does n't know whether to run off with Jack or not. Her mother does n't like him, and she's quite right. Sara won't herself after a while. But the child is so young! There's a sort of jolly, reckless, all-for-a-good-time flow of spirits about him that she can't resist. And he's after her so hard! He's

begging her to go to-night, and she wants to and does n't want to. She's a good child and can't bear to distress her father and mother, but she does n't know what to do. She's in a whirl. I'll just have to go and talk it over with her and calm her down. She's reasonable, if you can get her quiet. She always did care what her grandmother thinks. Just now she can't listen to her mother because she thinks her mother is prejudiced, and she won't talk to her father. Poor little girl! She's having a hard fight. She does n't know anyone to turn to excepting her old grandmother, to help her make up her mind.'

'What will it matter, after a while?' said a quiet voice that had not been lifted in the ouija discussion.

'Yes, of course,' said Mrs. Pennefather. 'I suppose we all see that here. But this is n't after a while to Harriet's little girl. It's now. I'll have to go help her.'

Again the well-mannered attendant was at their side.

'The ouija, Mrs. Pennefather,' he said.

One of the lesser executives was talking to somebody else, but I think not to the greatest.

'Mrs. Pennefather really is n't doing the least good here, you know.'

'What's the matter? Is n't she happy? "Blessed damosel leaned out"—is it that kind of case?'

'No. Oh, no! Oh, she would be, if they'd let her alone. She has imagination enough to see what there is in it. It went like great music through her when she first caught a glimpse of it—the possibilities. She longs to be up and about it. It's those in the World Before bothering around all the time, dragging her back. They call it loving her! *You* know. I don't need to tell you.'

'Mediums? Do they go as far down as that?'

'Oh, yes, and worse. All the ways. They've even a ouija lately. It's one of the aggravated cases.'

'Well?'

'It is n't her fault at all, you know. She really is n't here. They won't let her be. They keep pulling her back and back, and making her stay with them. She is having to spend her whole time in the World Before — that's what it amounts to. She has n't had a chance, the way they keep interrupting her. She knows it's like being in a swarm of gnats, but she has n't the heart to brush them away — all her family's calls and calls to her. She loved them, you know, and her heart is so tender.'

'And yet we don't want to keep this life from shining through. One hesitates to thicken the barriers.'

'Of course, that is true. But how to keep them from abusing it on the other side? Now, here's this case of Mrs. Pennefather. It's one of any number. You could duplicate it all over this life and the other, I'd hate to say how many times. Her little grandson has a temper. Many boys have; it's not uncommon. Well, one day, out it flies, and another small boy gets knocked down and goes home crying. What does his mother do? "Ambrose," she says, very gently, "don't you remember how Grandmother hated to see you give way to your temper? You don't like to do what pained Grandmother so, do you?"

'Now, that's all very well; sweet and loyal and loving, and appeals to what's fine in the boy — all very well, if she'd stop there. But does she? Not she! She goes on. Just listen to what she says to the youngster — and, as I said, it's not just Mrs. Pennefather's daughter-in-law. It's happening every day, all over Christendom.

"Grandmother has n't gone away from us," she says. "We don't see her any more, but she's always near us

— nearer than she ever was before! When you feel your bad temper coming up you just stop and think of Grandmother, and she'll help you get the best of it."

'Well! There it is! So Mrs. Pennefather has to drop all the big things she might be doing and go back and stay around and help Ambrose take care of his temper, which his mother ought to be perfectly equal to doing herself. Mrs. Pennefather did it for Ambrose's father, and a big job it was and took years of patience; but she did it, and now it's Ambrose's mother's turn to do it for Ambrose.

'And even that is n't so bad. One could forgive that. There's something fine in it too, of course. But the ones who're just lonesome! No other excuse in the world, but just lonesome! What are they thinking about? Do they think these Dead have n't anything else to do than to keep hanging about their poor little lives forever and ever? Don't they know they have their own great place in the marvelous universe and can't be playing at midges' work any longer? What do they think they died for?

'Excuse me. It does make one immoderate. But the foolishness of it! The lack of imagination! The belittling the whole scheme!'

There are thoughts that demand expression before the ultimate authority. It is not quite honest to say them to anyone else, or to leave them unspoken.

Mrs. Pennefather went to find the very oldest residents. They might know. Their aspect was stately and somewhat awesome, because they were from the most remote antiquity, but their eyes were kind and wise.

'Can anyone see Him?' she asked.

'The Maker of Plans?'

'The Thinker of Everything,' she said.

'You might try,' they answered. 'We don't know whether you could; only whether we could.'

There was a great, quiet space, and in it a veil like a misty cloud hanging, stirring — like a breath on waters.

Mrs. Pennefather began to say what she had to say. She thought it was the one she had come to speak to, listening. It could n't be anyone else. She had no hesitation, and said what was in her mind.

'God, O God, it is n't in the least what I expected. I did n't think it of you, God! Can't you ever let us off from living? Frittering away death — like this! They don't understand, back there, but why can't you make them let us alone? I was your faithful servant there, O God — you know I was! I did the very best I knew how. I did n't shirk or complain — much. I tried hard! And I was so tired! I thought I could go away and rest. And ever since I came, every minute, they keep calling me to help them do things. Just the way it always was — only worse: for then they used to try to spare me and not let me overdo, and now they think they're being kind to me. Kind! They really think that! I don't mean to blame them, God. It's just because they don't know any better; but really they do. The more they call me, the more they think they're being kind and loving to me. O God, I'm so disappointed in dying! Is n't there something else? Something bigger? Because if there is n't, if it's just going on living the same things over and over, with a

kind of a veil between, then I can't see what's the good of dying, you know. Because they're all such *little* things. One does n't see that at the time. You think they matter, and so you're willing to pour your soul into them. But to *see* how little they are and how little they matter, and just when you've drawn a long breath, then to feel them reaching, reaching, clinging to you, holding you back — when you *see* it does n't matter! O God, how can you let them interrupt great beautiful Death like that?'

Again the wind that blows between the worlds lifted the spirit of Mrs. Pennefather and swirled it away and away — high into ecstasies — deep into unconsciousness — far and far through the unthinkable realms that lie between the worlds. After the aeons, emerged from the spaces, she lifted eyelids from tired eyes and looked at the light of the windows of her familiar bedroom and her daughter's face bending over her.

'Am I dead?' said the living Mrs. Pennefather, slowly moving the lips of her body.

'No, dear — oh, no!' said her daughter. 'You've been sleeping a long time. It's quite late.'

'I knew it could n't be like that,' said Mrs. Pennefather after long seconds; 'God would n't fool anybody so.'

She turned her head, and her eyelids closed sleepily.

'Now,' she murmured, the words a light breath scarcely moving her lips, 'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

MASTERING THE ARTS OF LIFE

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN A NEW SCHOOL

BY THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

I

IN a greenhouse at Dayton, Ohio, where a master of scientific research once experimented with plant-life, there is being conducted an interesting experiment in juvenile life, conceived by the man of research and a group of friends and associates. There was no significance in the choice of the greenhouse for the human experiment. It happened to be the most available shelter for the new-old school that the group had in mind. Yet a building so little suited for school purposes did complement an idea behind the school—that now, as in Garfield's time, a log with a Mark Hopkins on one end and the student on the other is enough material equipment to ensure the success of a school.

This 'Moraine Park School' began as a preparatory school, but the scheme has now been projected down to the tenderest school-years; so that it is possible for 220 of the more fortunate of the Dayton boys and girls to pass all their years, from kindergarten to college entrance, in the pleasant paths of education that have been sketched for them by the founders. The paths are many. Some are well-defined; some are merely blazed and left to the development of the boys and girls as they move forward through the years; but all lead up toward the general goal of mastery of the arts of life, which is edu-

cation according to the Moraine Park conception.

The definition is important, because it shapes the scheme of this novel school. Manifestly the arts of life cannot be mastered by excising the boy from life. He cannot be prepared for life by staying out of life for twelve or sixteen years. From the standpoint of this definition, education and life cannot be kept in separate compartments for a quarter, or a third, of a lifetime. Education, regarded as something wholly preliminary to, or dissociated from, practical life, could thus be segregated, and has been these last fifty years in America—or ever since our educational system spread out to enclose the youth of the land in its meshes for nine months or more in all the formative years. The arts of life, like any technical art, are mastered by doing, not by looking on.

But what are these arts of life, whose mastery constitutes education according to the Moraine Park way of thinking? They do not consist of technical expertness in any particular formal study, or in any craft. They are not based on the attainment of a rating of 70 per cent in algebra, or on such and such a rating in making tools and machines. On the contrary, 'the arts of life' are described as occupations, ten in number. And these occupations do

not respond to the ordinary definition of the word, as a means of gaining a living; rather are they the departments of human activity which, taken together, make up the whole life. In the 'pedagese' of the school publications these 'occupations' are set down as (1) Body-building; (2) Spirit-building; (3) Society-serving; (4) Man-conserving; (5) Opinion-forming; (6) Truth-discovering; (7) Thought-expressing; (8) Wealth-producing; (9) Comrade- or mate-seeking; (10) Life-refreshing.

The ordinary studies of the schools are relegated to places in these 'occupations.' In the monthly report cards that go to the parents, the latter have to look closely to find out how their boy is doing in history. They find it listed as No. 3 under opinion-forming, such unheard-of qualities in scholastic reports as fairness of mind and judgment being listed above it in this 'occupation' or art of life. This grouping illustrates the theory of the school. It does not look upon history as something to be taught for itself, but as something to be studied as a means of developing the ability to form sound opinions. The boy may be very lame in history as a study, and yet stand up well in his rating in opinion-forming.

Should the parent wish to know how his son is doing in chemistry, or zoölogy or physics, or botany, he will consult the score-card in vain. In the space set aside for appraisal of progress in truth-discovering, he will, however, get a hint of how well the boy is doing in science as a whole, as one of the seven factors that contribute to the mastery of truth-discovering — but that is all. Manifestly the boy might have only an 'unsatisfactory' in science as a study, and being excellent and satisfactory in the six other elements of truth-discovering, make a most excellent showing as a discoverer of truth. The other elements of the mastery of truth-dis-

covering are set down as alertness, thoroughness, skill in observing, skill in experimenting, soundness in interpreting, and geography.

Following the obscured trail of the traditional studies through the Moraine Park curriculum, we find French, Latin, Spanish, and mathematics set down as contributors to thought-expressing, with truthfulness and accuracy listed ahead of them. Unless we except manual training, listed under wealth-producing, this completes the list of mention of 'studies' in the ordinary acceptation. Grouped with manual training under wealth-producing are 'project work,' diligence, perseverance, honesty, initiative, thriftiness. As for the other 'occupations,' body-building includes eating carefully, general care of health, regular exercise. Spirit-building is made up of loyalty to high ideals, efforts to do the best, trustworthiness, power to will to do the right. Under society-serving come obedience, respect for law, faithfulness in office, interest in the community, punctuality. Man-conserving is made up of generosity, spirit of helpfulness, home-making. Contributing to comrade- or mate-seeking ability are the elements of coöperation, courtesy, agreeableness, frankness. Elements of the mastery of the art of life-refreshing are play interest, sportsmanlike spirit, courage, self-control, resourcefulness.

The report card really tells the story of the Moraine Park School. The parent examines it to learn whether and how the child is progressing in his mastery of the art of living and its component arts; the child views it as a picture of his progress in the adventure of life. Neither worries about the progress in studies, school-exercises, or methods, for both conceive of them as but 'the material and means of education.' In fact, the so-called studies, which must be carried on for drill purposes, and to

keep up the articulation of the school with the colleges and universities, and also to keep the student from coming short of the mastery of living because of lack of understanding of the formal education of the past and present, are only a part of the instruments of education at Moraine Park. Training in business and in citizenship are granted as much importance and as much time as the formal studies; and beneath all three is the ever-considered basic occupation of being physically well and strong.

II

The method of the school varies in detail from day to day, from year to year, from class to class and pupil to pupil, but, in general, it seeks always to blend studies and life, mental and moral drill, with business and citizenship. So far as practicable, all things are learned or acquired by doing. Citizenship is mastered by making the school democratically self-governing, even to the conducting of the classes, wherein one of the class presides and does the 'paper work,' leaving the teacher free to be 'one of the bunch.' The studies are absorbed by utilizing them. This utilization may be through the 'projects' or through the working out of real-life problems. The book learning comes in as a tool in handling the problem. Instead of leading a boy up to a textbook on arithmetic, for example, and giving him so many rules to learn and so many examples to do, the textbook is arrived at by indirection. If a boy is going through all the phases of a duplication of earning money, saving it, and building a home on the installment plan, he finds himself up against many real-life problems in mathematics and naturally wants to know how to meet them. At this stage he is eager for the study of mathematics. He takes up arithmetic now

because he has a compelling interest in it.

Running the school and the classes on a democratic plan inevitably leads to a desire to study civics and politics. In these ways the student comes to get, as a means to an end, what in the ordinary school is the end of his work. He follows his interests. He acquires with feverish enthusiasm the things that he might otherwise rebel against. The idea is, not to lay a course of education before a boy and tell him to swallow it, *nolens volens*, but to lead him along to a point where he demands it. He works out his own education. The teacher stays in the background as friend and adviser. He does not do all the swimming himself, but gets the boy to come into the pool with him. Education flows from the irresistible impulsion of his own activities — until it becomes his life.

So wide are the boundaries within which the girls and boys may follow the needle of their own inclinations that if, as sometimes happens, a class votes to pursue a study in the conventional manner of study, recitations, and examinations, it has its way; for the old way is held to be as good as any for those who like it. This does not often occur. Usually the indirect route is the one followed.

Take English, for example. Spelling and grammar are merely incidental. The pupils read pretty much what they want to read, fix a minimum of achievement, and choose their own themes. Eager to write or to understand, they perceive the necessity of knowing what is correct in composition and rhetoric. Spelling, grammar, and composition are now appealed to. Themes written in the pursuance of any study or occupation serve for the themes of the English class. A boy who was all for agriculture in his interests was utterly indifferent to literature. But to acquire

the facts that appealed to him, he had to read various agricultural papers and bulletins. Then he noticed that some of these publications were easy to read and had an appealing style, while others were obscure and dull. This observation opened the door of English and literature to him. He desired to learn how to write lucidly and interestingly himself.

The learners of the arts of life can go as slowly or as rapidly as their abilities and energies determine. They receive credits, not on the basis of so many hours a week or on mere memory examinations and formal recitations, but rather on what they have mastered as shown by inquiry, ability-testing examinations, and observation. As the child progresses, he is informally appraised from time to time, and fundamentally surveyed and checked up at long intervals. Many children are notoriously slow in grasping particular drill studies, as, for example, mathematics. For them there are no despairing moments of agonizing tests and torturing examinations at Moraine. The mastery of mathematics being but one seventh of the mastery of 'thought-expressing,' the child to whom numbers come but slowly has abundant opportunity to compensate his pride and defend himself from mortification. Left to his own evolution in ample time, he generally finds himself sufficiently informed, even in the most backward studies, to master minimum requirements before the day comes for him to be graduated.

The so-called projects are related to all the ten occupations. They are real-life enterprises, in the development of which the child finds understanding of the arts of life. One group of boys has a project for building an air-plane—a natural enterprise in an aeronautical centre like Dayton. This project has its mechanical, scientific, and business aspects. First, of all, it must be financed;

and the financing must be earned. So the boys rent a plot of land and plant popcorn, which they tend, harvest, and sell. This involves many business activities and much business initiative. Incidentally they learn something of agriculture, something of the popcorn business, something of banking, something of commercial correspondence. At each stage of the progress of the project they have to do something that is done in everyday life—and their natural prompting is to find out how to do it in the best way. They are turned to composition, to arithmetic, to typewriting, to bookkeeping. The mechanical and scientific by-paths are many and obvious. The air-ship boys were unfortunate enough to purchase an engine that was not satisfactory. In trying to unload it, they fell into a commercial temptation. They bethought themselves to offer it to the school bank, which is the project of another group, as collateral for a loan, leave the loan unpaid, and let the bank take possession of the worthless engine. At this point they learned something of business ethics and morals.

The bank project, besides being one means of the mastery of the arts of life for its shareholders and officers, is important in the financing of the other projects, as well as a convenience to the students in general, and an open door to banking practice. It has about a hundred accounts and its deposits amount to one thousand dollars. It makes loans at current interest rates, and on notes supported by collateral or good indorsements.

The projects number more than a hundred. Usually they are of a money-earning or money-absorbing nature, but they are sometimes purely research or educational, and may be within the school's purview or outside it. Among them are a school drug-store; a printing-shop; a newspaper; managing the

school library; toy-manufacturing; a lunch-room; a law firm to look after the legal contacts and court trials that arise under the self-established government and from the conflicts of projects; a brokerage company; a second-hand store on pawnshop lines; a towel-supply service; a lost-and-found office; getting out the school catalogue (which is almost entirely performed by the students); camera shop; serving as secretaries to the director and instructors; advertising production for school announcements and business projects; an insurance company, which protects against various losses, including broken panes in the greenhouse that still shelters the larger part of the school; an advertising company; a bookstore; a transfer company; a construction company; and so on.

What with the handling of the many and diverse projects, and the work of the 'details' that perform the school chores, — such as janitoring, — the internal business administration of the school, and some of its external relations, are largely carried on by the pupils. There are, of course, various clubs, and sports and play are as much a part of the daily programme as classes and 'projects.'

III

The very fact that the school began in a disused greenhouse and without much physical equipment opened the way for many projects and leaves it still open. There were, and are, many alterations to be made. The boys plan changes in their environment, and carry them out with saw and hammer, plane and paint-brush. Subject to the advice and counsel of the instructors, they make their way through school much as they will have to make it when the designated school years are over. They educate themselves. Within spacious bounds they follow the

paths of their own interests and inclinations through the studies and activities that give the mastery of the arts of life. They are driven on by the impulsions born of what they do. In a large sense they 'run' themselves and the school. Thus they come to the final goal of the twelfth grade, — though grades are but shadowy things in this school, which flows steadily rather than advances by steps, — only partly by virtue of the book-learning that is revealed by set examinations, but as men progress in daily life; and they show their progress by their deeds rather than by accounts of what they have memorized.

The pupils are divided into four groups, with a normal allocation of four years to the first or primary group, two years to the second, three years to the third, and three years to the fourth. To each group are assigned certain standards, the attainment of which indicates eligibility for the next higher group. The standards are not arbitrary, but are used as goals, and are subject to change. Just now, for example, the child is ready to emerge from the first group when (1) he has made definite progress in physical development toward the norm for his age, according to standard tables; (2) when he has attained satisfactory standing in at least seven of the personal traits of self-control, thrift, perseverance, trustworthiness, obedience, truthfulness, helpfulness, generosity, courage, initiative, self-reliance; (3) when he shows by mental tests that his intelligence is within two years of the normal for his actual age; and (4) when he has reached a full fourth-grade standard in the 'drill subjects,' namely, reading, spelling, numbers, and writing.

To complete the work of the second group, the requisite normal physical progress must be in evidence; there must have been satisfactory advancement in the personal traits; there must be a well-

established purpose 'to support the right and oppose the wrong'; there must be an intelligence within two years of that indicated as normal for the child's actual age, and the attainment of a full sixth-grade proficiency in the drill subjects.

To pass through the third group the pupil must keep his physique up to the age-standard, pass mental tests indicating an intelligence within two years of that for his age, and have a standing of 'good' in at least seven of the nine 'occupations' that are based on the primal occupation of body-building or health-preserving; and must have completed, with a grade of 'good,' at least ten of the twelve units of the drill-subject work of this group — a unit being a year's work.

To complete the fourth group (end of twelve years of work), the physical standard must be satisfied, the intelligence test must be passed, all the nine 'occupations' must be mastered to the extent of 'good,' and, finally, credit gained for twelve units of conventional studies of this group, and a total sixteen units, including those of the last year of the third group. These units are chosen so that they 'equip for entrance to college or for a life occupation.'

In reviewing these progress-requirements, it will be observed that in each group there are three fields of appraisal in addition to the conventional ones. Roughly, it might be said that at Moraine the work of the typical school counts only as one fourth of the pupil's advancement; and that statement presents briefly the difference between this school and the familiar ones. Were it not for the fact that Moraine must adapt itself to the general educational scheme, in order to equip its graduates for college entrance examinations and to enable them to produce the accepted symbols of education, it would doubtless give still less weight to the conven-

tional. It is the hope of the founders and director to persuade colleges and universities to accept Moraine graduates on the school's recommendation, full confidence being felt that they will more than make good. Already Michigan, Ohio State, and some other universities and colleges have agreed to accept Moraine boys for the full valuation the school accords to them. A number of boys, by their college records, have justified the school's confidence in them and in itself.

Moraine is as adaptable and reasonable in its own entrance-requirements as it would have the colleges in theirs. By means of an application blank, which is an elaborate questionnaire, it gets a survey of the applicant's life, character, disposition, attainments, performance, inclinations, and health. The parent, not the child, fills out and signs this blank. The last two questions remind him sharply of the educational creed he subscribes to in sending his child to Moraine. They are: —

'Do you believe that self-discipline is the kind for children to acquire, rather than that they be trained by force of the will of adults?'

'Do you believe that books, classes, materials, are of secondary importance to fundamental attitudes and qualities in education?'

IV

The pressure of Dayton boys and girls to get into this school, lured by the glowing accounts of its fascinating adventures in the book of life, soon scrapped the original scheme of a private school for a dozen or so sons of the creators. The latter are all democratic Americans, and they abhor exclusiveness. They had no intention of establishing a school that should seek patronage, but were merely trying to find a better way of educating their children — not to set them apart from other

children. Within limits, a larger number of pupils would contribute to the realization of their ideas, as it would create a community, and establish opportunity for contacts and the practice of the 'occupations' that would be impossible in a small group. Moreover, a larger school would afford a desirable demonstration of the applicability of the conception to the public schools. By a weighted scale of tuition, whereby wealthy parents pay more than those less fortunate, it has become possible to keep the school from becoming a mere congregation of rich men's sons. As the school is a self-governing democracy, the 'citizens' have a voice in the matter of admissions. Newcomers are accepted on probation while the community gets a chance to give them the 'once over.' No snobs or mere sons of their fathers can get by that searching scrutiny, although hasty judgments are often revised after taking counsel with the instructors.

The democratic spirit of the school is further promoted by the comradeship of instructors and pupils. The former have no pride of position. They are of, for, and by the boys. They stand on no dignity of authority. The boys address them as familiarly as they do each other, and they maintain their leadership solely by virtue of their engaging personalities and their success in helping the boys to explore zestfully the realm of education. The teacher who requires the support of authority cannot remain at Moraine Park.

The expansion of the school, now but three years old, has compelled an enlargement of its housing. A beautiful home — not a schoolhouse — has been erected in Dayton proper for the accommodation of the little tots, a cottage for the older girls has been erected at the Park, and soon the boys will have a new building there; but the greenhouse will not be forsaken. Moraine

Park is out in the country, though but a few miles from Dayton, so that the older children have the advantage of passing all their school-work and play-hours in the midst of fields and forests, though their homes are in the city. So far, Moraine is entirely a school for Dayton, there being no accomodations for children who do not live with their families. The long waiting-list makes it doubtful whether Moraine will ever grow away from Dayton. Its spirit will doubtless go to other cities in like schools to be.

The admirers of the conventional school will decry Moraine Park as one more of many pedagogical fads and educational experiments, and 'practical' men will brand it as a doomed child of theory. Yet it is entirely the creation of practical men — self-made men — who desired a thoroughly practical school for their boys. When, some ten years ago, Colonel E. A. Deeds and Mr. C. F. Kettering, men whose names are of much import in the American automotive industries, and others, were developing one of the products of their genius, two boys, imitating their fathers, developed a waste-paper basket, and manufactured and marketed it with such success, that, though they were but seven or eight years old, they made a thousand dollars. This venture being wound up, one of the boys took up poultry-raising and made a corresponding success of it. The fathers, perceiving that the boys had developed strong commercial, engineering, and industrial tendencies, and were educating themselves in the 'getting-on' side of life, so indispensable to happiness in this age, bethought themselves whether it was possible to send the boys on through school and college, and give them the rest of the equipment of a well-balanced man of culture, without checking or perverting their spontaneous tendencies to learn for themselves.

In other words, they desired their sons to get college educations without losing their innate practicality and their oneness with life. They sought a preparatory school that would make the boys resistant to the diversion of college life and equip them to make the most of its potentialities.

Thinking along similar lines, individually for his own son, and generally for better educational methods, was Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, an eminent engineer, who had come to Dayton to direct the \$35,000,000 task of preventing such floods in the Miami Valley as the one that cost that part of Ohio several hundred lives and a property loss of more than \$100,000,000 in 1913. So it came about that these men, and others who soon became interested, decided to start a school of their own, which would embody their ideas of what education should be. Realizing that the first essential was the finding of a teacher with sympathetic conceptions of education, possessing at the same time the character, energy, and personality to be an inspiring comrade and leader for normal boys, the searchers for something new in schooling set out in a characteristic way to find him. Being engineers and producers, they drew up, through Mr. Morgan, what they facetiously called plans and specifications for the type of man they desired. They proceeded deliberately. Just as they had taken five years to plan their huge work of flood-prevention before they put a shovel in the ground, so they took two years to find the man who would fit their plans and specifications. The whole of the United States was combed over, and more than two thousand men offered themselves for consideration in response to the circular setting forth the requirements and the conceptions of what the proposed school should be.

Lest it be inferred that these busy men of large affairs were seeking merely

to establish a sort of exceptional business or technical school and were thinking not at all of cultural values, a few sentences from this remarkable circular must be quoted, with regret that the whole of it cannot be reprinted here.

Among the acquirements which reduce the embarrassments and inefficiencies of everyday material life are an experimental knowledge of commercial habits, rules and methods; of the art of being solvent; of appraising accurately one's possessions; and of making correct measurements and judgment of material values. . . . The teaching of common-school subjects can be interwoven with all these interests. . . . By such methods proficiency in elementary and high-school subjects, as well as manual training, to some extent, may be acquired coincidentally with a knowledge of the usual contacts of everyday life, whether they be industrial, domestic, scientific, or cultural. . . . Any education is vitally at fault which does not develop a habit of enjoyment of the finer resources of life. The companionship of the teacher should result in opening eyes and minds to the phenomena of natural science — to life-processes and habits of plants and animals; to the data of geology, of physics and of astronomy; and to the appeal of good literature, poetry, history, and the various forms of art. . . . Education is not complete if its aim is so to engross the attention of men and women, either in industrial, professional, or social life, that they will not have time to ask themselves the question, 'What is it all about?' To have asked this question and to have reached a satisfactory attitude, which is not out of harmony with present-day knowledge, is necessary to a teacher who is wisely to direct the minds of boys. And unless the conclusion he has reached results in his having and imparting an enthusiastic faith in the worthwhileness of a full development of the physical, mental, and moral faculties, and in his being committed to complete intellectual and spiritual freedom, he would be out of place with us. As a corollary of this attitude, we would expect that the controlling necessity of life would be intellectual and moral integrity, with comprehensive unity of purpose. . . .

Bearing in mind always the need for maintaining progress approximately equal to that of our graded schools, the aims should be, not first of all to impart knowledge, but to open the boys' eyes and minds; to arouse interest, aspiration, and determination; to develop accuracy of observation and of judgment. We should aim at vital orderliness, not dead conformity; at self-reliance, self-discipline, self-control; providing enough routine to develop patience, power of adjustment, and habits of social team-work.

The circular lays stress on the teaching of manners born of 'considerateness and good-will'; on the encouragement of independence, 'so that a boy will stand on his own resources'; on the conservation of 'the spirit of daring and adventure so nearly universal in youth, commonly thwarted at every turn in a boy's life'; and adds: 'A man whose personality and temperament do not answer to this spirit in the boy would be out of place with us.'

While the Dayton seekers after an ideal education were advertising, corresponding, and traveling in search of their Moses, a group of educators in Colorado, meeting in 'shop' conference every six weeks, had progressed far in thinking out, from the standpoint of the professional teacher, a programme of education that the Dayton men were groping for from the standpoint of the layman familiar with the shortcomings of educational systems as measured in terms of actual life. They, too, had evolved the idea of the 'occupations' of life, the mastery of which would constitute education. One of them was Frank D. Slutz, then superintendent of the public schools of Pueblo. When the Colorado teachers heard of the Dayton quest for a new school and a teacher, they recommended Mr. Slutz and freely gave him the right to use their joint-thought product. He was elected, and, with the help of other teachers and the pupils, 'the particular adaptation of this

general theory to the actual practice of the schoolroom' has been evolved.

After three years of such practice, Mr. Slutz and the Dayton citizens who support the school are more enamored than ever of their venture. They regard it as a return in conscious form to the unconscious schooling of an earlier American day, when the farm-boy 'had but three months of schooling in the year, which left nine months for him to get an education.' Now that the three months of schooling have grown to nine, they seek to make them, as well as the other three, months in which to get an education.

'One way of looking at our school,' says Mr. Slutz, 'is to consider it as a return to Americanism. We had abundant education in this country of a very good quality, if of narrow field, when the average boy got two or three months of usually distasteful "book larnin'" and put in the rest of the year getting his education in the barn, the shed, and the field. With the taking on of an elaborate system of public schools that largely copied their methods from the Germans or the classic English public school, and with the extension of the scholastic year to include three fourths of the calendar year, we crowded out the American sort of education, which, as Mr. Morgan says, is as old as life. American schools should make Americans. To make Americans, you must inculcate and strengthen American traits. That, our schools are not doing. Initiative is a prime American trait, but our schools teach conformity. We are an ambitious people, but our schools put a premium on average performance. We are a sports-loving, athletic people, but our schools tend to delegate athletics to specialists. The American is many-sided, but our educational system aggrandizes only one side of the mastery of living. Business shrewdness is another distinctive American trait, but

our education does not give us business power. We believe in democracy and self-government, and our schools are autocracies. We are a religious people, and our schools are unreligious, repressing the spiritual element in education through fear of offending sectarian

prejudices. At Moraine Park we are trying to teach Americanism by developing the American type — not the English, French, German, or some other type. You can't develop a hunting dog by giving it the training suited to a poodle.'

THE FEELING OF IRRITATION

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

THE feeling of irritation in its earliest form once overtook a little girl whose mother had enforced a wholesome bit of discipline. In a great state of wrath, the little girl went to her room, got out a large sheet of paper, and ruled it heavily down the middle. Then she headed one column 'People I Like,' and crowded that half of the sheet with the names of all her acquaintance far and near. The other half of the page she headed 'People I Don't Like,' and in that column listed one word only — 'Mamma.' This done, she locked the grim document in her safe-deposit box, and hid the key.

That glowering deed was the very ritual of irritation. The feeling of irritation is not merely one of heat: it is a tall wave of towering dislike that goes mounting up our blood. When we have it, it feels permanent. Our friend is not what we thought he was — our family is not what it should be — our job is a failure — we have placed our affections in the wrong quarter. When young politicians give way to this feeling, they bolt the ticket; when young employees have it, they resign. The first time that young married people have it, they

think that love is dead. If they have too much wealth and leisure, they fly apart and eventually get a decree. But in households where the budget does not cover alimony, they commonly stay together and see for themselves how the wave of wrath goes down. The material inconveniences of resignations, abscondings, law-suits, and the like, have been a great safeguard in many a career. Nothing in Barrie's plays is more subtle than the perfect moment when the young couple decide to postpone separation until the laundry comes home.

It is not necessary to be a 'temperamental' person, or a fire-eater of any sort, in order to know how it feels to be irritated — and irritating. The gentlest folk are capable of both sensations. Anyone who has seen a lovely lady deliberately stir up strife in the bosom of a genial story-teller, by correcting his facts for him and exposing his fictions, will remember the tones of restrained choler with which the merry tale progressed. Who has not remarked to a kind relative, 'Well, if you know so much about it, why don't you tell it yourself?'

There is no ratio or proportion at all between the cause of irritation and the ensuing state of mind. In our moments of ferment we lose the faculty of discrimination. We hardly ever refer our exasperation to the trivial detail that brought it on. We feel that the detail is simply an indication of the great general flaws in the whole situation. We have a crow to pluck, not only with our friend, but — to use the words of Quiller Couch — with everything that appertains to that potentate.

For instance, suppose that we are at loggerheads with a fellow member of a public-welfare committee. He opposes a measure that we endorse. We instantly refer him to his class: he is a typical politician, a single-track mind, a combination of Mugwump and Boss Tweed. He represents the backward-looking element. We ourselves, meanwhile, are a blend of Martin Luther and the prophet Isaiah, with tongs from the altar.

Or perhaps one is irritated with a colleague on a teaching staff, after the events of a varied day. Irrelevant matters have happened all the morning in amazing succession: an itinerant janitor filling inkwells; an inkwell turning turtle — blotters rushed to flood-sufferers; an electrician, with tall step-ladder and scaling-irons, to repair the electric clock; a fire-drill in examination period; one too many revolutions of the pencil-sharpener; one too many patriotic 'drives,' involving the care of public moneys kept in a candy-box.

And now our zealous academic friend calls an unexpected committee meeting to tabulate the results of intelligence-tests. We are in no mood for intelligence-tests. We object. He persists. We take umbrage. He still calls the meeting. Then, up rears the wave of dislike and irritation, not at the details that have brought us to our crusty state, — not dislike of ink and elec-

tricity and patriotism and intelligence, — but dislike of our friend and of the Art of Teaching that he represents. The trouble with our friend, we decide, is his academic environment. He is over-educated, attenuated, a Brahmin. Nobody in touch with Real Life could be so thoroughly a mule and an opinionist. Better get out of this ultra-civilized atmosphere before our own beautiful catholicity of thought is crippled, cramped, like his. At these moments we do not stop to remember that people are also opinionated on the island of Yap.

Most frequently of all, we apply our dudgeon to the kind of community in which we live. We are nettled at a bit of criticism that has reached our ears. Instantly we say cutting things about the narrow ways of a small community, with page-references to *Main Street* and the *Five Towns*. We forget that our friends in great cities might be quite as chatty. Margot Asquith lives and thrives in crowds.

We refer our irritation, also, to types. Any skirmish in a women's organization is referred to women and their catty ways. Any Church or Red Cross breeze is an example of the captious temper of the godly. All friction between soldiers of different nations is a sign of Race Antagonism; the French are not what we had inferred from Lafayette.

In short, the whole history and literature of dissension show that people have always tried to make their irritations prove something about certain types, or situations, or races, or communities. Whereas the one thing that has been eternally proved is the fact that human beings are irritable.

If we accept that fact as a normal thing, we find ourselves ready for one more great truth. Violent irritation produced on small means is a deeply human thing, a delicately unbalanced

thing, something to reckon with, and something from which we eventually recover on certain ancient and well-recognized lines. When our fury is at its height, we are ready to smash anything, throw away anything, burn all bridges. Nothing is too valuable to cast into the tall flame of our everlasting bonfire. This sounds exaggerated. 'Emotion recollected in tranquillity' is a pallid thing. But it is hot enough at the time. The whole round of sensation and emotion may be traveled in an hour, at a pace incredible — a sort of round-trip survey of the soul.

The father of a large family sat in church at one end of a long pew. His wife sat at the other end of the pew, with a row of sons, daughters, and guests ranged in the space between. Near the close of the sermon one morning, the father glanced down the line, gazed for a horrified moment at his eldest daughter Kate, got out his pencil, wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, put the paper into his hat, and passed the hat down the line. As the hat went from hand to hand, each member of the family peered in, read the message, glanced at Kate, and began to shake as inconspicuously as is ever possible in an open pew. Kate, absorbed in the sermon, was startled by a nudge from her brother, who offered her the hat, with note enclosed. She looked in and read, 'Tell Kate that her mouth is partly open.'

Kate remembered that it must have been. The whole pew was quivering with seven concentrated efforts at self-control.

Now, one would think that a moment like this would be jolly even for the cause of laughter in others. But it was not. Kate knew that they had been laughing before the note reached her, and she was hurt. If they loved her as she loved them, they would not want to laugh. She set her jaw like iron and

gazed straight ahead. This started them all off again. With the instinct of a well-trained elder sister, she knew that, if she wanted any peace, she ought to turn and smile and nod cordially all down the row, as at a reception. But it was too late for that. She had taken the proud line, and she would follow it to the end.

As her expression grew more austere, the boys grew more convulsed. Aloof now, cut off from her kin entirely, she sat seething. Floods of scarlet anger drowned the sermon's end. The closing hymn was given out, but she declined the offered half of her brother's hymnal. 'Tell Kate she can open it now,' telegraphed one of the boys as the congregation began to sing. Here was her chance to join the group and nod and smile again, but she was too far gone. She received the message with lifted eyebrows, and stood with cold pure profile averted until after the benediction. Then she turned away and walked off in a towering passion. Her anger was not at her father, whose note caused the stir. She had no resentment toward him at all. If one's mouth is open, one would wish to be advised of the fact. Her feeling was the mighty wrath of the person who has been laughed at before being told the joke.

When she reached home, the whole family gathered around her in a group. 'I think,' said one of the boys, 'that in the cause of friendship we owe Kate an apology.'

The grand manner of formal apology from one's relatives is the most disarming thing in the world. Friendly conversation flowed back into the normal at once. But it was years before it was quite safe for Kate to rest her chin on her hand in church.

Very often our most genuine irritations appear unreasonable to our friends. For instance, why should people object to being called by each

other's names? Children suffer from this continually: grown people tend to confuse brothers and call them by each other's names promiscuously. We may love our brother tenderly, and yet not like to be confounded with him. Even parents sometimes grow careless. The smallest boy in a lively family had a mother who did this. Absentmindedly she would call the roll of all the children's names before she hit upon the right one. Consequently, the smallest boy learned to respond to the names Alice, Christine, George, and Amos. But the thing had happened to him once too often. One morning he appeared at breakfast with a large square of cardboard pinned to his bosom; and on the placard in large letters was printed the word 'Henry.' Rather go through life with a tag around his neck than be called Alice any more.

I do not quite agree with the adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. If we are really on a rampage, the other person can be a perfect pacifist and still call down our ire. We can make the hot-foot excursion to the heights of madness when a friend with whom we are arguing whistles softly away to himself while we talk. Even worse is the person who sings a gay little aria after we are through. In the presence of such people, we feel like the college girl who became annoyed with her room-mate, and, reflecting prudently upon the inconveniences of open war, rushed out of the room and down the stairs, to relieve her feelings by slamming the front door. She tore open the great door with violent hands, braced it wide, and flung it together with all her might. But there was no crash. It was the kind of door that shuts with an air-valve, and it closed gradually, tranquilly, like velvet; a perfect lady of a door. People who sing and whistle and hum softly to themselves while we rage are like that door.

Knowing that human beings are irritable, that they can recover from their irritation, and that we also can recover from ours, why is it that we ever hold resentment long? Some people, like soapstones, hold their heat longer than others; but the mildest of us, even after we have quite cooled off, sometimes find ourselves warming up intermittently at the mere memory of the fray. We are like the old lady who said that she could forgive and forget, but she could n't help thinking about it. We love our friend as much as ever, but one or two things that he said to us stay in mind. This is because words spoken in the height of irritation are easily memorized. They have an epigrammatic swing, a vivacity, and a racy Anglo-Saxon flavor. Unless we are ready to discount them entirely, they come into our minds in our pleasantest moods, checking our impulses of affection, and stiffening our cordial ways.

On this account, the very proud and the very young sometimes let a passing rancor estrange a friend. When we are young, and fresh from much novel-reading, we are likely to think of love as a frail and perishable treasure — something like a rare vase, delicate and perfect as it stands. One crash destroys it forever. But love that involves the years is not a frail and finished crystal. It is a growing thing. It is not even a simple growing thing, like a tree. A really durable friendship is a varied, homelike country full of growing things. We cannot destroy it and throw it away. We can even have a crackling bonfire there without burning up the world. Fire is dangerous, but it is not final.

Of course, it is in our power to let a single conflagration spoil all our love, if we burn the field all over and sow it with salt, and refuse to go near it ever again. But after the fires have gone down on the waste tract, then the stars

wheel over and the quiet moon comes out — and forever afterward we have to skirt hastily around that territory in our thought. It is still there, the place that once was home.

Perhaps it is trifling and perverse to be harking back to nature and to childhood for parables. But sometimes there is reassurance in the simplest things. The real war-god in one family was a small boy named Gordon. Whenever his younger sister wanted a little peace, she used to take her dolls to the attic, saying to her mother as she went, 'K. G.' This meant, 'Keep Gordon.' But one time the sister was very ill. Gordon was afraid that she was going to die, and showered her with attentions of every kind. He even gathered flowers for her every day. The trained nurse was much impressed. One afternoon, when the crisis was past, the nurse told Gordon that she thought that he was very sweet indeed to his little sick sister. Gordon was squatting on the arm of the sofa, watching his sister with speculative eye. He considered this new light upon his character for a moment, and then remarked, 'Well, you just wait till she gets her strength.'

We live in cantankerous days. Anybody who has energy enough to try to

do anything particular in the world has more or less difficulty in getting on with people. Unless he chooses to take his dolls to the attic, he is in for occasional criticism, laughter, interruptions, and even the experience of being called by names that are not his own. The world sends flowers to the dying, but not to people when they get their strength. It is the very rare person who goes through a busy life with nothing to ruffle him at all.

In moments of irritation at all this, we are tempted to rule off the world into two columns, and in the columns to compile two lists of people: people who agree with us and people who do not; 'People I Like,' and 'People I Don't Like.' This, as we have seen before, is the simple ritual of irritation. Unconsciously we make the lists, and file them away. If we could lay hands on the ghostly files of twenty years and scan the blacklists through, we should find that we had, not a catalogue of permanent and bitter hatred, but a sort of Friendship Calendar. Perhaps we should not find our mothers very recently among the blackballed; but the chances are that, if our relatives and friends could see the lists, they would read with no small amazement certain of the fine old names that once were written there.

THE ASSIMILATION OF ISRAEL

BY PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's law.—*ESTHER, III, 8.*

I

THE revival of anti-Semitism in Europe since the close of the war, and its curious repercussion even in the United States, are phenomena that can no longer be ignored. The Jews, we are warned, are a secret organization, with branches in every land, whose aim is nothing less than world-domination. To attain their bold ends, they plan, on the one hand, to undermine society by sapping its foundations with revolutionary and anti-religious propaganda, and on the other, to crush it from above by attaining control of the great banking and industrial system on which the material power of present-day civilization immediately reposes. Taking advantage of the economic and political confusion following five years of war, they are even now, it is asserted, engaged in realizing this ambitious programme, at which, indeed, they have been quietly working for a century or more. As evidence of this alarming thesis, it is pointed out that there are already Jews among the leading financiers in every country; that there are Jews among the leading international revolutionaries; and, finally, that all Jews have a tendency to solidarity.

Of course, this ingenious fantasy will not bear analysis. The Jewish agitation is as much a menace to the Jewish cap-

italist as to the Gentile; the Jewish employer is no less a burden of authority upon Jewish workmen than upon Christians; and from a vague feeling of solidarity to the contrivance of a vast and definite conspiracy is a far cry. Moreover, it is just at the two extremes of wealth and poverty that the racial apostasy of the emancipated Jew is most common.

But the fact that his theories fall to pieces under scrutiny is of no consequence to the true anti-Semite.

In Germany, the anti-Jewish agitation is so vigorous that the Inter-Allied High Commission in the Rhineland recently felt obliged to order the troops of occupation to seize all copies discovered of a book called *From the Reign of the Hohenzollerns to the Reign of the Jews*.

In England, a writer in the sober *Blackwood's* protests that, if the Jews were to be given no part, either open or surreptitious, in the imperial government, the danger of revolution would be greatly diminished. Saint-Loe Strachey, writing in the *Spectator*, accuses the English Jews of being Jews first and English afterward. 'Of all the governments which have accepted the power in Great Britain,' declared Sir Lionel Rothschild, in a recent speech, 'none has shown so much sympathy for the projects and ideals of the Jews as the present government.' And the declaration is taken by Lloyd George's enemies to mean that Lloyd George is 'pro-Jewish.' Has he not appointed Sir Herbert Samuel to rule over Pales-

tine? Did he not send Sir Stuart Samuel to 'investigate' the alleged pogroms in Poland? Is not Sir Eric Drummond, General Secretary of the League of Nations, Hebraic by origin? Are not Lord Reading and Lord Montagu, respectively Viceroy of India and Secretary of State for India, both of Jewish descent? And when it comes to that, was it not Mayer Amschel, under the better known name of Rothschild, who 'founded the dynasty of the secret emperors of Israel'? The Poles, it appears, are so afraid of the power of the English Jews, that they have actually appointed a Polish Jew, Professor Szimon Askenazy, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. And in their effort to prove that even the British labor movement is under Jewish control, the British anti-Semites, nothing daunted, assert that Smillie is merely a tool of the Jew, Emanuel Shinwell, who promoted the strikes in the Clyde shipyards during the war; that Thomas is a cat's paw of the Jew, Abraham; that Williams is actually married to a Jewess, and that all three are closely associated with the 'Lansbury-Fels-Zangwill group.'

In France, the old anti-Dreyfusards of the *Action Française* have lately redoubled their 'exposures' of the 'Jewish peril.' 'Throughout Europe,' writes Charles Maurras, 'the Jew is the travelling-man of the revolution.' Yiddish is 'the Esperanto of revolutionists.' All Jews, we are assured, are anti-French and pro-German; they are Freemasons, and enemies of Roman Catholicism. Are not ninety-five per cent of the Soviet chieftains Jews? Is not Viennese Socialism Jewish and pro-German? Are not the Jews in Upper Silesia working exclusively for Germany? It was a telegram from the Jewish financiers of America, dated May 29, 1919, and signed by that 'high priest of Israel,' Jacob Schiff (born at Frankfort), which steered Wilson to force concessions from

France on five vital points, — the Saar Basin, Upper Silesia, Dantzig, Fiume, and reparations, — or, at least, so Maurras writes. This same Schiff, points out Roger Lambelin, founded the New York Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Semitic Museum at Harvard; and while he, in the interests of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., fostered pro-German sentiment during the war, his partner Otto Kahn (born at Mannheim) fostered pro-Ally sentiment; thus an iron was kept hot in both fires. As for 'the pro-Jew, Woodrow Wilson,' pursues Lambelin, instead of flaying the massacres instigated by Bela Kun, the threatened Russian invasion of Poland, and the eviction of innocent Moslems in Palestine, he contented himself, at the time of the Peace Conference, with writing a letter of sympathy for the Eastern European Jews to Rabbi Stephen Wise.

In Eastern Europe, the sentiment of anti-Semitism is not, as in Western Europe, confined chiefly to conservatives and chauvinists, but impregnates even the masses. The Magyar peasants are bitter against the town-dwelling 'communist' Jews; and in spite of all the Budapest police can do, bands of infuriated Magyars make a grim pastime of beating an occasional son of Israel whom they catch in the street after nightfall. In Poland, the Ukraine, and, to a less extent, in Roumania, the mediæval legend of the ritual murder, for which the Jews are supposed to take the blood of a Christian babe at each Passover, has been revived; and all Eastern European Jews are suspected, by their Christian neighbors, of Communism. The Ukrainian Nationalist bands have apparently been guilty of serious and repeated pogroms. The Poles are unanimous in their ardent and patriotic hostility to the four or five million Jews included within their frontiers. All Jews, they firmly believe, are

born Bolsheviks. In the Polish army, ghastly stories of Jew-Bolshevist atrocities are current. I was shown a photograph, found in Kief by the Poles, of a large room, on the floor of which lay the naked and mutilated bodies of some fifty Russians, who had been executed, it was said, by the Red troops, after the mutilations had been perpetrated, with ceremonial orgies, 'by a fanatical sect of young Jewesses'!

II

I repeat this welter of fantasy, stray fact, and superstition to indicate that anti-Semitism has, indeed, once more become a true movement of opinion, which, far from succumbing at the scoff of incredulity, is making converts almost daily, and demands from the student of social phenomena that careful analysis which alone can discover both its cause and its cure.

For there is a cause. There is really a Jewish problem, and it is as old as the dispersion of the Jews. Anti-Semitism is even older than the dispersion. It is as old as the captivities. Wherever the Jews have lived among other peoples, either perforce or of their own will, and whether before or after the Christian era, it has flourished. One may therefore well conclude, with that sincere and able Jewish scholar, Bernard Lazare, that an opinion of such enduring prevalence 'could not be the result of fancy and of a perpetual caprice,' but that 'there must be profound and serious reasons both for its beginning and its persistence.' The truth is that the anti-Semitism of Berlin and Paris is of one piece with the anti-Semitism of Antioch and Alexandria; the angry alarm of Henry Ford concords strangely with the grim fury of the Hetman Chmielnicki; and if the outward form assumed by popular sentiment against the Jews varies somewhat in accordance with

differences of time and place, in its one essential cause it remains ever the same.

This cause is neither religious, as is often averred, nor economic, as many believe; it is political. It is based on the observation that the Jews, through innumerable transmutations of time and place, not only have kept their identity as a people, but have opposed a vigorous, if passive, resistance to most attempts at assimilation. The Jew, in short, is regarded as a foreigner, whose 'laws are diverse from all people'; and as such, he is considered to be an enemy to the state.

The underlying reason for Jewish exclusiveness is, perhaps, the law of Moses. The sole object of life, according to the teachings of the rabbis, is the knowledge and the practice of the law, for 'without the law, without Israel to practise it, the world would not be. God would resolve it into chaos. And the world will know happiness only when it submits to the universal empire of the law, that is to say, to the empire of the Jews. In consequence, the Jewish people is the people chosen by God as the depository of his will and his desires.' This strong and narrow spirit, instead of diminishing with the lapse of time, seemed only to increase; until, with the victory of the rabbis over the more liberal Jewish schismatics, in the fourteenth century, the doctors of the synagogue, says Bernard Lazare, 'had reached their end. They had cut off Israel from the community of peoples; they had made of it a being fierce and solitary, rebellious to all law, hostile to all fraternity, closed to all beautiful, noble or generous ideas; they had made of it a nation small and miserable, soured by isolation, stupefied by a narrow education, demoralized and corrupted by an unjustifiable pride.'

It is well to remember that, although the Jews of Western Europe and America have at present pretty well freed

themselves from these heavy intellectual and spiritual shackles, the Jews of Eastern Europe still live, for the most part, in strict accordance with the letter of the Thorah and the Talmud.

The law of Moses being not only theological and moral, but agrarian, civil, and hygienic as well, no sooner did the Jews begin to live abroad than it became necessary for them, if they would avoid contamination, to draw together in intimate communities, and to beg from the authorities, in the name of their religion, certain exceptions and privileges, just as they are demanding them to-day, under the rubric of 'minority rights,' in Poland and Roumania. Thus, in Rome they could not be haled into court on a Saturday; in Alexandria they were not subject to the common municipal regulations, but had their own senate, courts, and mayors.

Antiquity was tolerant; but not so the Middle Ages. There came a time when, with the slow dissolution of feudalism, the various peoples of Europe, under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, began to cohere into nationalities. All over Europe the question of nationality was identified with the question of religion, as it still is in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. If you did not belong to the Church, you were necessarily an enemy of the State. Observing among them a people who dressed, spoke, and behaved differently from themselves, who claimed privileges and exemptions, and desired to live apart, the followers of the Church vindictively decreed that the Jews henceforth should be *obliged* to dress differently and to live apart; and instead of having privileges granted to them, they were placed under a régime of special restrictions. The Ghetto, which the Jews had formed of their own free will, was now imposed on them by force. From the eleventh to the sixteenth century, the Jews, like all heretical sects,

were persecuted, tortured, burned, killed, expelled; and in their bitter misery, drawing together more closely than ever, they gradually forged that profound sense of solidarity which is still, perhaps, their greatest source of strength.

The Protestants of the Reformation, after trying vainly to convert the Jews, turned angrily against them, 'The Jews are brutes,' cried Luther, in a passion. 'Their synagogues are pig-styles; they must be burned, for Moses would do so if he came back to the world. They drag the divine word in the mud; they live by rapine and evil, they are wicked beasts who ought to be driven out like mad dogs.'

But the religious wars had now fairly begun, and in the heat of the struggle between Catholic and Protestant, the Jews, greatly to their good, were well-nigh forgotten. For them, the worst was over. In the seventeenth century, though a number of onerous restrictions were put back into effect by the Church, the return of the Jews within the Christian faith, so long desired, was confidently, though vainly, expected.

The eighteenth century, like antiquity, was tolerant. In Holland and England, no less than in Turkey itself, the Jews were happy and prosperous. In 1791, the French Constituent Assembly voted full rights of citizenship to the Jews. It was the first act of the emancipation, which was now to follow rapidly in Central as well as in Western Europe. Napoleon, at the head of his armies, freed the Jews of Italy and Germany. The Jewish cult was written into the French budget in 1830. The emancipation was completed in Austria, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Greece by the Revolution of 1848; it was completed in England in 1860, and in Hungary in 1867. The last Western European Ghetto was abolished in 1870, with the fall of the Pope's temporal power.

III

But though many Western European Jews have been more or less assimilated during the last hundred years, there are still many others who, though emancipated so far as external restrictions are concerned, have not desired, or have been unable, to shake off the clannishness, the peculiar mentality, inbred by twenty or thirty centuries of almost unbroken tradition; they may not go to synagogue, or even to the reformed tabernacle, but they would be repelled at the idea of marrying outside the race, and they preserve a special and seemingly ineradicable tenderness for their fellow Israelites, of no matter what social stratum, or what geographical subdivision. Their inner emancipation, their emancipation from the history and customs of Israel, is still to be effected. There can be no true assimilation so long as there is not free intermarriage; and until there is evidence of a rapidly increasing assimilation, the Jewish question, with its attendant fervor of anti-Semitism, will continue to occupy men's minds.

A sharp distinction must be drawn at the present time between this question as it presents itself in Western Europe and the United States, where the Jews are externally emancipated, and as it presents itself in Eastern Europe, where the Jews still live mediævally to themselves, and where there is a tendency on the part of the prevailing governments to restrict them in various ways. The cleavage is somewhat blurred by the fact that hordes of Eastern European Jews are still pouring annually into Western Europe; nevertheless, generally speaking, the distinction can be maintained. As the arguments which are brought against the Jews in the East include and elaborate those adduced in the West, it will simplify matters if the latter be considered first.

Of the serious arguments of Western anti-Semitism, two are political, and one — the least important, but perhaps the commonest — is economic. Briefly stated, the economic argument is that the Jew is congenitally a non-producer, a parasite, living only in the cities, trading and lending money, swelling the army of profit-devouring middlemen. Historically, this contention cannot be sustained. The tribesmen of Israel were, originally, not traders, but farmers and shepherds. As speculators and traders, they were far surpassed in antiquity, first by the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, and later by the Greeks and Romans. It was only after the dispersion that their mercantile propensities began to develop. The sudden cessation of all their former activities as husbandmen was due in the beginning to their religion, which, on the one hand, forced them to gather in communities so as to be able to escape the contamination of foreign ways and peoples, and, on the other, taught them that they must keep themselves pure for the eventual return to Jerusalem, and that in ploughing any soil save that of Palestine, a Jew would defile himself. All exiled Jews were thus constrained to become city-dwellers, and city-dwellers or town-dwellers they have since remained, until they have indeed, at last, become almost total strangers to the life of the fields.

As city-dwellers, they were naturally forced into commerce, in order to live. At a time when other peoples were less well organized, the Jewish communities established in every considerable town of the Mediterranean countries, and in constant communication and sympathy, provided an unparalleled system of commercial agencies to the Jewish traders, who, in consequence, soon began to prosper greatly. It was only in the Middle Ages that the Jews began to specialize in money-lending and the gold

traffic.¹ This, again, was forced upon them rather than of their own seeking; but as in periods of recurrent wars, bad crops, and famine the need for loans and credit was very great, it was generally agreed that the necessary banking business should be turned over to the Jews. Not infrequently, the Jewish money-lender was merely the agent of some Christian merchant or noble, who did not dare lend money in person, for fear of excommunication. At the same time, the growing power of the guilds, each with its patron saint, began, on religious grounds, to force the exclusion of the Jews from most of the principal branches of trade and commerce. The second-hand trade and the banking business were about all that remained. The latter, moreover, was congenial to the Jews; for in that day of persecution and expulsion they were very glad to be able to keep their wealth in a compact, easily hidden, and easily transportable form.

If, therefore, in modern times, the Jews appear to be a people of town-dwellers, practising, at the bottom of the social scale, peddling, petty-retailing, pawnbrokerage, the poorer trades, and, at the top of the scale, banking and corporate commerce, the cause, evidently, is less innate than historic. Even the remarkable success of individual Jews in modern finance can perhaps be attributed less to any special racial fitness than to a business tradition, to a freedom from local prejudice, and to the spirit of coöperation clearly visible between scattered Jewish individuals and communities — a coöperation which other peoples have not as yet been able to attain in anything like the same degree. I myself am inclined to subordinate economic anti-Semitism to politi-

cal anti-Semitism; for, if the latter were unsustained, the former, I feel sure, would soon cease to exist.

The political argument against the Jews is that they are an 'international nation,' more attached to the Jewish cause, in whatever part of the world, than to the ideals and interests of the country in which they live, and from which they claim the privileges of protection without according in return their political allegiance. To this is now frequently added, as a corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist.' We are here, as I have already indicated, at the very heart of the Jewish question; for there is no state, there is no people, so good-natured and so confident of its own strength, that it will unprotestingly tolerate in its midst a body persistently and willfully foreign, especially when this body at the same time aspires to take a leading part in the national economic or political life. That the Jews, after their dispersion, were originally such a tenaciously foreign body, in every community where they settled, is beyond dispute. That they remained so, partly of their own will, partly under compulsion, up to the time of the emancipation, fifty or a hundred years ago, is equally incontestable. The point that remains to be determined is, to what extent, since the emancipation, a true assimilation of the Jews has been effected in the United States and in the various countries of Western Europe. To this point I shall have occasion to return presently. Meanwhile, the corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist,' is worthy of careful consideration.

Abstractly, there is certainly something in this assertion — something profound, which reaches to the very centre of the ancient Hebraic religious conception. The sturdy monotheism of Israel, teaching that man shall obey Jehovah alone, carries by implication the idea

¹ Their first real specialty was that of slave-dealers, in which they were greatly encouraged both by Charlemagne and by the Caliphs. — THE AUTHOR.

that all merely human authority is unjustified and therefore negligible. This independence of conscience and reason is probably developed further in Judaism than in any other religion, for it is considered as binding even on Jehovah himself. The Talmud relates how, in a dispute between rabbis over a point of doctrine, the voice of Jehovah intervened from the void; but no sooner was this divine voice heard to pronounce in favor of Rabbi Eliezir, than Rabbi Josua protested, saying: 'It is not mysterious voices, it is the majority of the sages, who should henceforth decide questions of doctrine. Reason is no longer hidden away in heaven, the Law is no longer in heaven; it has been given to the earth, and it is for human reason to understand and explain it.'

Moreover, implicit in Judaism, is a sentiment, quite different from the resignation of Christianity and of Mohammedanism, that the joy and satisfaction which are the birthright of every man who keeps the Law should be forthcoming, not in some future existence, but here on earth. Even after they have forsaken their religion completely, a tendency has been remarked among the Jews to cling to the idea, not only that all men are entitled to be happy even in this life, but that all men are equal before God, and that none can be held responsible save to his own mind and conscience. A poor man, imbued with this spirit, and looking about him upon the present world, is inevitably exposed to the temptation of becoming a malcontent, or even an agitator. More important, however, than this vague traditional predilection for revolutionary doctrines is the fact that the Jewish people, for more than twenty centuries, has been cosmopolitan, bound to no country and to no lasting patriotism save that of Israel. It is no more than natural that the emancipation should have left a large number of them

internationalists, in the literal sense of the word. If it were not for this cosmopolitan character of the people as a whole, the revolutionary proclivities of a few individuals would perhaps have passed almost unnoticed. Once more, we are brought face to face with the conclusion that the Jewish problem is, above all, a problem of assimilation.

The belief that the Jews are involved in a definite conspiracy for world-revolution arose at the time of the French Revolution, simultaneously with the emancipation of the French Jews by the Constituent Assembly. An intimate relation between the Kabbala and Freemasonry had long been suspected; and now the Catholic Royalists were able to remark that not a few Jews seemed to be active members of the various lodges—Masons, Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Martinists—in whose secret conclave the revolution was supposed to have been planned. The influence of Jewish agitators was again remarked in the uprisings of 1830 and 1848.

But the great reproach that European conservatives hold against the sons of Israel is that Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, the founders of modern Socialism, were both of Jewish origin. 'This descendant of a line of rabbis and doctors,' writes Lazare, of Marx, 'inherited all the force of logic of his ancestors; he was a clear-headed and lucid Talmudist . . . a Talmudist who went in for sociology, and who applied his native qualities of exegesis to a critique of political economy. He was animated by the old Hebraic materialism, which dreamed perpetually of an earthly paradise . . . he was also a rebel, an agitator, a bitter polemist, and he got his gift of sarcasm and invective from the same Jewish sources as Heine.'

The famous Manifesto of 1847 was drawn up jointly by Marx and Engels. The meeting of 1864, which founded the Internationale, was inspired by Marx;

and in the general council, Karl Marx was secretary for Germany and Russia, and James Cohen was secretary for Denmark.

The work of Jewish agitators in the Paris Commune was the subject of much comment. Among the leaders of modern Socialism were not only Marx and Lassalle in Germany, but the Jews Adler and Libermann in Austria, and Dobrojanu Gherea in Roumania; while the rôle of the Russian Jews in the recent Russian Revolution is known to everyone. All these facts have tended to keep alive the old yarn of a Jewish 'world-conspiracy.'

IV

Exact statistics are, of course, unavailable; but there are supposed to be in the world, at the present time, from twelve to fourteen million Jews, of whom about a fourth are in the United States, a fourth scattered in various countries, east, west, north, and south, while the remaining half are concentrated in Eastern Europe, or, more specifically, in Poland, Bessarabia, and the Ukraine. Poland alone is believed to have four or five million Jews, and thus becomes by far the greatest Jewish state of the day. It is precisely in Eastern Europe, moreover, that the Jewish nationality is to be observed in its purest form, for here there is scarcely so much as the beginning of even a political assimilation; though indigenous for centuries, the children of Israel still form a large and entirely distinct foreign minority. The fact that, in Eastern Europe, religion and nationality — as in mediæval times throughout the whole of Europe — are still regarded as practically inseparable, is not a sufficient explanation of this phenomenon. The restrictive measures of the prevailing governments have merely served to accentuate a distinction ardently

desired by the Jews themselves, whose devotion to both the civil and religious aspects of the Jewish Law is here as fervent as it is complete. The net result is that the typical Polish Jew, like the Lithuanian, Bessarabian, and Ukrainian Jew, is a being absolutely apart from his Christian neighbors. The reader should peruse, in this connection, the remarkably intimate and sympathetic studies of Jewish life recently published in Paris by Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, which will unveil to his occidental vision a world undreamed of. When to these vivid distinctions are added the economic and racial differences, which have already been described in discussing the more or less assimilated Western European Jews, it is difficult to find a single remaining trait wherein the Eastern Jews may be said to resemble the Christian Pole, Lithuanian, Russian, or Roumanian. Those who have not seen this community cleavage for themselves can scarcely imagine how thorough it is, or what profound antipathy it instinctively engenders.

V

So much having been said, a specific explanation of the present revival of anti-Semitism is almost superfluous. In Russia the majority of Jews, for obvious reasons, have rallied to the Soviet government, thus exciting against themselves the always latent hatred of the anti-Bolshevist parties. The Jews of Poland and Roumania, being regarded, not altogether without reason, as foreigners inclining to sympathize with the enemy (Soviet Russia), are subjected to all the consequences that a similar situation provoked in America, during the war, between Americans and Germans. As for the half-assimilated Jews of Hungary, they earned the lasting enmity of the peasants and the administrative caste by flocking in far

too considerable numbers to the disastrous red banner of Bela Kun, in the spring of 1919. In Czechoslovakia, the Jews are subjected to the hatred of the otherwise fairly liberal Czechs, because they are suspected of being pro-German and, in general, anti-Slav.

Coming now to the more prosperous and more completely assimilated Jews of Western Europe and America, one easily perceives that the feeling against the poor ones is an outgrowth of the fear of Bolshevism, while the feeling against the rich ones is a part of the general post-war clamor against profiteers — the feeling in both cases being greatly intensified by the popular nationalistic suspicion that the Jews are willfully resisting assimilation.

We are thus, in the end, brought squarely back again to the surmise from which we started, namely, that the Jewish question is, above all, political, and may indeed be reduced to this one inquiry: Is it, or is it not, possible to assimilate the Jews? If it is, time, and liberal measures, will suffice; if it is not, then, so long as nations continue to be nations, and to abhor the presence within themselves of indigestible foreign bodies, there is seemingly no solution.

Some anti-Semites have gone so far as to assert that, the Jews being essentially a race apart, assimilation is neither possible nor desirable. From this view, I differ completely. In the first place, the Jews are not essentially a race apart. Ethnology has long since established that there is no such thing as a 'pure race.' Leaving aside the pertinent inquiry as to whether or not the twelve tribes were themselves racially pure, it is clear that, from the time of the dispersion down to about the sixteenth century, the Jews were exceedingly active in proselytizing, and made many converts in Europe and the Near East. There are at present white Jews in India, black Jews in Cochin-China,

and yellow Jews in China proper, to say nothing of the two great disparate branches of the European Jewish family, — the Sephardic and the Ashkenazic, — the one speaking Spanish, the other Yiddish; the one black-haired, the other predominantly sandy; the one said to be dolichocephalic, the other brachycephalic. And if, on the one hand, the modern Jew is indubitably of conglomerate origin, on the other, he has sown his blood profoundly through other races, notably in Spain, where the conversions of Jews to Christianity were so numerous, that there is now said to be scarcely a family free from the Jewish strain. The assimilation of the Jews by intermarriage has made noticeable progress also in France, England, Germany, America, and even Hungary.

Obviously, therefore the possibility of assimilating at least some of the Jews is beyond challenge. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that a mixture of the so-called Aryan and Semitic races gives a result which is other than excellent in any respect. If the Jews have not heretofore been absorbed more rapidly, the causes are rather religious, social, and political than racial.

How can it reasonably be said, moreover, that this mixture is not desirable? The Jews are one of the most remarkably gifted peoples of all time. They have, it is true, the defects of their qualities, but in this they are by no means unique. The Jews are, in fact, generally speaking, sober, adaptable, industrious, and intelligent. For centuries cut off from most forms of handicraft and manual labor, they have been exercising their minds in study and trade. Their achievements in art, letters, and particularly in science and philosophy, if not preëminent, are at least notable. Why any nation should scorn to absorb an element so endowed is difficult to understand.

There is a class of Western Jews, however, who, while approving the theory of assimilation in the abstract, give to the word a meaning quite different from that generally accepted. In the minds of these Jews, it would be a calamity if Israel, by intermarrying with other nationalities, should lose its distinctive character. They assert, therefore, that it is entirely possible for the Jews to remain Jews in every sense of the word, and at the same time become good Germans or Britons, or Frenchmen, or Americans, as the case may be. Roman Catholics, they argue, are forbidden to intermarry with Protestants; why must the Jews be expected to intermarry with peoples of other religions?

But there is in this otherwise fair-seeming comparison a slight misconception. If Israel were merely a religion, then, when a Jew ceased to observe the forms of this religion, he would cease to be a Jew. But Israel is not merely a religion, but a nationality as well. The problem of assimilation is not a religious but a political problem; and to shift it arbitrarily to the religious ground is to distort it from its true relations. If the reply be made that the orthodox Jews are absolutely forbidden to marry outside of Israel, I would rejoin merely that this fails to explain why so many unorthodox Jews also hold in horror the idea of marrying Gentiles.

In the present day of intense nationalism, when the forces of interior cohesion are engaged in a silent and bitter struggle with the forces of international dissolution, the Jews, who by their history have become a cosmopolitan race in everything except their devotion to Israel, must make a choice. They

cannot give political allegiance to two banners, even though this double allegiance be defended in the name of religion. The official anti-Semitism of some Eastern European countries of course makes assimilation impossible; but in Western states, where the Jews enjoy the same privileges with everyone else, they must expect to give in return the same undivided loyalty.

This is particularly true in America, who is now being asked to accord her hospitality to thousands upon thousands of Israelites, whose emigration from Eastern Europe is being encouraged by every possible means. Overburdened already with German-Americans whose hearts are in Germany, with Irish-Americans whose hearts are in Ireland, and with numerous other varieties of half-digested foreigners, she would like to be able to count at least on the full allegiance of her Jewish citizens, whose record in the war was excellent, and to feel that, however much they may be drawn by a fellow sentiment with distant coreligionists, their hearts, nevertheless, have been definitely surrendered to the land of their election, even to the point — when no imperious religious reasons intervene — of accepting the idea of marriage with non-Jewish fellow citizens.

I myself have great faith in the loyalty of the vast majority of American Jews. To those few who sincerely scruple to give to America, or to any other Gentile state, their single allegiance, a more generous welcome would doubtless be extended in the ports of Palestine, under the flag of Israel itself, than in the gateways of the war-worn Western world.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE FARMERS' PROBLEMS

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

I

THE whole rural world is in a ferment of unrest, and there is an unparalleled volume and intensity of determined, if not angry, protest; and an ominous swarming of occupational conferences, interest groupings, political movements, and propaganda. Such a turmoil cannot but arrest our attention. Indeed, it demands our careful study and examination. It is not likely that six million aloof and ruggedly independent men have come together and banded themselves into active unions, societies, farm bureaus, and so forth, for no sufficient cause.

Investigation of the subject conclusively proves that, while there is much overstatement of grievances and misconception of remedies, the farmers are right in complaining of wrongs long endured, and right in holding that it is feasible to relieve their ills with benefit to the rest of the community. This being the case of an industry that contributes, in the raw-material form alone, about one third of the national annual wealth-production and is the means of livelihood of about forty-nine per cent of the population, it is obvious that the subject is one of grave concern. Not only do the farmers make up one half of the nation, but the well-being of the other half depends upon them.

So long as we have nations, a wise political economy will aim at a large degree of national self-sufficiency and self-containment. Rome fell when the

food-supply was too far removed from the belly. Like her, we shall destroy our own agriculture and extend our sources of food distantly and precariously, if we do not see to it that our farmers are well and fairly paid for their services. The farm gives the nation men as well as food. Cities derive their vitality and are forever renewed from the country, but an impoverished countryside exports intelligence and retains unintelligence. Only the lower grades of mentality and character will remain on, or seek, the farm unless agriculture is capable of being pursued with contentment and adequate compensation. Hence, to embitter and impoverish the farmer is to dry up and contaminate the vital sources of the nation.

The war showed convincingly how dependent the nation is on the full productivity of the farms. Despite herculean efforts, agricultural production kept only a few weeks or months ahead of consumption, and that only by increasing the acreage of certain staple crops at the cost of reducing that of others. We ought not to forget that lesson when we ponder on the farmer's problems. They are truly common problems, and there should be no attempt to deal with them as if they were purely the selfish demands of a clear-cut group, antagonistic to the rest of the community. Rather should we consider agriculture in the light of broad national policy, just as we con-

sider oil, coal, steel, dye-stuffs, and so forth, as sinews of national strength. Our growing population and a higher standard of living demand increasing food-supplies, and more wool, cotton, hides, and the rest. With the disappearance of free or cheap fertile land, additional acreage and increased yields can come only from costly effort. This we need not expect from an impoverished or unhappy rural population.

It will not do to take a narrow view of the rural discontent, or to appraise it from the standpoint of yesterday. This is peculiarly an age of flux and change and new deals. Because a thing always has been so no longer means that it is righteous, or always shall be so. More, perhaps, than ever before, there is a widespread feeling that all human relations can be improved by taking thought, and that it is not becoming for the reasoning animal to leave his destiny largely to chance and natural incidence.

Prudent and orderly adjustment of production and distribution in accordance with consumption is recognized as wise management in every business but that of farming. Yet, I venture to say, there is no other industry in which it is so important to the public—to the city-dweller—that production should be sure, steady, and increasing, and that distribution should be in proportion to the need. The unorganized farmers naturally act blindly and impulsively and, in consequence, surfeit and dearth, accompanied by disconcerting price-variations, harass the consumer. One year potatoes rot in the fields because of excess production, and there is a scarcity of the things that have been displaced to make way for the expansion of the potato acreage; next year the punished farmers mass their fields on some other crop, and potatoes enter the class of luxuries; and so on.

Agriculture is the greatest and fundamentally the most important of our American industries. The cities are but the branches of the tree of national life, the roots of which go deeply into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So, when we of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of six billion dollars in the farm-value of their crops in a single year, of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills, they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets, and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them as economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being seekers of special privilege. Rather, we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if for no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to 'normalcy'; but is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges; but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on an equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?

II

Let us, then, consider some of the farmer's grievances, and see how far they are real. In doing so, we should remember that, while there have been, and still are, instances of purposeful abuse, the subject should not be approached with any general imputation to existing distributive agencies of deliberately intentional oppression, but rather with the conception that the

marketing of farm products has not been modernized.

An ancient evil, and a persistent one, is the undergrading of farm products, with the result that what the farmers sell as of one quality is resold as of a higher. That this sort of chicanery should persist on any important scale in these days of business integrity would seem almost incredible, but there is much evidence that it does so persist. Even as I write, the newspapers announce the suspension of several firms from the New York Produce Exchange for exporting to Germany as No. 2 wheat a whole shipload of grossly inferior wheat mixed with oats, chaff, and the like.

Another evil is that of inaccurate weighing of farm products, which, it is charged, is sometimes a matter of dishonest intention and sometimes of protective policy on the part of the local buyer, who fears that he may 'weigh out' more than he 'weighs in.'

A greater grievance is that at present the field farmer has little or no control over the time and conditions of marketing his products, with the result that he is often underpaid for his products and usually overcharged for marketing service. The difference between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays often exceeds all possibility of justification. To cite a single illustration. Last year, according to figures attested by the railways and the growers, Georgia watermelon-raisers received on the average 7.5 cents for a melon, the railroads got 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore, and the consumer paid one dollar; leaving 79.8 cents for the service of marketing and its risks, as against 20.2 cents for growing and transporting. The hard annals of farm-life are replete with such commentaries on the crudeness of present practices.

Nature prescribes that the farmer's 'goods' must be finished within two or

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three months of the year, while financial and storage limitations generally compel him to sell them at the same time. As a rule, other industries are in a continuous process of finishing goods for the markets; they distribute as they produce, and they can curtail production without too great injury to themselves or the community; but if the farmer restricts his output, it is with disastrous consequences, both to himself and to the community.

The average farmer is busy with production for the major part of the year, and has nothing to sell. The bulk of his output comes on at the market at once. Because of lack of storage facilities and of financial support, the farmer cannot carry his goods through the year and dispose of them as they are currently needed. In the great majority of cases, farmers have to entrust storage—in warehouses and elevators—and the financial carrying of their products to others.

Farm products are generally marketed at a time when there is a congestion of both transportation and finance—when cars and money are scarce. The outcome, in many instances, is that the farmers not only sell under pressure, and therefore at a disadvantage, but are compelled to take further reductions in net returns, in order to meet the charges for the services of storing, transporting, financing, and ultimate marketing—which charges, they claim, are often excessive, bear heavily on both consumer and producer, and are under the control of those performing the services. It is true that they are relieved of the risks of a changing market by selling at once; but they are quite willing to take the unfavorable chance, if the favorable one also is theirs and they can retain for themselves a part of the service charges that are uniform, in good years and bad, with high prices and low.

While, in the main, the farmer must

sell, regardless of market conditions, at the time of the maturity of crops, he cannot suspend production *in toto*. He must go on producing if he is to go on living, and if the world is to exist. The most he can do is to curtail production a little, or alter its form, and that — because he is in the dark as to the probable demand for his goods — may be only to jump from the frying-pan into the fire, taking the consumer with him.

Even the dairy farmers, whose output is not seasonal, complain that they find themselves at a disadvantage in the marketing of their productions, especially raw milk, because of the high costs of distribution, which they must ultimately bear.

III

Now that the farmers are stirring, thinking, and uniting as never before to eradicate these inequalities, they are subjected to stern economic lectures, and are met with the accusation that they are demanding, and are the recipients of, special privileges. Let us see what privileges the government has conferred on the farmers. Much has been made of Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, which purported to permit them to combine with immunity, under certain conditions. Admitting that, nominally, this exemption was in the nature of a special privilege, — though I think it was so in appearance rather than in fact, — we find that the courts have nullified it by judicial interpretation. Why should not the farmers be permitted to accomplish by coöperative methods what other businesses are already doing by coöperation in the form of incorporation? If it be proper for men to form, by fusion of existing corporations or otherwise, a corporation that controls the entire production of a commodity, or a large part of it, why is it not proper for a group of

farmers to unite for the marketing of their common products, either in one or in several selling agencies? Why should it be right for a hundred thousand corporate shareholders to direct 25 or 30 or 40 per cent of an industry, and wrong for a hundred thousand coöperative farmers to control a no larger proportion of the wheat crop, or cotton, or any other product?

The Department of Agriculture is often spoken of as a special concession to the farmers, but in its commercial results, it is of as much benefit to the buyers and consumers of agricultural products as to the producers, or even more. I do not suppose that anyone opposes the benefits that the farmers derive from the educational and research work of the Department, or the help that it gives them in working out improved cultural methods and practices, in developing better-yielding varieties through breeding and selection, in introducing new varieties from remote parts of the world and adapting them to our climate and economic condition, and in devising practical measures for the elimination or control of dangerous and destructive animal and plant diseases, insect pests, and the like. All these things manifestly tend to stimulate and enlarge production, and their general beneficial effects are obvious.

It is complained that, whereas the law restricts Federal Reserve banks to three months' time for commercial paper, the farmer is allowed six months on his notes. This is not a special privilege, but merely such a recognition of business conditions as makes it possible for country banks to do business with country people. The crop-farmer has only one turn-over a year, while the merchant and manufacturer have many. Incidentally, I note that the Federal Reserve Board has just authorized the Federal Reserve banks to discount export paper for a period of six months,

to conform to the nature of the business.

The Farm Loan banks are pointed to as an instance of special government favor for farmers. Are they not rather the outcome of laudable efforts to equalize rural and urban conditions? And about all the government does there is to help set up an administrative organization and lend a little credit at the start. Eventually the farmers will provide all the capital and carry all the liabilities themselves. It is true that Farm Loan bonds are tax-exempt; but so are bonds of municipal light and traction plants, and new housing is to be exempt from taxation, in New York, for ten years.

On the other hand, the farmer reads of plans for municipal housing projects that run into the billions, of hundreds of millions annually spent on the merchant marine; he reads that the railways are being favored with increased rates and virtual guaranties of earnings by the government, with the result to him of an increased toll on all that he sells and all that he buys. He hears of many manifestations of governmental concern for particular industries and interests. Rescuing the railways from insolvency is undoubtedly for the benefit of the country as a whole, but what can be of more general benefit than encouragement of ample production of the principal necessities of life and their even flow from contented producers to satisfied consumers?

While it may be conceded that special governmental aid may be necessary in the general interest, we must all agree that it is difficult to see why agriculture and the production and distribution of farm products are not accorded the same opportunities that are provided for other businesses; especially as the enjoyment by the farmer of such opportunities would appear to be even more contributory to the general good than in the case of other industries. The

spirit of American democracy is unalterably opposed, alike to enacted special privilege and to the *special privilege of unequal opportunity that arises automatically from the failure to correct glaring economic inequalities*. I am opposed to the injection of government into business, but I do believe that it is an essential function of democratic government to equalize opportunity so far as it is within its power to do so, whether by the repeal of archaic statutes or the enactment of modern ones. If the anti-trust laws keep the farmers from endeavoring scientifically to integrate their industry, while other industries find a way to meet modern conditions without violating such statutes, then it would seem reasonable to find a way for the farmers to meet them under the same conditions. The law should operate equally in fact. Repairing the economic structure on one side is no injustice to the other side, which is in good repair.

We have traveled a long way from the old conception of government as merely a defensive and policing agency; and regulative, corrective, or equalizing legislation, which apparently is of a special nature, is often of the most general beneficial consequences. Even the First Congress passed a tariff act that was avowedly for the protection of manufactures; but a protective tariff always has been defended as a means of promoting the general good through a particular approach; and the statute books are filled with acts for the benefit of shipping, commerce, and labor.

IV

Now, what is the farmer asking? Without trying to catalogue the remedial measures that have been suggested in his behalf, the principal proposals that bear directly on the improvement of his distributing and marketing relations may be summarized as follows: —

First: storage warehouses for cotton, wool, and tobacco, and elevators for grain, of sufficient capacity to meet the maximum demand on them at the peak of the marketing period. The farmer thinks that either private capital must furnish these facilities, or the state must erect and own the elevators and warehouses.

Second: weighing and grading of agricultural products, and certification thereof, to be done by impartial and disinterested public inspectors (this is already accomplished to some extent by the federal licensing of weighers and graders), to eliminate underpaying, overcharging, and unfair grading, and to facilitate the utilization of the stored products as the basis of credit.

Third: a certainty of credit sufficient to enable the marketing of products in an orderly manner.

Fourth: the Department of Agriculture should collect, tabulate, summarize, and regularly and frequently publish and distribute to the farmers, full information from all the markets of the world, so that they shall be as well informed of their selling position as buyers now are of their buying position.

Fifth: freedom to integrate the business of agriculture by means of consolidated selling agencies, coöordinating and coöperating in such way as to put the farmer on an equal footing with the large buyers of his products and with commercial relations in other industries.

When a business requires specialized talent, it has to buy it. So will the farmers; and perhaps the best way for them to get it would be to utilize some of the present machinery of the largest established agencies dealing in farm products. Of course, if he wishes, the farmer may go further and engage in flour-milling and other manufactures of food products. In my opinion, however, he would be wise to stop short of that. Public interest may be opposed

to all great integrations; but, in justice, should they be forbidden to the farmer and permitted to others? The corporate form of association cannot now be wholly adapted to his objects and conditions. The looser coöperative form seems more generally suitable. Therefore, he wishes to be free, if he finds it desirable and feasible, to resort to co-operation with his fellows and neighbors, without running afoul of the law. To urge that the farmers should have the same liberty to consolidate and co-ordinate their peculiar economic functions, which other industries in their fields enjoy, is not, however, to concede that any business integration should have legislative sanction to exercise monopolistic power. The American people are as firmly opposed to industrial as to political autocracy, whether attempted by rural or by urban industry.

For lack of united effort the farmers, as a whole, are still marketing their crops by antiquated methods, or by no methods at all; but they are surrounded by a business world that has been modernized to the last minute and is tirelessly striving for efficiency. This efficiency is due in large measure to big business, to united business, to integrated business. The farmers now seek the benefits of such largeness, union, and integration.

The American farmer is a modern of the moderns in the use of labor-saving machinery, and he has made vast strides in recent years in scientific tillage and efficient farm management; but as a business in contact with other businesses, agriculture is a 'one-horse shay' in competition with high-power automobiles. The American farmer is the greatest and most intractable of individualists. While industrial production and all phases of the huge commercial mechanism and its myriad accessories have articulated and coöordinated themselves, all the way from natural raw

materials to retail sales, the business of agriculture has gone on in much the one-man fashion of the backwoods of the first part of the nineteenth century, when the farmer was self-sufficient and did not depend upon, or care very much, what the great world was doing. The result is that the agricultural group is almost as much at a disadvantage in dealing with other economic groups as the jay farmer of the funny pages in the hands of sleek urban confidence men, who sell him acreage in Central Park or the Chicago City Hall. The leaders of the farmers thoroughly understand this, and they are intelligently striving to integrate their industry so that it will be on an equal footing with other businesses.

As an example of integration, take the steel industry, in which the model is the United States Steel Corporation, with its iron mines, its coal mines, its lake and rail transportation, its ocean vessels, its by-product coke ovens, its blast furnaces, its open hearth and Bessemer furnaces, its rolling mills, its tube mills, and other manufacturing processes that are carried to the highest degree of finished production compatible with the large trade it has built up. All this is generally conceded to be to the advantage of the consumer. Nor does the Steel Corporation inconsiderately dump its products on the market. On the contrary, it so acts that it is frequently a stabilizing influence, as is often the case with other large organizations. It is master of its distribution as well as of its production. If prices are not satisfactory, the products are held back, or production is reduced or suspended. It is not compelled to send a year's work to the market at one time and take whatever it can get under such circumstances. It has one selling policy, and its own export department. Neither are the grades and qualities of steel determined at the caprice of the buyer;

nor does the latter hold the scales. In this single integration of the Steel Corporation is represented about 40 per cent of the steel production of America. The rest is mostly in the hands of a few large companies. In ordinary times the Steel Corporation, by example, stabilizes all steel prices. If this is permissible (it is even desirable, because stable and fair prices are essential to solid and continued prosperity), why would it be wrong for the farmers to utilize central agencies that would have similar effects on agricultural products? Something like that is what they are aiming at.

Some farmers, favored by regional compactness and contiguity, such as the citrus-fruit-raisers of California, already have found a way legally to merge and sell their products integrally and in accordance with seasonal and local demand, thus improving their position and rendering the consumer a reliable service of ensured quality, certain supply, and reasonable and relatively steady prices. They have not found it necessary to resort to any special privilege, or to claim any exemption under the anti-trust legislation of the state or nation. Without removing local control, they have built up a very efficient marketing agency. The grain, cotton, and tobacco farmers, and the producers of hides and wool, because of their numbers and the vastness of their regions, and for other reasons, have found integration a more difficult task; though there are now some thousands of farmer's coöperative elevators, warehouses, creameries, and other enterprises of one sort and another, with a turn-over of a billion dollars a year. They are giving the farmers business experience and training, and, so far as they go, they meet the need of honest weighing and fair grading; but they do not meet the requirements of rationally adjusted marketing in any large and fundamental way.

The next step, which will be a pattern for other groups, is now being prepared by the grain-raisers through the establishment of sales media which shall handle grain separately or collectively, as the individual farmer may elect. It is this step — the plan of the Committee of Seventeen — which has created so much opposition and is thought by some to be in conflict with the anti-trust laws. Though there is now before Congress a measure designed to clear up doubt on this point, the grain-producers are not relying on any immunity from anti-trust legislation. They desire, and they are entitled, to coördinate their efforts just as effectively as the large business interests of the country have done. In connection with the selling organizations, the United States Grain Growers Incorporated is drafting a scheme of financing instrumentalities and auxiliary agencies which are indispensable to the successful utilization of modern business methods.

It is essential that the farmers should proceed gradually with these plans, and aim to avoid the error of scrapping the existing marketing machinery, which has been so laboriously built up by long experience, before they have a tried and proved substitute or supplementary mechanism. They must be careful not to become enmeshed in their own reforms and lose the perspective of their place in the national system. They must guard against fanatical devotion to new doctrines, and should seek articulation with the general economic system rather than its reckless destruction as it relates to them.

V

To take a tolerant and sympathetic view of the farmers' strivings for better things is not to give a blanket indorsement to any specific plan, and still less to applaud the vagaries of some of

their leaders and groups. Neither should we, on the other hand, allow the froth of bitter agitation, false economics, and mistaken radicalism to conceal the facts of the farmers' disadvantages, and the practicability of eliminating them by well-considered measures. It may be that the farmers will not show the business sagacity and develop the wise leadership to carry through sound plans; but that possibility does not justify the obstruction of their upward efforts. We, as city people, see in high and speculatively manipulated prices, spoilage, waste, scarcity, the results of defective distribution of farm products. Should it not occur to us that we have a common interest with the farmer in his attempts to attain a degree of efficiency in distribution corresponding to his efficiency in production? Do not the recent fluctuations in the May wheat option, apparently unrelated to normal interaction of supply and demand, offer a timely proof of the need of some such stabilizing agency as the grain-growers have in contemplation?

It is contended that, if their proposed organizations be perfected and operated, the farmers will have in their hands an instrument that will be capable of dangerous abuse. We are told that it will be possible to pervert it to arbitrary and oppressive price-fixing from its legitimate use of ordering and stabilizing the flow of farm products to the market, to the mutual benefit of producer and consumer. I have no apprehensions on this point.

In the first place, a loose organization, such as any union of farmers must be at best, cannot be so arbitrarily and promptly controlled as a great corporation. The one is a lumbering democracy and the other an agile autocracy. In the second place, with all possible power of organization, the farmers cannot succeed to any great extent, or for any considerable length of time, in fixing prices.

The great law of supply and demand works in various and surprising ways, to the undoing of the best-laid plans that attempt to foil it. In the third place, their power will avail the farmers nothing if it be abused. In our time and country power is of value to its possessor only so long as it is not abused. It is fair to say that I have seen no signs in responsible quarters of a disposition to dictate prices. There seems, on the contrary, to be a commonly beneficial purpose to realize a stability that will give an orderly and abundant flow of farm products to the consumer and ensure reasonable and dependable returns to the producer.

In view of the supreme importance to the national well-being of a prosperous and contented agricultural population, we should be prepared to go a long way in assisting the farmers to get an equitable share of the wealth they produce, through the inauguration of reforms that will procure a continuous and increasing stream of farm products. They are far from getting a fair share now. Considering his capital and the long hours of labor put in by the average farmer and his family, he is remunerated less than any other occupational class, with the possible exception of teachers, religious and lay. Though we know that the present general distress of the farmers is exceptional and is linked with the inevitable economic readjustment following the war, it must be remembered that, although representing one third of the industrial product and half the total population of the nation, the rural communities ordinarily enjoy but a fifth to a quarter of the net annual national gain. Notwithstanding the taste of prosperity that the farmers had during the war, there is to-day a lower standard of living among the cotton farmers of the South than in any other pursuit in the country.

In conclusion, it seems to me that the farmers are chiefly striving for a generally beneficial integration of their business, of the same kind and character that other business enjoys. If it should be found, on examination, that the attainment of this end requires methods different from those which other activities have followed for the same purpose, should we not sympathetically consider the plea for the right to coöperate, if only from our own enlightened self-interest, in obtaining an abundant and steady flow of farm products?

In examining the agricultural situation with a view to its improvement, we shall be most helpful if we maintain a detached and judicial viewpoint, remembering that existing wrongs may be chiefly an accident of unsymmetrical economic growth, instead of a creation of malevolent design and conspiracy. We Americans are prone, as Professor David Friday well says in his admirable book, *Profits, Wages and Prices*, to seek a 'criminal intent behind every difficult and undesirable economic situation.' I can positively assert, from my contact with men of large affairs, including bankers, that, as a whole, they are endeavoring to fulfill, as they see them, the obligations that go with their power. Preoccupied with the grave problems and heavy tasks of their own immediate affairs, they have not turned their thoughtful personal attention or their constructive abilities to the deficiencies of agricultural business organization. Agriculture, it may be said, suffers from their preoccupation and neglect rather than from any purposeful exploitation by them. They ought now to begin to respond to the farmers' difficulties, which they must realize are their own.

On the other hand, my contacts with the farmers have filled me with respect for them — for their sanity, their patience, their balance. Within the last

year—and particularly at a meeting called by the Kansas State Board of Agriculture and at another called by the Committee of Seventeen—I have met many of the leaders of the new farm movement, and I testify, in all sincerity, that they are endeavoring to deal with their problems, not as promoters

of a narrow class-interest, not as exploiters of the hapless consumer, not as merciless monopolists, but as honest men bent on the improvement of the common weal.

We can and must meet such men and such a cause half-way. Their business is our business—the nation's business.

A PROJECT OF NAVAL DISARMAMENT

BY HERBERT SIDEBOOTHAM

I

It is more than eighteen months since the writer described in these pages naval competition between the United States and Great Britain as the greatest danger that threatened civilization. We were then in the first enthusiasm of our relief from war, and hope ran high that the United States, within or without the League of Nations, would help the Old World to nurse the ideal of peace through freedom for which the war had been fought; and the danger of naval rivalry between us was then only just visible. But in the disappointments of the past year it has gathered form and body, and it is now no longer a vague apprehension but a rapidly maturing problem, with well-marked political lineaments. Unfortunately, there is reason to fear that our two governments (as is the way with all governments, if they are left alone), instead of going to meet it, may wait until it is on their backs. We are told that we must not hurry or unduly press projects of appeasement; but if precipitate action is to be feared, what other insur-

ance can we have against that than timely discussion?

Our discussion must be frank and practical, for this problem is not one to be solved along the lines of revivalist agitation. There are forces—stronger in America than in Great Britain—that are working for the estrangement of the two countries; but in both there is an immense preponderance of goodwill capable of removing mountains, if only some convenient fulcrum for its activity can be devised. What holds us back is not the want of a wholesome sentiment, but the fact that, in our motions toward each other and toward service to the general good, our feet are held in snares from which they must be freed before we can accomplish the undoubted will of the vast majority in both countries.

One of these snares is the natural apprehension that the United States has on the side of Japan. The causes of the differences between them need not be discussed here; Englishmen know and appreciate them, from the Australian

if not from the American side. As the programmes now stand, the United States will have eighteen post-Jutland capital ships in 1925, against Japan's eleven. It will be a fair numerical preponderance, and not more than Great Britain had over Germany at the beginning of the war. But whereas England had, by reason of her geographical position, lying as she does like a huge break-water between the German ports and the seas outside, the strategic advantage in the Atlantic, the strategic advantage in the Pacific is with Japan rather than with the United States. The United States has two sea-fronts to defend — a strategical embarrassment with which we can sympathize; for, in the days when the old Dual Alliance of France and Russia was supposed to be the enemy, the writers on naval policy were always worrying about the danger of naval defeat, with half the British fleet in the Channel and half in the Mediterranean, should its enemies succeed in concentrating their whole force against either. It is not to be supposed that Japan, in the event of war, would try to invade the American continent; but her fleets, if victorious, would sweep American commerce off the seas. And there is the danger, too, of a sudden attack on the Philippines, which, if it were successful, would leave the United States without a naval base in Eastern waters, unless Japan, by attacking China, were to give the United States an opportunity to use Chinese ports.

And where, in the event of war in these Eastern waters, would American ships refit? The disadvantages of fighting thousands of miles away from home ports are hardly to be measured. No one who has given serious thought to the problems of a naval war between the United States and Japan would maintain that the superiority of eighteen ships to eleven gives an extra-

gant margin; and one can readily understand those who are responsible for American defense at sea insisting that this margin is the minimum.

Unfortunately, this increase of American shipbuilding has an automatic effect on the British programme. Great Britain ceased building capital ships in 1917, and has only one ship, the Hood, which can be said to embody the lessons of Jutland — whatever these may be. In this year's programme four such ships are sanctioned; but they will not be begun till next year, and not finished, in all probability, till 1924. It follows that, in order to attain an equality with Japan in these new ships in 1925, Great Britain will have to lay down six ships next year; and equality with the United States will demand an even greater effort next year than ever was made in one year during the competition with Germany.

Thus, with the best good-will in the world and many protestations of mutual regard, we are drifting helplessly into a meaningless rivalry, which could not be worse in its effects on the welfare of the people if our two countries were enemies. And worse even than its effects on material prosperity would be the by-products of this rivalry in political discord, and even, it might be, in active enmity. The government, in introducing its naval estimates, had to face a great deal of criticism because its shipbuilding estimate was so small; and this came, not from political mischief-makers, but from many moderate men. Take the following passage from the speech on this year's estimates of Mr. Prettyman, a former Secretary of the Admiralty, and a man who speaks with care and exactness: —

'Everyone will agree that agreement and international arrangement are far better than building one against another. The practical question that we have to consider on this estimate

is, can we afford, even when that is our opinion, even when the world knows it is our opinion, even when we wish the world to know it is our opinion, — can we afford to allow any single power however friendly, however much we desire to maintain its friendship and even affection, even if it is of our own blood, — can we afford to be in a position where another nation in the world will have a navy definitely more powerful than our own navy? Is there any honorable member who will accept that position? That drives us to the one-power standard, not in the sense of desiring to build against any other power, or to select any single navy and to say we are building to maintain one equal or greater than that, but simply from the purely defensive point of view. . . . If the United States and the government of this country can come to any arrangement by which competition can be avoided, it will be not only unopposed but most heartily welcomed in every quarter of this House. But if such an arrangement is impossible, it is impossible for us to say, simply because we trust and believe in the continued friendship of the United States or any other country, that we can allow them to have a navy to which our navy would be manifestly inferior.'

All sorts of holes can be picked in this passage, but no honest man would deny that it represents the views of ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred; and it may be taken as representing the permanent mind of the country. It is the basis of the 'one-power standard' now formally adopted by the British Government. Mr. Long, ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, on March 16, declared that equality with any other power at sea is a claim that England never would accept 'save in connection with a great English-speaking nation that sprang from our loins and must ever hold a special place in our regard and confi-

dence.' And Mr. Long is a friend both of the United States and of a reduction of armaments. 'If there is to be emulation between, for instance, the United States of America and ourselves,' he said in March, 1920, 'let it be in the direction of reducing the ample margin of strength which we each possess over all other nations.' If he had said 'which we together possess,' his remarks would apply, not only now, but in 1925, when the balance of naval power will be rather different.

The issues, therefore, are plain. With an agreement between us, the formula of equality on the seas — a great thing, as Mr. Long said, for Britain to concede — might develop into a naval *consortium* and a drastic reduction of armaments. Without an agreement, this formula will lead to competitive building, and that, in its turn, to political friction, and, it may be, even to rupture. It is well to speak quite plainly. If we rely on the unmobilized mass of friendship between the two countries, we shall drift into serious trouble; and the first object of those who believe with the writer, that the future of the world depends on the free co-operation of both countries to further our common ideals, must be to mobilize that friendship in the *cadres* of definite and concrete proposals. To that end it is the object of this article to contribute.

II

The writer is among those who believe that capital ships are no longer the chief repositories of naval power; and this belief at one time seemed to offer a means of escape from the more costly forms of naval competition. Supposing that it could be established that, for the defense of shores from invasion, mines and submarines were sufficient, there would be little left to build for but the defense of commerce on the

high seas. That being so, would it not be possible to internationalize the high seas outside territorial waters, which for this purpose might be extended from the three-mile limit to one of ten, or even twenty miles, except in straits that are too narrow to admit of this extension? And might not all the Great Powers agree to police the international sea-common thus created, in accordance with a code of law mutually agreed upon?

If such a plan had been practicable, it is obvious that the immediate result would have been a great reduction of naval armaments and the removal of three fourths of the earth's surface from the clash of national rivalries and jealousies. But there were two great difficulties in the way of such a scheme. In the first place, the majority of expert opinion, both in Great Britain and in America, still believes in the capital ship. And, secondly, the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, under whose authority and flag the new international naval police would have to administer the laws of the sea-common. Clearly, in existing conditions, it is necessary to approach the problem from a different angle.

Both in Great Britain and in America official spokesmen have indicated their willingness to enter an international conference on disarmament; and if the project has got no further, it is because of the frightful difficulty of arranging a basis for general discussion. *Quot gentes, tot sententiae.* All similar attempts in the past have failed, and before making another attempt, the nation that makes a move wants to be assured of a better prospect of success, and in the absence of such assurance the habitual procrastination of all governments gets its way. The theory of reduction has, in the past, usually been that of simple division. You start on the assumption that the relative power

must not be altered, and you begin the search for a common divisor. Supposing that the ratios of naval power possessed by the leaders are as 18 to 12 and 6 — you can divide by 2 or by 3 or by 6 and still leave the relative power unchanged. It all sounds so simple. But in fact, the common denominator has always eluded definition; for it is not only the number of capital and other ships that constitutes naval power, but a host of naval *imponderabilia*, which defy expression in numbers that can be divided.

A still more important reason for past failures is that the causes of the unstable equilibrium that make for naval rivalry are political, and cannot be discussed in any general conference with the remotest chance of coming to an agreement within a reasonable time. This has been the unvarying history of all previous attempts to legislate for a reduction of armaments by a general international agreement. The indispensable conditions of success, which have never yet been fulfilled, are these. First, two powers should hold a preliminary conference and submit their agreement to a general conference; they should be two powers whose views are sufficiently close to promise agreement, and who together exercise a preponderant influence in the world's councils on the subject under discussion. Secondly, these two powers should not confine their discussion to the purely technical aspects of disarmament, but should be authorized to take into consideration the political questions that may be relevant.

The only two powers that could possibly satisfy these conditions are the United States and Great Britain; and it is therefore suggested, as the preliminary which alone promises any chance of success, that there should first be a conference between representatives of Britain and America,

empowered to discuss all the questions bearing on disarmament, to make a report to their governments, and, if it is approved, to submit that, as a draft basis for discussion, to any further conference for which invitations might be issued to other powers. If Britain and America cannot agree, neither can any larger conference; if, on the other hand, we can and do agree, we can play a tune to which all the rest of the world will dance.

It may be that the Anglo-American conference, when it meets, might think it desirable to limit its discussions to what is called the problem of the Pacific; and that the general conference, which should be summoned later to discuss its draft proposals and probably to ratify them, should be restricted to the powers that border on the Pacific—the United States, England, Canada, and Australia, Japan, China, and Siam, Russia, France, and the Pacific States of South America. If so restricted, the problem would be more manageable and the ratification of any agreement that Great Britain and America might reach would be much easier. This, at any rate, one is convinced, should be the first step to disarmament.

The question then arises, what the programme of this preliminary Anglo-American conference should be. Neither of these powers would wish to be advised how to defend its own coasts against invasion, and therefore the principal subject that suggests itself for discussion is, how they should protect their communications overseas. Now, on this question there is a long history of controversy between Great Britain and the United States. Whereas the former has always stood out for the exercise of extreme belligerent rights on the high seas, the United States, in theory if not in practice, has always argued for the milder practice of respecting the rights of neutrals and

the private trading of the belligerent nations with neutrals. This controversy goes back to the very foundations of the American Republic, for Benjamin Franklin was one of the first champions of the exemption of private property at sea from the operations of war; and it will not have been forgotten that one of the arguments that Count Bernstorff was fondest of, in the troubled months before America came into the war, was that she and Prussia had once concluded a treaty embodying this principle against what he called the 'navalism' (a word formed on the analogy of 'militarism') of Great Britain.

The suggestion of the writer is that this old controversy should be resolved in a sense favorable to the American view, and that the conference should, as its first business, draft a resolution declaring that in the event of war the non-contraband commerce of neutrals and of belligerents, and, generally, all private property on the high seas, should be exempt from capture or destruction. That would prohibit, not only a submarine war on commerce, but also a cruiser *guerre à la course* on the high seas. It would deprive belligerents of the excuse that great fleets are necessary for the protection of their sea-borne commerce and of their shipping in war-time.

Those who know the long history of the controversy between England and America on this subject will appreciate how great the sentimental significance of a concession by Britain on this question would be. Its effect would be that American commerce would continue free from molestation even in the event of war—a tremendous relief from the anxieties of the American Admiralty. The losses of the German submarine campaign have gone some way toward convincing Great Britain that a reform in the law of capture, which she has always resisted, is in

her interest; but if the operation of the rule were, at any rate in the first instance, confined to war in the Pacific, her acquiescence in the change of the law would be certain. For a country like America, separated by the width of the Pacific from the attacks of enemies (how different from the position of Great Britain, with her thin silver streak alone separating her from the cockpit of Europe!), such a reform would rob war at sea of the greater part of its perils.

But we should be disposed to go further, and here would be the great advantage of associating in our preliminary conference men of politics with the naval technicians. If Great Britain and America agreed to such a reform, they should also agree that, in the event of its validity being disputed in war, they would make common cause in order to enforce it, and in any general conference of Pacific powers they would command a majority of adherents, and would be strong enough to enunciate it as a law that they meant to enforce against any malignant. It would follow, as a matter of course, almost, that in any war in which this principle was involved, and in which America was concerned to maintain it, we should play the part of a good ally. One condition of that would be that we should relieve America of all responsibility for her communications from the Atlantic sea-board, and so enable her to concentrate her navy in the Pacific, thereby (apart from any closer return that we could make to her for her naval help in the late war) increasing her effective naval strength by perhaps a third.

III

Two objections are always raised to the reform that we have in mind. In the event of some such declaration as

this being reached at the preliminary conference between Great Britain and America,—that every neutral ship and belligerent merchantman engaged in lawful commerce shall have the free use of the high seas without molestation,—who is to decide what is lawful commerce and what is not? In other words, what is contraband? That question we should leave to be determined either by the legal council of the League of Nations or by some analogue of the League drawn from the border states of the Pacific.

A second and more awkward question is, what would become of blockade. It is difficult to imagine how two powers separated by the whole width of the Pacific could institute anything approaching an effective blockade of each other; but, that difficulty surmounted, one would reply unhesitatingly that commercial blockade should be prohibited under our proposed rules, and only military blockade—that is, blockade of naval bases and *places d'armes*—recognized, if it could be made effective.

A final difficulty arises as to the transport of troops across the Pacific; but this, one imagines, would in any case be subject to the full force of the operations of war.

It is probable that this naval agreement would have to be supplemented by one of a political character. For example, it might be necessary for Great Britain and the United States, after discussing all the aspects of the Pacific problem, to agree to guarantee the political *status quo* of the border states of the Pacific, and to make common cause against anyone who attacked it. But this is no more than the Anglo-Japanese alliance does, so far as China is concerned; and it is understood that whatever was decided at the preliminary conference between Great Britain and the United States would be submitted for ratification at

a general conference later. There would be no exclusive alliance, but a declaration of agreed principles, to which other powers, including Japan, would be invited to subscribe. But if they did not, it would be a warning to the rest of us to prepare, and we should do so.

The whole matter may be put still more simply. Two things have kept the American continent, so far, clean from the curse of militarism, which has brought Europe to its present plight. One is the Monroe Doctrine. In effect, what is now proposed is an extension of the Monroe Doctrine so as to include the eastern as well as the western shore of the Pacific. In Canning's and Monroe's days, the danger threatened from Europe; now the danger threatens from Japan; but the Doctrine in its enlarged form would still apply, at any rate so far as America's commitments in the islands of the Pacific or even on the mainland of Eastern Asia were concerned. As surely as she went to war with Germany to prevent France from being overwhelmed, or England from being reduced to the position of a satellite of Germany (as she would have been had France been defeated), so surely must she go to war with Japan to prevent China from becoming a Japanese province. That may seem a crude way of putting it, with the din of the European war still in our ears; but if we had spoken with the same plainness to Germany before the war, perhaps there would have been no war at all. And so with Japan in the hemisphere of the Pacific.

The other thing that has kept the American continent free of militarism is the neutralization of the Great Lakes. What in effect is proposed by the suggested changes in the naval law of war is the neutralization of the Pacific. Backed by the combined will of Great Britain and the United States, this can

be achieved, but in no other way. The policy that is now proposed is therefore no innovation, but only an adaptation to the times of the old Monroe Doctrine and of the neutralization of the Great Lakes, which have done such enormous services to the liberty of the New World in the past.

Moreover, vague as the President's indications of his policy have been up to the present, what he has said is certainly not inconsistent with the policy that is here suggested. In his first Presidential Message he declared that he was willing 'to recommend a way to approximate disarmament,' and also 'to join in writing the laws of international relationship.' His opposition is confined to proposals that would make over any part of American sovereignty to an international council, or in any way hamper the free determination of American policy by the American people.

This objection does not hold against the free association of concordant wills that is proposed in this article. It is one thing to ask the American people to commit themselves beforehand to resolutions of uncertain import and unlimited responsibility that may be passed by a body in which their will may be in a small minority. It is a totally different thing to ask America (as is done here) to join in a league based on ancient traditions of American policy, and embodying what is the permanent will of the people.

Nor, again, is the suggestion here made open to the opposite reproach of Imperialism, for the intention is, not to set up an exclusive alliance, but rather to lay down ideas to which all who will may accede. Does it not rather harmonize with the President's policy of finding a way to disarmament by writing in conference the laws of international relationship? 'Suppose,' an English writer commented on the President's

Message, 'that some of these laws were written to America's satisfaction, would she join a league for their enforcement? Supposing, further, that this project could be coupled with a scheme of naval disarmament, would that influence her decision?' The suggestions made in these pages, it is submitted, satisfy both these tests.

It may be objected that the proposal does not directly bring about disarmament. It does more, for it removes the causes, both political and naval, that make for ruinous competition. It creates an alliance based, not on selfish interests, but on permanent principles of policy, and independent of the gusts of popular passion; and it enlists in support of this policy such reserves of strength that no one would dare to challenge it. And incidentally, without encroaching on the liberty of either, it forms between the United States and

Great Britain an association which may under favorable conditions develop into the keenest-tempered instrument of service to humanity that the world has ever known.

'We two nations,' said an English writer recently, in regard to these hopes of closer association, 'have a common idiom on all these mixed questions of law and politics. On the law of the sea we have behind us a long controversy, which can now safely be resolved. Each has something to give the other and something to receive, and both together could set an example that others could not but follow. Both of us want to keep the weapon of seapower bright for service in the cause of liberty; both would wish to keep it in its scabbard in any less holy and compelling cause; and both try to interpret our duty to our peoples in obedience to the same ideals.'

THE WORLD FROM CORSICA

BY ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

ON the night of President Harding's inauguration, on the top-deck of a little steamer bound for Corsica, two Britons, a Frenchman, and an American were discussing the new President and the old, and the American attitude, in general, in regard to international politics.

A few hours before, the American had been standing with a French crowd on the Avenue de la Victoire in Nice, in front of the bulletin boards, which announced that the London Reparations Conference had decided to let Germany feel the pinch of the sanctions

for the enforcement of the peace treaty. There had been tension in that crowd. It was evident that the thoughts of the solemn Frenchmen, who were so gravely reading the synopsis of the ultimatum to the German delegation, were being jerked back into the old war-channels. The constant French contention that the struggle was not over made them ready for the news. Their universal determination that Germany should pay up made them satisfied. But they were worried. The threat of marching armies stirred up too many familiar

apprehensions and unburied memories.

The tension touched even the four travelers escaping from the troubled European mainland to a half-forgotten French outpost in the Mediterranean. On that dark little platform on the tranquil and careless sea were reiterated the same arguments, complaints, national irritations and dissatisfactions that the American had heard over and over again in France and England. The Frenchman and the Englishman might have been echoes of the querulous voices of their countries. The Englishwoman was more than that. A hint of the public manner made evident before she admitted it that she was a leader in what she called the constitutional wing of the woman's movement, and she therefore expressed a point of view more international than the men.

The talk, like all talk of American politics abroad, was more concerned with the old President than the new. Mr. Wilson is as cordially hated by many Europeans as any of their own statesmen — which is saying a good deal! He is more extravagantly admired by many others than any world-figure except Marshal Foch. But damned or canonized, the ex-President even now is to Europeans by far the most interesting American. Everybody who talks about America at all talks about Wilson. He is a sign of contradiction and of controversy — a prophet or a quack, an autocrat or a dupe, according to the point of view; but it is as impossible to escape him as the text of political debate in Europe as it was to avoid making him the issue of the presidential campaign at home.

The Britishers, representing the Wilsonian school of thought, discussed the retiring President more sympathetically than would any but his most devoted adherents in America. They were not much interested in Mr. Harding, who is still a nebulous figure in Europe, mak-

ing no appeal to the popular imagination and confusing the politicians by his attitude toward European affairs. The Frenchman did not agree with what he called 'Wilson's impossible phantasm of an impossible world,' and he dismissed Mr. Harding with a shrug of his shoulders, as one 'who appears from his speeches not to know any world, possible or impossible.' The only point on which the three agreed was in blaming all their troubles on the American. That is Europe's favorite method just now of fixing responsibility for her political and economic woes. If America were only with them, is the constant cry, they could have peace; Germany would know she was beaten; and every malcontent would not have an American text for his agitation. Above all, — and that is the real head and front of all our offending, — they could stabilize the exchange!

'America has been Germany's tacit ally since the end of the war,' was the bitter complaint of the Englishman, a ship-builder from the Tyne. 'I am not talking so much about the encouragement she has given to all the forces of disintegration and discontent by failing to back the peace. My chief grievance is that she has abandoned Europe to the European politicians.'

'Wilson was the one hope we had,' added the Englishwoman. 'He cleared the air for us all. He was able to express what the English people, what all the confused and suffering peoples over here, were really fighting for. But it was not what our government, or any other government, was fighting for. And then, when we thought we'd won, America repudiated Wilson and all his promises, and left us to the mercy of the old bargainers.'

'Consider how he misled us,' said the Frenchman. 'We let him rebuke us in his doctrinaire fashion for trying to look out for ourselves. We let him call

us militarist and imperialist. And now look at his own country! It is of an irony.'

'But he was right, you know,' interposed the Englishwoman. The American, mostly an interested listener to the discussion of her country, was amused to feel the ground shifting. 'To-day France must strike any observer as both militarist and imperialist. Why otherwise should you have at this moment, when you need productive labor more than anything else, a million undemobilized fighting men, not counting the classes in military training? Any traveler can see that France is full of soldiers. The only building going on is the construction of military barracks, which are everywhere being vastly enlarged, rebuilt, or renovated.'

The Frenchman admitted the truth of the observation and justified the policy. He wanted to know who else lived next door to an enemy already talking of revenge, and suggested pleasantly that, in the event of another attack, France would rather be prepared for a possible wait of two years before anybody was ready to help her. 'As for imperialism, I don't think it is for the English to taunt us with that!'

The Britons admitted that, too. It was an exceedingly frank international dialogue.

'It is perfectly evident that the French people dislike us,' said the Englishman, 'whatever may be the fulsome exchanges between the governments at this moment. One reason I left the Riviera was that I was really made uncomfortable by the hostile attitude, veiled or open, of the French toward the English. They can't disguise it even for the sake of our value in revenue. Why is it?'

'I suppose it is because we all have a feeling that you gave less to the war than we did, and got so much more out of it,' the Frenchman answered.

'But what else did you expect?' asked the Englishwoman. 'Did you ever know England to put her hand in any fire without pulling out most of the chestnuts? And since the war, the British conscience is quite dead. We have n't a spark of feeling left, not even for Ireland. We are perfectly represented by Mr. Lloyd George, able to out-argue and out-maneuvre everybody, and without a principle in the world.'

When the American ventured to suggest that the British premier's ability to hold his party and the people in line under the fearful assaults of a disillusionment that had unseated every other Allied leader must be a sign of great popular confidence, as well as an amazing feat of statesmanship, the Englishwoman retorted that that proved her point.

'One of his party is an intimate friend of ours, a well-known Coalition member from the North. He told us just the other day that Lloyd George holds the curious position of being personally the best-liked and politically the least respected and trusted British premier in history. I tell you he proves that the British conscience is dead!'

That dialogue, reported here as typical of all one hears in Europe, was interesting as a Corsican overture, because it carried to the very shore of the island the atmosphere of distrust, recrimination, suspicion, and bitterness which is the miasmic air that every European breathes to-day. It sharpened the contrast between that pursuing clamor of opinion and the silence of the dawn in which the little ship slid softly into an empty port. The first sight of Corsica makes you feel that you are somewhere near the starry end of the telescope; and the longer you stay there, the more you get the islander's sense that the mainlands of the earth are agitated by a good many unnecessary troubles.

Corsica is not troubled by any discontent, industrial, political, or economic. It is quite as indifferent to European, as the rest of Europe is to American, affairs. Yet twice in Corsica I heard shrewd native judgments of the ex-President of the United States. Once was when I had lost my way in the hills behind Ajaccio, and asked a direction of two pedestrians, in a stony lane far from any house or landmark. They wore capes and slouch hats, were armed with guns, and might have served as the brigands of the story if it had only occurred to them to act the part they looked. Instead, they turned from their rabbit hunt to walk part of the way down the hill, to be sure that I was headed toward the town.

'You come from the country of President Wilson,' one of them guessed. 'A good man, but simple. When my son here talks about going to Paris, I always tell him that even a man of intelligence like your President cannot go to a place like that without having his head turned or his neck twisted.'

The other time was at Calvi, a town out of a mediæval canvas for color and picturesqueness, its squalor guarded by a fortress as formidable as Verdun. Under the fort, in the newer town, near the harbor where Casabianca made his famous stand against the naval power of Britain, I noticed that the main street was named Boulevard President Wilson. It is a sequestered little thoroughfare, with the sea at each end; as out of the world as a street in a picture-book, or Corsica itself.

I was looking up at the name with some thought of the curious power of personified ideas to penetrate the ends of the earth, when I was joined by a townsman, to whom I made my American acknowledgement of the honor done by Calvi to an American.

'In Corsica,' he assured me with a flourishing bow, 'we understand Amer-

ica better than they do in France. We admire Wilson. We like Don Quixotes. You know we have a claim to Christopher Columbus. Go up the hill, and they will show you the ruins of the house where we think he was born. Of course, Genoa disputes it. But wherever he came from, he was once here, and he discovered America. So Calvi feels an interest in America.'

He said it with an air, that smiling survivor in a fading village on a forgotten strand, the air of a grand duke toward one of his colonies, rather staggering even to a traveler accustomed to getting strange views of her country through foreign eyes.

'As to Mr. Wilson,' he went on, 'I think he made some discoveries in Europe, too. He did n't accomplish very much, when all is said; but the things he could n't do — well, they made a good many people over there,' with a gesture toward the mainland, 'begin to think. He did not come for nothing, but he should have come to Corsica. It is a very good place to study history, to see what happens to heroes, and to learn that everything takes time.'

To enter Corsica, on the very first day of President Harding's administration, to the accompaniment of an Anglo-French discussion of President Wilson, and to leave it, a week later, to the echo of a Corsican contribution to the same discussion, is an experience not without amusement and significance. There was a world between the two points of view; but I am not sure that the gentleman of leisure who did the honors of the Boulevard President Wilson in the town of Calvi, in an island so workless, strikeless, newsless, moneyless, and generally idyllic, as Corsica, did not occupy a better post for observation than those commentators who live amid the confusion of events and the conflict of reports.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHELL-SHOCK IN A SHOESHOP

THIS small exposition of a social phenomenon is presented to the sorority of shoestore sufferers merely in the hope that it will be diagnosed as correct, and not condemned as another extravagance of an embittered shopper.

Things are seldom what they seem. The other day I went to what I supposed to be a mark-down sale of boots and shoes, but found instead that I was attending a reception; or perhaps it would be more correct to call the social function at which I found myself a leap-year party, because, in a shoestore, it is apparently always leap year.

Women in bevies were crowding and jostling each other just inside the entrance, shrilly demanding some particular clerk, the name of the coveted salesman rising above the steady stream of feminine chatter with flattering insistence. I was deafened by the Babel of tongues among which various phrases crashed through into my consciousness.

'Where is Mr. Johnson? I must have Mr. Johnson. He's the only man that knows just what I want.'

'Is Mr. Jackson here? Say, Edna, do you mind just catching hold of that gentleman that's talking to the fleshy woman in blue? He's my special friend. All the others make me get shoes that are too big for me.'

'Oh, Mr. Sampson, here I am! You know you told me to be sure and always ask for you.'

'Good morning, Mr. Benson. How are you this morning? Popular as ever, I see! I want you to show me the very latest thing in tango-slippers. I think everything of Mr. Benson,' the speaker

then announced to all whom it might concern. And the mountain of flesh from whom this flattering declaration emanated forced her way toward her coveted idol, Mahomet being utterly unable to go to the mountain.

I looked around me in despair. Each clerk was either surrounded by a group of ladies, or having a confidential chat with one alone on some cushioned sofa. Broken bits of conversation continued to assail my ears; sometimes the subject-matter was such as would be tossed to and fro between any two people meeting at an afternoon tea; sometimes there was an interchange of personal gossip concerning the large world of society in which the majority of the shoe-purchasing and shoe-selling world seemed to move side by side. The feminine confidences to which I found myself listening were the more astounding in their intimacy from the fact that often they were evidently being poured into the ear of a total stranger. A young girl in fur coat and pearl necklace bent confidentially toward a swain in whose blacking-stained palm her silk-stockinged foot was temporarily reposing, and exchanged ballroom badinage. Stout matrons repeated the latest *mot*s of their grandchildren, or deplored the manners of the new generation, sure of a sympathetic listener at their feet. Somehow the intimacy implied by an appeal for sympathy always seems of the closest possible brand.

Among the confusion of faces, I suddenly detected the puzzled one of a rather deaf contemporary of my own. I made my way to her side, and indicating a confidential confessional that was in progress at a little distance, I shouted,

'Don't you admire shoe-men's sympathy?'

She looked alarmed for my reason. 'Schumann's Symphony?' she murmured vaguely. 'Why, yes, I think it's beautiful, if you mean the one in D minor.'

This would never do. 'It's no use trying to talk in a shoeshop,' I yelled, backing away.

'Did you say you had shell-shock?' my deaf friend inquired again.

I nodded violently and withdrew to continue my observations.

'Is this the new democracy?' I asked myself in a daze. But no. I had been to other mark-down sales. I have traveled from automatic attics to bargain basements, and everywhere the old order prevailed to the extent of the purchaser and the dispenser of wares being separated by that imaginary equator which divides the seller and the sold. Perhaps the absence of that symbol of separation, the counter, explains the greater freedom of intercourse in the shoestore. But as I had come to buy boots and not to moralize, I decided to be very up-to-date and 'cut in' on some confidential couple. Accordingly I boldly placed myself beside a seal-skinned siren who was discussing with her chosen partner a movie she had seen the night before, and said firmly, 'I have come to buy some boots. Will you please wait on me when you are quite through talking to this lady?'

My sarcasm passed unheeded. Without glancing my way, the clerk merely pointed to a distant corner and replied, 'I am busy. Perhaps one of those other gentlemen can attend to you.'

It was in that corner, neglected and alone, that I evolved the theory that the shoeman is as yet in a state of transition. He is an unclassified animal, a sort of social Soko, or missing link. Perhaps eventually he will arise from his 'probably arboreal' crouch, and will

stand upright on two legs and proclaim himself either a man or a gentleman! Perhaps he will have a consulting parlor, in which ladies may lay bare their souls (I repudiate the obvious pun) less publicly than at present. But for the moment the shoe-specialist is certainly in an anomalous position, into which he has been pushed by the incredible intimacy of his rich and common lady-patronesses. Perhaps there is some psychological reason why, in removing the shoe, one removes also a shell of reserve (perhaps shell-shocked sensibilities have caused it to disintegrate) while a new sole-protector is being tested.

It always establishes a pleasantly cordial relation to find one's self hand and glove with a courteous clerk on the other side of the counter; but it is almost startling to find one's self foot and boot — so to speak — with an impassioned salesman kneeling at one's feet!

THE HIGH COST OF TALKING

Speech lightens toil, and soothes the arduous day
With pleasant converse all along the way;
Some talk all day; and others take delight
To keep on talking in their sleep all night.

ANON.

It is a difficult problem, but if the cost of labor continues to increase, a point will be reached at which the employer must seriously consider how much irrelevant conversation between employees, or between an employee and friends or acquaintances who share his society but not his toil, he can afford to pay for; and, having so decided, he must find a way to make his decision operative. Already, for example, it is with an indescribable emotion that the smaller employers of labor — we who need the carpenter, the plumber, the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn, the scrub-lady, or other members of the newest new rich — listen to the conversation of our nominal hirelings, and figure in our troubled minds how much

it is costing us a minute. We are not mean: we are desperate — and the fact that we, too, are now and again insidiously lured into conversation with these nominal hirelings makes us more so. Labor is scarce; the deaf and dumb unobtainable, — even if we employed them they would stop work and talk with their fingers, — and the habit of speech, as we cannot but recognize in ourselves as well as in others, is older in history, far more widely practised, and far more difficult for the victim to get rid of, than any other.

Many thousand years ago this was a dumb world — a world that we may only faintly picture by trying to imagine ourselves living naked in trees. Judged by all modern standards, it must have been an odd life; but it had its pleasures, it was not dull. Primeval man (so I read in my *Science History of the Universe*) 'romped and frolicked with his fellows.' 'There were rhythmic beatings of the hands and arms, and some approach to song'; but it would have been a song without words, and what you or I, good reader, might have thought we were trying to sing about, even the *Science History of the Universe* does not know. The wisest of us, I judge, would have been mentally inferior to the average modern baby; but this is perhaps unjust to the sage; for whereas the baby learns to talk in an environment already provided with teachers, a vocabulary, and topics of conversation, this worthy fellow in the tree had to start with a single word of his own making, and could talk about nothing whatever until he had invented a name for it.

The idea staggers imagination, but so it was. Out of these rompings and frolickings, these mad, glad games of tag and hidey-go and leap-frog in the sun-flecked glades of prehistoric forests now turned to coal, came the first words. Thus it may have happened that one of us sometimes got, as we now say, too

'gay' with another; a friendly tussle became too strenuous, and a protesting squeak meaning 'Don't bite my ear' came by repetition to be generally recognized as definite speech, meaning, as the Dictionary now says, 'the apparatus of audition,' not intended for biting. And having thus named his *e-e-e-e-e-yah!* primeval man went bravely on and tried to name everything else — a tremendous task not yet completed.

Nor, for that matter, have his descendants done much to perfect the instrument of communication which he thus sketchily invented, and which still remains sadly limited. 'Many words,' said Stevenson, 'are often necessary to convey a very simple statement; for in this sort of exercise we never hit the gold; the most we can hope for is by many arrows, more or less off on different sides, to indicate, in the course of time, for what target we are aiming, and after an hour's talk, back and forward, to convey the purport of a single principle or a single thought.'

Yet it is something if the arrows thus indicate the target; for so dependent is speech upon the receptivity and state of mind of the hearer, that many an honest sentence fails to describe its meaning, and many an honest thought gets distorted in the hearing beyond the subsequent recognition of the mind that thought it. Here, indeed, is a cumulative tragedy, the incalculable total of countless human misunderstandings, for which our ancestor prepared the way when he named his ear. And whether or not it would have been better if his ear had remained nameless is a question for individuals to answer according to their faith in the ultimate intention of evolution.

However it started, and to whatever humanly incomprehensible purpose, the practice of speech and the pursuit of labor have long been inseparable: one may even argue that, with the develop-

ment of self-consciousness and conventions, speech has taken the place of romping and frolicking whenever two or more human beings get together. The literary-minded reader will recall the poet Thompson's fine pastoral: —

Soon as the Morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened fields the Reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By countless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

And although the poet was thinking of agriculture in a coeducational phase that is no longer common, the most casual observation must realize that urban and suburban scandal equally well deceive the tedious time, that reaping is here symbolic of many another occupation, and that neither sex is reduced to noticeable taciturnity by the absence of the other. I have seen, and heard, ten or a dozen men, nominally busy at mending a highway outside my window; and, although neither the so-called gentler sex nor the social beverage was present, the affair sounded, and was in effect, very much like a tea-party — except that now and again one of the guests stopped talking, and scattered a shovelful of gravel, with a free, graceful, and generous gesture, over the roadbed. This they did in rotation, so that usually one guest was scattering gravel, and the function was progressive. It came leisurely into view far down the road to the east; it went leisurely out of sight far down the road to the west, leaving a pleasant impression of human companionship, though less romantic than the reapers made on Thompson.

It may yet happen, as things are going, that such toil as this will become coeducational also, that towns will recruit their street departments impar-

tially from the new electorate, and that these sturdy highwaymen, each by the lass he loves, will bear the rougher part and mitigate her toil. There were, to be sure, contingencies that did not occur to the superficially observant poet: one member of the cheerful band might have set himself to mitigate the toil of a lass whom some other member loved, and then, as Mr. Thompson might (more ably) have put it, —

Across the ripened field the Reaper leaps,
With bloodshot eyes, and tears the lass he loves
From him who would her labor mitigate;
And e'er that other can defend himself,
With jealous sickle reaps his hated life.

This, however, would be an extreme case, and fruitless efforts to kill with a pointed look would be more likely.

Under conditions that are still with wistful optimism referred to as 'normal,' no essayist with a heart could have wished to change an industrial convention by which conversation has been accepted (and paid for) as the companion of toil. It has been taken for granted that carpenters on a roof or plumbers in a cellar would deceive the tedious time, that the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn would hold informal receptions for all passing friends and acquaintances, and so on through various employments, male, female, and mixed. The tongue of man and the tail of dog, it has been tacitly agreed, have this in common — each wags when the owner is happy; and well it would be if the tongue, like the tail, ceased wagging under other temperamental conditions. Talk and toil, it has been held, go together, separate yet inseparable, like the Siamese twins; nor is it remarkable that this phenomenon should have been taken as a matter of course; for each human repeats in his or her own personal experience the history of humanity, is born speechless, discovers with surprise and wonder the pleasure of conversation, and never wearies of practising it.

Words, moreover, are the only currency in which the poorest can afford to be extravagant: each has a Fortunatus's purse, and, however he plays the spendthrift, the purse is as full as ever.

Yet it must be admitted that a widower who does not dance, though he may with equanimity once a year purchase a ticket for himself and wife to the Policeman's Ball, would be disturbed if policemen, summoned at night to capture a burglar in the second story, stopped on the way for an informal dance in the dining-room. The case is not so radically different from that of carpenters who pause in their carpentering for a pleasant chat, or of the man-who-takes-care-of-the-lawn who uses his rake to lean on while he discusses the political situation with the ashman. In all justice it becomes more and more evident that only the industrial occupation of his premises should be paid for by an employer, and that the social occupation should be paid for by the employee. In the case of the highwaymen's party that I have mentioned, a distinction should be made between gossiping and graveling. But unfortunately this sound truth is not likely to be recognized by the conversationalists in soviet.

NEW LIGHTS ON BROADWAY

It is queer how you can meet old familiar wayside acquaintances day after day, for weeks at a time, and then, suddenly, some little incident will pop out of the unexpected and reveal to you their whole personalities, setting, and responsibility to the universe.

I went down to mail a letter and get a paper, and walked back through the woods. I turned off the lane at a place that is n't usual, going over the wall instead of through the legitimate gap and walking through wet wild asters and poison ivy, and by way of various outcroppings of rock, on which I sat

down experimentally from time to time, to open my paper, combat the mosquitoes briefly, and withdraw. This departure from the path may have been the reason for the general change in the face of things, although I came back before long to the usual open spot, and found the usual two horses grazing there, went up the little hill past them and through the usual sagged place in their wire-fence. On the edge of the sunny open space on top of the hill, in the fringy edge of the sumach and the shade of a tree, with goldenrod adorning the prospect, I recognized the destined ledge of rock on which to read my paper; so I sat down to consider Cox and Harding in parallel columns.

Other voices not political began to get my attention, but I did n't listen much. They were well away on the other side of the trees, and it was n't my business. After a while the two horses came plunging out of the thicket and across the lower edge of the grassy space and into the thicket on the other side, shouts pursuing; and then a man in a whitish shirt and no-colored trousers, with a long stick in his hand, came after. He'd been 'chasing those horses all morning, lady,' he explained as he went by. 'It's hard to catch horses. You think you have them cornered and they get away from you.'

I wished him success this time, and thought he had it; but he had n't. Then another man appeared — a long, lean man who left an impression of blue gingham shirt in the general color-effect of the landscape as he went across it. Had the horses gone up by here? he wanted to know. No, not *up* by here; they had gone *down* by here, I told him, with the other man after them, but they had n't passed again. So he went off to beat the woods.

From that time my reading-room was the scene of crossings and recrossings, of pursuit, escape, bewilderment,

of explosions of baffled wrath from the White Shirt and mild perplexity from the Blue Gingham. They ran across it, shouting; they walked across it, puzzled. They collapsed on it, to pant and rest. They called across it from opposite thickets to each other, to ask what luck. They stood in the middle of it and scratched their heads. And once in a long while, the horses crossed it—now a brown streak moving above the green leafage where the bushes were low, now cantering into the open, flicking their tails and having a very happy time.

They were n't his horses, said the Blue Gingham. They were the other man's. He just thought he'd give him a hand. The White Shirt had a great deal more to say. Not that he loitered to say it—in fact, he was generally running all the way across. But he somehow managed in passing to convey a great deal. He'd been after those horses since eight o'clock this morning, lady. He was tired out, running. He did n't know when he'd been so tired. He was winded. He'd like to know where the devil those horses went. He was to bring them in this morning, and here it was eleven o'clock, and his folks were moving to-day and he had to go home. He did n't know what he was going to do. Those horses were foxy. They were the coach-horses, and they'd always been here and knew every lane.

It had never occurred to me before to think of those horses as belonging to anyone. I had just thought of them as independent personalities roaming the woods at will—within the limitation of certain fences, perhaps; we all have our barriers somewhere. And here they were flooded with a whole new light, creatures of duties, subject to a foreman, a boss—to who knows what hierarchy of authority?—maybe to Her in the end. Here they were shown as unreliable, sly, selfish, lazy—no con-

sideration for anybody's comfort—no reasonableness—no gratitude—out on strike at present, for shorter hours and more time to eat, and who cares what becomes of the established social system! How little you really know the people you meet every day!

Well, White Shirt was winded. As he said, he'd been at it since eight o'clock this morning, and he was tired running all the time. He dropped on a stone under a tree. He mopped his face and his wide-open neck and chest. 'They've nothing to do but run and eat,' he said. 'On *our* place you just hold out an apple and the horses'll come right to you. We don't ever tie the cows. Don't have to. Milk them right out in the open field, and they'll stand. Come right to you when you call them, and let down their milk. They know when it's milking-time. If they were *my* horses,' said White Shirt vindictively, 'I'd put them to the plough. I'd work some of the fat off 'em. Work 'em eight hours a day. Then I guess they would n't run! Keep 'em at it about two weeks!'

Once, for a long time, there was quiet, and I supposed the wicked were caught. But they were n't. White Shirt reappeared with a paper-bag under his arm and a hunk of bread and an apple in one hand. I supposed it was lure, but it was really lunch.

'It's hard to have to eat while you run,' he said. 'Have those horses been by?'

No, they had n't been by.

'I'm going down that way,' he said. 'If they come along, will you just let me know, please?'

I would, willingly. But this time White Shirt did loiter. With one foot on my rock just above where it slanted out of the grass, he hung, poised, and we exchanged the stories of our lives. All the while he fancied himself gone down that way, hotfoot after his horses—mopped his brow at intervals and

scarcely noticed that he was n't running and winded. He offered me his apple, but I was afraid there was only one. I accepted the hospitality, but not the apple — and that was very noble of me, too, because it looked like a good one.

It was in Illinois that the farm was where the cows stood to be milked, and all you had to do was to hold out an apple and the horses would come. That was where he grew up.

'They found us in the city,' he said; 'took us out there. I was seven years old, and there was my brother and my sister younger. *Found* us in New York City! My father and mother abandoned us.—No, never heard anything about them. Don't know what became of them, or anything. I used to think — could n't go to sleep at night. Up to the time I was married — up to the time I was thirty years old — I used to stay awake at nights wondering if I'd ever see my parents, and wishing I knew who they was and what they was like and what became of them. My brother done me out of three hundred dollars. That was eighteen years ago. I never saw him since. Yes, I often wished I knew about my father and my mother. Fifty years ago. Left us here in this city.'

Again he asked me to let him know, please, if the horses passed this way, and again imagined himself gone. He was pretty tired running after those horses. He'd been weeding the grass this morning and hurt his finger. 'See!' Mathematics applied to his story would seem to make him out fifty-seven, but he might have been five when he held out his grubby forefinger to show me the long red cut across it.

'Cut it on a piece of wiregrass. It would n't be so bad, but the place all seems so run down — lots of weeds and everything. I've only been on the place a week.'

He keeps acquainted with his sister. She never done him out of anything, I judge. She has a big farm in Illinois. It is the next farm to the one they grew up on, where the cows stand and the horses are friendly and acquainted. I suppose she had married the farm, but did n't learn that, because he got interested in telling me about the butter.

He knows how to make butter without any buttermilk. There's a little whey, but not any buttermilk at all. He made fifteen dollars once. Some people said he could n't do it, and he said he'd show them, and they put up fifteen dollars, and he did do it. It's his receipt. Usually you take a pound of cream and you don't get a pound of butter out of it; but his way you get more than a pound. He knows all about raising vegetables — beans and tomatoes and corn and all the vegetables. You put in so much seed, and you get so many bushels back, and so many tomatoes to the plant; and so much money it's worth and so much to the acre. Of course, he was n't indefinite like that. He talked in figures; but I'm not an intelligent farmer as he is, so I don't remember. But he does n't forget it — not any of it. Twenty years ago, and he goes over it in his mind now — it's like going to school again. He does n't forget a thing about it.

He can make maple syrup, too. That's another of his receipts. You put it on your cakes, and you'd say it was Vermont maple syrup. He'd give any man five dollars who could tell the difference. Nothing in it that would hurt you. It's one kind of bark — he does n't know whether it grows in these woods or not, but it's a tree that grows back there. I took it that meant Illinois. You boil it in water and put in a chemical, and pebbles — that is, you strain it through pebbles and charcoal, and put in so much sugar to so much liquor, and when you get it the same

color as the maple syrup — well — he'd give any man five dollars.

As I was going home, I met him down where the path goes over the wall. He called to me as soon as I came in sight, to know whether they'd been up there in my direction; but they had n't. He'd mended the fence down here, and he did n't believe they could have got over — he wondered if they could. I did n't believe they could, either, for the low place in the wall was so built up that I did n't recognize it, and there are new barbed wires across, besides.

And all this in New York City, just off Broadway, and three blocks from the subway station!

ASTRONOMY

After the sun has gone to bed,
The stars come out. All overhead
I've seen them twinkling. It was late,
For sometimes I stay up till eight.

If I stayed up till half-past ten,
I could n't count them, even then.
But when the moon is shining bright,
Most of the stars keep out of sight.

And one night, when the moon was
gone,
I thought I saw them on the lawn,
As if from out my window I
Was looking right down at the sky.

But that was *ignorant* of me:
They were not stars at all, you see,
But little flies that fly at night,
Each carrying a tiny light.

A QUEER THING

I've got a shadow — and I think
It looks like when I spilled the ink,
And made a spot upon the floor
That won't come off forevermore.

The first time that I noticed it,
I was astonished, I admit.

I wondered what that thing could be
That went along in front of me!

They tell me that because the sun
Can't shine through me, or anyone,
I *make* this shadow on the land.
But how, I do not understand.

So when the sun is shining clear,
My shadow's always somewhere near;
And every little thing I do
My shadow goes and does it too.

And if my shadow's not in sight,
In front of me, or left, or right,
I quickly turn about and find
My shadow tagging on behind.

And sometimes it is thin and tall
Along the grass or on the wall.
And sometimes it is short and fat;
And always it is very flat.

It never makes the slightest sound
To let me know that it is round;
And cloudy days I look in vain
For it. I guess it fears the rain.

JOHN

On January 13, 1820, Keats wrote to his sister-in-law, in America, 'If you should have a boy, do not christen him John, and persuade George not to let his partiality for me come across. 'T is a bad name, and goes against a man. If my name had been Edmund, I should have been more fortunate.'

Whether or not this was true about John Keats, the principle is true about many other names foisted upon defenseless children, who grow up embittered by a real malediction, a name disliked. We can learn to endure our own features and our other limitations, but a name cannot be lived down, it is always being spoken or written. Who can say what an incentive there might be in Edmund? Who knows what elements

of harmony contributed to make certain names famous? Possibly the sound of the author's name, rather than his merit, has won fame for many a writer.

Coleridge insisted that a woman's name should be a trochee. Is it, perhaps, by trochees that we measure the fame of Geoffrey Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Francis Bacon, Robert Herrick, Isaak Walton, William Wordsworth, Percy Shelley, Robert Browning, Walter Pater, and many others? A man or woman named in trochaic dimeter will

Climb the hill that braves the stars.

Why did Keats long to be Edmund? There seems to be no special tradition of literary fortune among Edmunds. Edmund Spenser, of course, was the poet who gave Keats his first inspiration to achievement, and Edmund Kean aroused Keats to a profounder sense of Shakespearean tragedy. It would be easier to explain a preference for William. It seems to be an axiom that a boy named William will succeed in literature. Will was the name for a poet, in the Middle Ages, as Bayard was the name for a horse. In a rapid glance over the annals of English literature I have found twenty-seven Williams who have won lasting fame.

Keats said: 'We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us.' With this quotation in mind let us consider the precedent of John in English literature.

John Gower was the great pedantic moralist; John Wyclif, the controversial first Protestant; John Skelton was tutor to Henry VIII; John Lyly launched Euphuistic platitudes; John Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*; John Bunyan, imprisoned, wrote an allegory (matchless, to be sure); John Dryden wrote two of the most childishly vapid odes in literature, for, in his own language, he was

sequacious of the lyre;

John Locke pried into the Human Understanding.

It is easy to see why Keats did not care to be listed with the Johns.

His friends called him, affectionately, 'Junkets'; and in this year of the centenary of his death, critics, interpreters, and readers have made amends for his John, for they have 'call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme.'

There are, however, cases of real hardship in names. I fear for the future of a beautiful child named Jabez. Whatever he does, he deserves forgiveness. Harsh unmelodious names ought to be taboo. No human being should be compelled to wear, not only inherited features and tendencies, but also inherited names. Here in New England many a disposition is wrecked by the possession of some such Biblical ancestral name.

And then there are the classical names. Why torment a boy by calling him Achilles, or a girl by naming her Calliope? There are tragedies and comedies of names Proper, or otherwise. Think of being called, aloud, 'Poe,' and think of surmounting this affliction by writing beautiful poems! Names have some occult influence over destiny.

Why did Cowley ruminate in the pastoral strain, in many of his writings? Was it not because he was Phineas, that Fletcher wrote his *Piscatory Dialogues*? What made Gay and Swift the fast friends of the Wicked Wasp of Twickenham? Is there a reasonable doubt of the suitability of the publication of Swinburne's poems by Chatto and Windus? Why was 'Fiona Macleod' preferred by the man who wielded a critical Sharp pen?

The moral is clear. Even if a last name is unchangeable, a first name may be bestowed wisely. Give a boy a name that has no predetermined character, no conspicuousness; let him make it have individuality — call him John.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

When the World War broke out, **Paul Dukes** was living in Petrograd. Unable to pass the physical examination required by the army, he took advantage of his accurate knowledge of the Russian language and people, and volunteered for the British Secret Service. He was assigned to the place of a valuable agent recently murdered by the Bolsheviks, and for the better part of a year lived a life such as any master of detective fiction might profit by. Dukes served in a munition factory, and subsequently was drafted into the Red army itself. He organized an extensive courier service and sent out information of great value. Subsequently he was knighted for his services. This *Atlantic* article describes in detail the opening chapter of his extraordinary adventures. **Dallas Lore Sharp** is Professor of English at Boston University. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** is, fortunately, a frequent contributor to these pages. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is the well-loved author of *Black Sheep*, and the more recent *Fortunate Youth*, which we never cease from recommending to every *Atlantic* reader.

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Laura Spencer Portor (Mrs. Francis Pope) is connected with a leading women's journal of New York. **L. Adams Beck** is an English scholar and traveler, now living in the Canadian West. **William Beebe** has returned from one of his most profitable sojourns at the Jungle Laboratory in Kartabo. The *Atlantic* is glad to announce that the second of the four gorgeous volumes of his monograph on the pheasant is now off the press. We call them 'gorgeous' advisedly, for there is, perhaps, no more intense beauty in nature than a pheasant's plumage; and in both text and pictures that beauty is caught and held to an extent which, to us, at any rate, seems quite incredible. **Alfred G. Rolfe** is senior master at the Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

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Belle Skinner, who has 'adopted' the village of Hattonchâtel, is an American who

has done much generous and self-sacrificing work in France. **Harry Hubert Field** is a young Englishman, who went from the public school into service in 1914, and served with distinction and continuously until his demobilization in April, 1919. After the appearance of the American divisions in France, he happened to be assigned as 'observer' to one after another of the successive detachments of raw troops. A friend of Captain Field writes to the editor: —

His mental attitude toward America from 1914 till April, 1917, was the attitude that 'the thin red line could scarcely escape. . . . [But] it was the acquaintance thus made with Americans in the flesh — coupled with the deepened and sober thoughts that four and three quarters years of war so extraordinarily developed in that remnant of England's best that yet lives — that brought home to him personally the real significance of the Anglo-American relation. So, no sooner was he demobilized than, with a directness of action that showed the fundamental sincerity of the thought, he got straight to the job as he saw it: pushed aside any idea of a period of rest, came directly to America, and with a notion that the understratum of our structure might be the one to learn first, went to work as a day-laborer in one of the big factories in Buffalo. Day-work and piece-work among the common run of Poles, Hungarians, negroes, and what not — he stuck it out for seven months: learned, by sharing, the conditions under which the men lived and worked, visited their homes as one of them — and was accepted by them as a comrade. All this, not from the point of view of an 'uplifter,' or a 'muck-raker,' or a Socialist, but from that of an English gentleman, anxious to learn our domestic conditions and difficulties in order that he might sympathetically interpret, in some later time of need, America to England. Personally I think that I have rarely heard of any more unselfish and high-minded bit of service, or of one more difficult. . . . The name [Paul Zonbor] is the only bit of fiction in the narrative.

* * *

Grover Clark was born in Japan of American parents. He was educated in America, and is a graduate of Oberlin and Chicago universities. For the last three years he has been in Japan and China, engaged in teaching and research work along sociological and political lines. He now holds a chair in Government at the University of Peking.

Christopher Morley is the happy 'columnist' of the New York *Evening Post*. **Nicholai Velimirovic** was born at Valjevo, Serbia, the son of a Serbian peasant. He was educated in Serbian schools and the College of Belgrade, and studied also in Switzerland, France, England, Germany, and Russia. He became Professor of Theology at Belgrade, and chaplain to the court; in 1919 he was elected Bishop of Chachak, and in November, 1920, Bishop of Ochrida. In the reconstruction work now going on in Serbia, he has a leading part. He is President of the Serbian Child-Welfare Association of America, which, in coöperation with the Serbian government, is carrying out a most advanced and constructive programme of public health and child welfare. In 1915 he was sent to the United States, to recall Serbians living here to the defense of their country. At that time he made addresses in many cities of the United States and Canada, and left behind him a profound impression. Bishop Nicholai is at present making a second visit to America in the interest of his country and her people.

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Gertrude Henderson sends her first contribution to the *Atlantic* from New York City. **Theodore M. Knappen** is connected with the Washington bureau of the New York *Tribune*. **Frances Lester Warner**, Assistant Professor of English at Wellesley College, is about to join the *Atlantic's* permanent staff. **Paul Scott Mowrer** is the representative in Paris of the Chicago *Daily News*.

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The country-wide interest roused by the publication of Mr. Alger's paper on the 'New Privilege' sought by American farmers led the *Atlantic* to invite **Mr. Bernard M. Baruch** to write an article representing the farmer's point of view. Though not a farmer himself, Mr. Baruch's broad experience, his recognized sympathy and public spirit, make him an admirable spokesman for 'the largest business in the United States.' Everybody knows, of course, of his services as Chairman of the War Industries Board; but everybody, perhaps, has not read the informing and very useful report that he sent in answer to the request of the

Kansas State Board of Agriculture for his opinion on coöperative buying. **Herbert Sidebotham**, for many years an important member of the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, became a 'student of war' in the service of that paper. The keenness and comprehension of his articles brought him wide reputation, and in 1918 he joined the *Times*, in direct succession to its military correspondent, the famous Colonel Repington. At present he is a 'student of politics' on the *Times* staff. **Anne O'Hare McCormick**, of Dayton, Ohio, sends this informing little contribution from abroad.

* * *

It is the *Atlantic's* oft-expressed opinion that many of the 'roads to Americanization' lead to something both different and undesirable. Contrast, please, these two descriptions.

This from Springfield, Massachusetts:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Every fair-minded person will admit that the United States government has provided laws which, consistent with the safety of the nation, aid the alien to become a full-fledged citizen, with the rights, duties, and responsibilities—save only eligibility to the office of president—of the native born. . . .

It is unfortunate, therefore, when the execution of these laws is entrusted . . . to judges who, by their treatment . . . breed in the heart and mind of a petitioner, not affection for this country, but fear and distrust.

For instance, thirty alien men and I went to the Court to take out our Declaration of Intention to become citizens. We had been led to take this step through daily contact with men and women who had typified to us the fine qualities of true, loyal Americans. We were conducted immediately to the office, where the fee was collected. This was only a trivial matter, but I know that it impressed me with the idea that 'pay as you enter' could apply to more than street-cars. However, after this introduction, we were ushered into the presence of the judge before whom we were to be sworn in, and from whom we were to receive our certificates.

Surely, this ceremony would be impressive, I thought. But, no, we were only foreigners to the judge, who evidently thought that since the majority knew little English, they required but little courtesy. We stood before the bar, for there were no seats on our side of it, for over an hour, while the judge, with his feet on his desk, smoked, and talked casually to other men in the office. No explanation was vouchsafed to us for the delay. We simply stood, and waited his pleasure. After an hour had elapsed, I asked a nearby clerk if he could tell me the cause of the delay. This was his answer: 'Oh, you'll have to wait till the judge gets ready.'

The judge finally decided that he was too busy to attend to us and turned the affair over to his deputy. This was the impressive ceremony I heard: the deputy read my name, — which fortunately for me was the first on the list, — said, 'Hold up your right hand,' read the Oath of Allegiance, which he mispronounced and mumbled so that I had difficulty in recognizing it, handed me my 'First Paper,' and said, 'Next.'

The undue haste in administering the oath, the discourtesy shown to us because we were foreign-born, imbued me, not with respect for the court, but with relief that the transaction was over, and indignation that one man had misrepresented to thirty-one potential citizens the ideals and traditions of true Americanism.

DORA M. BRIGGS.

And this other from Nashville, Tennessee.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You may be interested in an account of the welcome given sixteen new citizens last week in Nashville, Tennessee.

The social took place in the assembly hall of Watkins's Free Night School, where there was an audience of over 500, mostly foreign-born.

Addresses were made by the judge, who had granted citizenship papers, the mayor of the city, an immigrant of many years standing, and one of the new Americans.

After the four addresses the band played the National airs of all the countries represented, while the audience visited the booths along the side of the wall, where French, Austrians, Roumanians, Russians, Italians, Swiss, Syrians, and Hungarians, dressed in the national costumes, served their native dishes and greeted us in their mother tongues.

This unique gathering was the work of the local Chapter of Colonial Dames, the Council of Jewish Women, and the Bertha Fensterwald Settlement.

Yours very truly.

* * *

With even-handed justice, we print the following: —

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Since you have gone into the advertising business with such happy results for the spinster who wished a ready-made, self-supporting family, do you think you can conscientiously refuse other applications of a soul-stirring description?

As expressing, perhaps, the suppressed desires of a majority of your readers, I would like to suggest the following advertisements which might result in untold happiness for so many.

I. I am an earnest student, who has completed all the work which can be done in my line in this country. I have always wanted to travel, and as no institution seems eager to give me a fellowship for foreign research, I am anxious to find someone who will supply the financial backing and permit me to go to Europe for an *indefinite* time. A regular income during my absence would be necessary.

II. I am a young woman, thirty years of age,

who has grown tired of wearing her suits for years and years, and mending and patching her clothes. I am very good-looking and feel that a suitable setting for my beauty should be provided before it fades away. Will you put me in touch with a woman whose jewels and clothes are no longer a shrine for beauty.

III. I am a poet whose poems have been accepted by the leading magazines, but poems *en masse* are repellent to my sensitive spirit, and I fear the effect on my genius. There must be someone who, if my plight were known, would gladly give, that my poems might be privately printed, *de luxe*.

IV. Well-educated college professor (with the usual salary), devoted reader of the *Atlantic*, takes special pleasure in an uninterrupted evening's browsing. Lacking the subscription price of his favorite periodical, a walk to the College Library is now necessary, in order to procure the mental stimulation at the price of breaking up the evening. Will some kind person supply the home need?

Very truly yours,
CATHARINE W. PIERCE.

* * *

We are glad to give space to this forceful communication from one of our recent fellow citizens who happens to disagree with the statements of a contributor. We quote *litteratim* from this 'American's' letter.

CHICAGO, ILL. May 16, 1921.
THE EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

Inclosed you'll find a page from the *Czechoslovak Review* exposing your lying statements in your magazine.

Liers are the greatest danger to the prosperity of the world and you are one of them liars.

I hope you'll die like a dirty dog for being a liar.

Yours truly
a American
of Czechoslovak extraction.

* * *

Regarding the prejudice against Jews, so sensibly discussed by Mr. Boas in a recent *Atlantic*, many Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin may listen with profit to this roll of the Captains of Israel, called in a very interesting letter from E. J. Doering, Lt. Col. M. R. C., United States Army.

. . . It seems our narrow-minded coreligionists have forgotten the Jewish saints, the founders of the Christian religion. They probably never heard of Sir William Herschel, H. Goldschmidt, and W. Meyerbeer, the astronomers; of Lassar Cohn and Victor Meyer, the chemists; of David Ricardo and Ferdinand Lassalle, the economists; of Geiger and Sir Francis Cohn Palgrave, the historians; of Ezekiel, Israels, and Epstein, the sculptors; of Madame Rachel, Edmund Kean, Wardfield, and Sarah Bernhardt, the dramatists; of Sir George Jessel and Asper, the jurists; of Georg

Brandes and Max Nordau, of literary fame; of Cohnheim, Gruber, Stricker, Traube, Abraham Jacobi, the great physicians; of Jacobi and Einstein, the mathematicians; of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Joachim, Rubinstein, the musicians; of Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn, the philosophers; of Disraeli, Sir Matthew Nathan, Bernard Abraham, the statesmen; of Baron de Hirsch and Professor Morris Loeb, the philanthropists; nor of Lord Reading, the Lord Chief Justice of England; Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court; Nathan Strauss, Julius Rosenwald, of the Council of National Defense; Jacques Loeb, the biologist; Professor Hollander, the economist of Johns Hopkins; Felix M. Warburg, the financier; Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Foundation, and hosts of others.

It is our plain duty to fight all alienism in this country, and work for Simon-pure, unadulterated, true Americanism.

* * *

One more echo of 'Plantation Pictures,' but one well worth listening to, comes from Mississippi.

There must be an awakening, and as the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* says, 'There must be schools and more schools'; but to add — in Mississippi — there must be SCHOOLS. The pulpit, the pew and the press of the State must awake. There must be an understanding between the better class of whites and the better class of colored. This is not a one-man problem, nor even a race-problem — but a *human* problem. There is not as much need for sympathy as there is for a straightforward, candid relationship between landlord and tenant, and with a good deal of the white man's civilization mixed in, as Mr. Snyder says they possess.

If there is any section of our glorious Democratic America where any class of people is so filthy, so barbarously ignorant, so indifferent to life, so forgetful of his loved and lost, as those described in 'Plantation Pictures,' not only Central Mississippi, not only all of Mississippi, but in a measure all America, in the great chain of circumstance, must be the sufferer. — But back to Charles Dickens and his *Bleak House*:

'There is not one atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not an obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution through every order of society up to the proudest of the proud and to the highest of the high.'

* * *

The Poet answers to the Poet's call. A distinguished officer of the American Navy writes in response to Mr. Eddy's poetic query in the April *Atlantic*.

The reason why it pays to publish the letters of William and Henry James, but would not pay to publish the sentences of Frank and Jesse, is that, while thousands hang upon the sentences of Wil-

liam and Henry, only Frank and Jesse James themselves ever hung upon their own sentences. (As a matter of fact, Jesse was killed by a Ford — Bob, not Henry.)

In other words: —

THE REASON WHY

The reason why it would not pay
To print the sentences imposed
On Frank and Jesse James that day
Is very readily disclosed.

Uncounted thousands hang upon
The sentences of William James,
And Henry is another son
A host adoring still acclaims.

The sentences of Frank and Jesse
Were those on which they both were hung,
And since they ceased to be 'in esse,'
Their sentences are best unsung.

S. E. M.

* * *

This comment on the 'new schools,' by a conservative, voices the natural doubts of many teachers and parents.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The articles in the *Atlantic* have interested me. I have a desire to ask questions. We hear much about fitting the boys and girls for life. That means, or should mean, fitting them to become good citizens of a great country. Will these progressive schools do that? What are some of the fundamental lessons children should learn? What does a schoolroom need for effective work?

The most important lesson is that of obedience. If not learned in childhood, like some diseases of children it comes hard later in life. American children of the present day are not famed for their respect for authority. Will these methods develop that quality? If so, welcome freedom in the classroom, socialized recitation, student government, and all the rest.

A second lesson is perseverance — the doing of a task whether we feel like doing it or not. We cannot go far in life without coming right up against that necessity. Here is something to be done. The child dislikes to do it. Devices to arouse interest fail, as they sometimes will. What then? Does this continual appeal to the interest of the child develop and strengthen the right kind of fibre in his character? Is 'the irksomeness of the steady grind' altogether to be deplored?

The musician knows what the steady grind means early in life. The hours at the piano or violin are a strain upon muscles and nerves. Is it physically more harmful for a child to sit on a chair adjusted to his needs and give courteous attention to class recitations and discussions? The writer of one article speaks of the temperamental child who suffered so much under this strain that he jumped out of the window and went home. Is it not possible that there may be children who will be disturbed by the noise of the carpentry bench

in the corner of the room, 'to which the boy may repair when tired of mental work?'

Not only the musician, but the artist, the artisan, the scientist, the athlete, the farmer, and the home-keeper know the weariness of routine. They know, too, that the world's business must be done, and they set themselves to the task. Is that not the attitude of a good citizen?

And now, what about the schoolroom? What is needed there? Air and sunlight, certainly, but why luxury? An artist's studio is not a place of ease and luxury; it is a place suited to his work. The laboratory of a scientist may not be beautiful: it is a workshop. A glance at either of these places shows the nature of the work done there.

A schoolroom is a place where the child learns to do things, where he discovers things by his own thinking and experimenting, and where — after some patient drudgery, it may be — he experiences the joy of accomplishment. Does it need to suggest the luxury of a cultured home, so that some children 'need not step down when they leave their homes for school'? If they do 'step down' from these homes, and touch elbows with others who step up when they enter the school, it seems to me a wholesome preparation for citizenship.

Too conservative? Perhaps so; though projects and motivation are a part of my creed. But has not the educational pendulum swung far enough in this direction? M. T. H.

* * *

English as she is spoke in Boston, we have fully discussed; but of English as Boston writes her, the publication of the following example may be of educational interest to Chicago and way stations.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The wonderful tales which have been related by your correspondents concerning the super-educated proletariat of Boston are by no means incredible to me. Of course Bostonians are expert linguists — they have to be, in order to get about their city and keep out of jail.

For example, on a visit to your city, my eye lighted on this sign: 'Smoking allowed on this car only when weather permits running cars with windows open, and then only back of cross seats, when at least four windows on each side, including windows back of cross seats, are open.'

I repressed my desire. But suppose some unfortunate, more venturesome than I, had decided to take a chance. Suppose that, after reading this sign carefully, he had taken his place as directed, back of the cross seats, and that the four windows on each side were open, including the windows back of the cross seats. But suppose that, having only a single-track mind, he had failed to note that it was raining outside, and hence, although the windows were open, the weather really would not permit running the cars with windows open. He would of course be violating the regulation by smoking, and the poor devil would be liable to fine or imprisonment. Personally I am inclined to account for the culture

of Bostonians by the operation of the law of natural selection or the survival of the fittest. The unfit are either in jail — or Heaven.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES L. DIBBLE.

* * *

'From Missouri' comes this pointed contribution to a current discussion.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

What do teachers know?

One of them who is taking an extension course in English asked me not long ago for some information regarding modern poets. I am not an authority, but I gave her a few names, while she took notes industriously.

'Grace Fallow Norton,' I said, 'occasionally has a poem in the *Atlantic*.'

She carefully put down, 'Norton — *Atlantic*.'

I would n't have spoiled that for the world, so I went on hastily, though somewhat chokingly, to say that Amy Lowell is perhaps at the head of the school of free verse in this country.

She was very businesslike. 'Amy Lowell,' she jotted down, 'school of free verse.' Then she looked up, pencil poised, — 'And where is this school located?' she asked.

Sincerely,
MARY F. ROBINSON.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of teaching, perhaps it is appropriate to notice a certain attitude toward it on the part of some parents. We print this remarkable example sent us from a famous school.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Behold the trials of the secondary school which endeavors to teach the youth of to-day the art of English Composition. The paragraph below is the reaction, in part, of a lawyer of New York City whose son had failed to meet the requirements. The name of the boy and of the school are changed, the rest is an exact transcript.

'Just how a boy can fail in the subject of English, even I today with my own experience, cannot see or understand, and without hesitation or fear of possible successful contradiction I assert that no man lives today who could mark a pupil as having failed or succeeded in English, except on possibly definitions or lack of committing something to memory; the subject of English is too broad to be marked down that way to a day, one might be very learned in English along one line and be utterly dumb about another, who then could say *failure*, it seems incredible to be argued even, but for fear you may not understand me I wish to say definitely that I am raising no issue with you or Kensington. I do not occupy any position to do that, but it is such an all important element to all growing young men that good views of any person might be valuable even to Kensington when submitted by fair impartial men and I am trying to do that, notwithstanding John is involved.'

